1560/533.

THE

SPECTATOR.

VOL. VII.

THE

SPECTATOR,

WITH

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

THE LIVES OF THE AUTHORS:

COMPREHENDING

JOSEPH ADDISON,
SIR RICHARD STEELE,
THOMAS PARNELL,
JOHN HUGHES,
EUSTACE BUDGEL,
LAWRENCE EUSDEN,
THOMAS TICKELL,
ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

THEIR RESPECTIVE WRITINGS.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL. VII.

By ROBERT BISSET, L.L.D.
AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, &c. &c.

———Qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alio fecere merendo. VIRG.

LONDON:

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1799.



TO

MR. METHUEN.*

SIR,

IT is with great pleasure I take an opportunity of publishing the gratitude I owe you, for the place you allow me in your friendship and familiarity. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in some parts of these Discourses, the character of a good-natured, honest, and accomplished gentleman. But such representations give my reader an idea of a person blameless only, or only laudable for such perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

* Afterwards Sir PAUL METHUEN, Knight of the Bath. This very ingenious gentleman, whilst Ambassador at the Court of Portugal, concluded the famous commercial treaty which bears his name; and, in the same capacity, at the Court of Savoy, exerted himself nobly as a military hero. On his return he was successively appointed to several important offices in the State; a Commissioner of the Admiralty, Nov. 8, 1709; of the Treasury, Oct. 13, 1714; Comptroller of the Household, June 4, 1720; Treasurer of the Household, 1725; and a Commissioner for inspecting the Law, Sept. 15, 1732. He represented the borough of Brackley, in the several Parliaments, which met in 1713, 1714, 1722, 1727, and 1734; and died April 11, 1757, aged 86.

But when I speak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happiness of possessing also those qualities which make a man useful to society, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the most conspicuous manner.

The great part you had, as British Ambassador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the Courts of England and Portugal, has purchased you the lasting esteem of all who understand the interest of either nation.

Those personal excellencies, which are over-rated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wise men, you have applied with the justest skill and judgment. The most graceful address in horsemanship, in the use of the sword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts; and as they have occasionally served to cover or introduce the talents of a skilful Minister.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her Majesty's Minister at the Court of Savoy, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant Prince through all the vicissitudes of his fortune, and shared by his side the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards personal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the highest military reputation. The behaviour of our Minister in the action, and the good offices done the vanquished in the name of the Queen of England, gave both the conqueror and the captive the most lively examples of the courage and generosity of the nation he represented.

Your friends and companions, in your absence, frequently talk these things of you; and you cannot hide from us (by the most discreet silence in any thing which regards yourself)



yourself) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your easy condescension in little incidents of mirth and diversion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greatest obligations we have to you. I do assure you, there is not one of your friends has a greater sense of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than,

SIR,

Your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE

SPECTATOR.

N° 463.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1712.

Omnia quæ sensu volvuntur vota diurno,
Pectore sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cùm membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas at sua lustra redit;
Judicibus lites, aurigis somnia currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis.
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.

CLAUD.

"In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play,
"Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
"Though farther toil his tired limbs refuse,
"The dreaming hunter still the chace pursues.
"The judge a-bed dispenses still the laws,
"And sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause.
"The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
"Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancy'd goal.
"Me too the Muses, in the silent night,
"With wonted chimes of gingling verse delight."

AN ALLEGORY ON WEIGHING ACTIONS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES IN A BALANCE.

I WAS lately entertaining myself with comparing HOMER's balance, in which JUPITER is represented as weighing the fates of HECTOR and ACHILLES, with a passage of VIRGIL, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of TURNUS and ÆNEAS. I then considered how the same way of thinking prevailed

vailed in the eastern parts of the world, as in those noble passages of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great King of Babylon, the day before his death, had been *weighed* in the *balance*, and been found wanting. In other places of the Holy Writings, the Almighty is described as *weighing* the mountains in *scales*, making the *weight* for the winds, knowing the *balancings* of the clouds; and in others, as *weighing* the actions of men, and laying their calamities together in a *balance*. MILTON, as I have observed in a former paper,* had an eye to several of these foregoing instances in that beautiful description wherein he represents the archangel and the evil spirit as addressing themselves for the combat, but parted by the *balance* which appeared in the heavens, and *weighed* the consequences of such a battle.

"Th' Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
Hung forth in heav'n his *golden scales*, yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign;
Wherein all things created first he *weigh'd*,
The pendulous round earth, with *balanc'd* air,
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battles and realms; in these he puts two *weights*,
The sequel each of parting and of fight,
The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the *beam*;
Which GABRIEL spying, thus bespake the fiend:
"SATAN I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine:
Neither our own, but giv'n. What folly then
To boast what arms can do, since thine no more
Than heav'n permits: nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire! For proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art *weigh'd*, and shewn how light, how weak,
If thou resist. The fiend look'd up, and knew
His mounted *scale* aloft; nor more; but fled
Murm'ring, and with him fled the shades of night."

These

* See No. 321.

These several amusing thoughts having taking possession of my mind some time before I went to sleep, and mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas, raised in my imagination a very odd kind of Vision. I was, methought, replaced in my study, and seated in my elbow-chair, where I had indulged the foregoing speculations, with my lamp burning by me as usual. Whilst I was here meditating on several subjects of morality, and considering the nature of many Virtues and Vices, as materials for those discourses with wich I daily entertain the public; I saw, methought, a pair of *golden scales* hanging by a chain of the same metal over the table that stood before me; when, on a sudden, there were great heaps of *weights* thrown down on each side of them. I found, upon examining these *weights*, they shewed the value of every thing that is in esteem among men. I made an essay of them, by putting the *weight* of wisdom in one *scale*, and that of riches in another; upon which the latter, to shew its comparative lightness, immediately "flew up and kick'd the *beam*."

But, before I proceed, I must inform my reader, that these *weights* did not exert their natural gravity, 'till they were laid in the *golden balance*, insomuch that I could not guess which was light or heavy, whilst I held them in my hand. This I found by several instances; for upon my laying a *weight* in one of the *scales*, which was inscribed by the word "Eternity," though I threw in that of time, prosperity, affliction, wealth, poverty, interest, success, with many other *weights*, which in my hand seemed very ponderous, they were not able to stir the opposite *balance*; nor could they have prevailed, though assisted with the *weight* of the sun, the stars and the earth.

Upon emptying the *scales*, I laid several titles and honours, with pomp, triumphs, and many *weights* of the like nature, in one of them; and seeing a little glittering *weight* lie by me, I threw it accidentally into the other *scale*, when to my great surprise it proved so

exact a counterpoise, that it kept the *balance* in an *equilibrium*. This little glittering *weight* was inscribed upon the edges of it with the word "Vanity." I found there were several other *weights* which were equally heavy, and exact counterpoises to one another: a few of them I tried, as Avarice and Poverty, Riches and Content, with some others.

There were likewise several *weights* that were of the same figure, and seemed to correspond with each other, but were intirely different when thrown into the *scales*: as Religion and Hypocrisy, Pedantry and Learning, Wit and Vivacity, Superstition and Devotion, Gravity and Wisdom, with many others.

I observed one particular *weight* lettered on both sides; and upon applying myself to the reading of it, I found on one side written, "In the dialect of men," and underneath it, "CALAMITIES:" on the other side was written, "In the language of the gods," and underneath "BLESSINGS." I found the intrinsic value of this *weight* to be much greater than I imagined, for it overpowed Health, Wealth, Good-fortune, and many other *weights*, which were much more ponderous in my hand than the other.

There is a saying among the Scotch, that an *ounce* of Mother-wit is worth a *pound* of Clergy: I was sensible of the truth of this saying, when I saw the difference between the weight of *natural* Parts, and that of Learning. The observations which I made upon these two weights opened to me a new field of discoveries; for notwithstanding the *weight* of the *natural Parts* was much *heavier* than that of Learning, I observed that it *weighed* an hundred times *heavier* than it did before, when I put Learning into the same *scale* with it. I made the same observation upon Faith and Morality;* for notwithstanding the latter outweighed the

* See No. 459.

the former separately, it received a thousand times more additional weight from its conjunction with the former, than what it had by itself. This odd phænomenon shewed itself in other particulars, as in Wit and Judgment, Philosophy and Religion, Justice and Humanity, Zeal and Charity, *depth* of Sense and *perspicuity* of Style, with innumerable other particulars too long to be mentioned in this paper.

As a dream seldom fails of dashing seriousness with impertinence, mirth with gravity, methought I made several other experiments of a more ludicrous nature, by one of which I found that an English *octavo* was very often heavier than a French *folio*; and by another, that an old Greek or Latin author weighed down a whole library of moderns. Seeing one of my *Spectators* lying by me, I laid it into one of the scales, and flung a two-penny piece into the other. The reader will not inquire into the event, if he remembers the first trial which I have recorded in this paper. I afterwards threw both the sexes into the balance; but as it is not for my interest to disoblige either of them, I shall desire to be excused from telling the result of this experiment. Having an opportunity of this nature in my hands, I could not forbear throwing into one scale the principles of a Tory, and into the other those of a Whig; but as I have all along declared this to be a neutral paper, I shall likewise desire to be silent under this head also, though upon examining one of the *weights*, I saw the word "TEKEL" engraven on it in capital letters.*

I made

*TEKEL. We hope, few of our readers need be informed that this word was part of what was written by the *hand* upon the wall in the palace of Belshazzar king of Babylon, the evening in which he had his impious feast. Those who do not recollect the circumstances (if there be any so ignorant of the Sacred Records) may consult the prophecies of DANIEL, chap. 5, towards the end. It is probable, that ADDISON, a strenuous Whig, believed the Tories to be those who, when weighed, were *found wanting*.

I made many other experiments; and though I have not room for them all in this day's speculation, I may perhaps reserve them for another. I shall only add, that upon my awaking I was sorry to find my *golden scales* vanished, but resolved for the future to learn this lesson from them, not to despise or value any things for their appearances, but to regulate my esteem and passions towards them according to their real and intrinsic value.

C.

N°. 464.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1712.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ sobrius aulâ.

HOR. 2. OD. X. 5.

"The Golden MEAN, as she's too nice to dwell
"Among the ruins of a filthy cell,
"So is her modesty withal as great,
"To balk the envy of a princely seat."

NORRIS.

ON POVERTY AND RICHES.

I AM wonderfully pleased when I meet with any passage in an old Greek or Latin author, that is not blown upon, and which I have never met with in a quotation. Of this kind is a beautiful saying in THEOGNIS; "Vice is covered by Wealth, and Virtue by Poverty;" or, to give it the verbal translation, "Among men there are some who have their Vices concealed by Wealth, and others who have their Virtues concealed by Poverty." Every man's observation will supply him with instances of rich men, who have several faults and defects that are overlooked, if not entirely hidden, by means of their Riches; and I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a *poor man*, whose merits are lost in his Poverty, than that in the words of the Wise-man. "There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the

the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard."

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and Riches upon our enjoying superfluities; and as COWLEY has said in another case, "It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon the truth, who is always in a battle, or a triumph."

If we regard Poverty and Wealth, as they are apt to produce Virtues or Vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of Poverty, quite different from that which rises out of Wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a *poor* man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the *rich*. On the contrary, Poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, Riches into arrogance; Poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the *middle condition* is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that AGUR founded his prayer, which for the wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. "Two things have I required of thee; deny me them not before I die. Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither Poverty nor Riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by ARISTOPHANES,

TOPHANES the greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the *rich*, though in some parts of it, it is, like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between Wealth and Poverty.

CHREMYLUS, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the Oracle of APOLLO upon the subject. The Oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind man; but upon his following him from place to place, he at last found by his own confession, that he was PLUTUS the god of riches, and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. PLUTUS further told him, that when he was a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men; upon which JUPITER, considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution, took his sight away from him, and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein CHREMYLUS beheld him. With much ado CHREMYLUS prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been his guest for many years, and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her, he threatened to banish her not only from his own house, but out of all Greece, if she made any more words upon the matter. POVERTY on this occasion pleads her cause very notably, and represents to her old landlord, that should she be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts, and sciences, would be driven out with her; and that if every one was *rich*, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and conveniencies of life which made Riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropsies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But

whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. CHREMYLUS immediately considered how he might restore PLUTUS to his sight; and in order to it conveyed him to the temple of ÆSCULAPIUS, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By *this means* the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till in the last act MERCURY descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown *rich*, they had received no sacrifices; which is confirmed by a priest of JUPITER, who enters with a remonstrance, that since the late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. CHREMYLUS, who in the beginning of the play was *religious* in his Poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown *rich* as well as himself, that they should carry PLUTUS in a solemn procession to the temple, and install him in the place of JUPITER. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points: first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of Wealth; and in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of Riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.

C.

No. 465.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1712.

Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum:
Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor & rerum mediocriter utilium spes.

HOR. I. EP. XVIII. 97.

"How you may glide with gentle ease,
"Adown the current of your days;
"Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
"Nor warm'd by wild ambitious fires;
"By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear,
"For things but little worth your care."

FRANCIS.

ON RELIGIOUS FAITH.

HAVING endeavoured in my last Saturday's paper,* to shew the great excellency of Faith, I shall here consider what are the proper means of strengthening and confirming it in the mind of man. Those who delight in reading books of controversy, which are written on both sides of the question, in points of Faith, do very seldom arrive at a fixed and settled habit of it. They are one day entirely convinced of its important truths, and the next meet with something that shakes and disturbs them. The doubt which was laid revives again, and shews itself in new difficulties, and that generally for this reason, because the mind, which is perpetually tost in controversies and disputes, is apt to forget the reasons which had once set it at rest, and to be disquieted with any former perplexities, when it appears in a new shape, or is started by a different hand. As

* See No. 459.

nothing is more laudable than an enquiry after truth, so nothing is more irrational than to pass away our whole lives, without determining ourselves one way or other in those points which are of the last importance to us. There are, indeed, many things from which we may withhold our assent; but in cases by which we are to regulate our lives, it is the greatest absurdity to be wavering and unsettled, without closing with that side which appears the most safe and the most probable. The first rule, therefore, which I shall lay down, is this, that when by reading or discourse we find ourselves thoroughly convinced of the truth of any article, and of the reasonableness of our belief in it, we should never after suffer ourselves to call it in question. We may, perhaps, forget the arguments which occasioned our conviction, but we ought to remember the strength they had with us, and, therefore, still to retain the conviction which they once produced. This is no more than what we do in every common art and science; nor is it possible to act otherwise, considering the weakness and limitation of our intellectual faculties. It was thus that LATIMER, one of the glorious army of martyrs, who introduced the Reformation in England, behaved himself in that great conference which was managed between the most learned among the Protestants and Papists, in the reign of Queen MARY. This venerable old man, knowing his abilities were impaired by age, and that it was impossible for him to recollect all those reasons which had directed him in the choice of his religion, left his companions, who were in the full possession of their parts and learning, to baffle and confound their antagonists by the force of reason. As for himself, he only repeated to his adversaries the articles in which he firmly believed, and in the profession of which he was determined to die. It is in this manner that the mathematician proceeds upon propositions which he has once demonstrated; and though the demonstration may have slipped out of his memory, he builds upon the truth

truth, because he knows it was demonstrated. This rule is absolutely necessary for weaker minds, and in some measure for men of the greatest abilities; but to these last I would propose, in the second place, that they should lay up in their memories, and always keep by them, in readiness, those arguments which appear to them of the greatest strength, and which cannot be got over by all the doubts and cavils of infidelity.

But, in the third place, there is nothing which strengthens Faith more than Morality.* Faith and Morality naturally produce each other. A man is quickly convinced of the truth of religion, who finds it is not against his interest that it should be true. The pleasure he receives at present, and the happiness which he promises himself from it hereafter, will both dispose him very powerfully to give credit to it, according to the ordinary observation, that we are easy to believe what we wish. It is very certain, that a man of sound reason cannot forbear closing with religion upon an impartial examination of it: but, at the same time, it is certain, that Faith is kept alive in us, and gathers strength from practice more than from speculation.

There is still another method, which is more persuasive than any of the former; and that is an habitual adoration of the Supreme Being, as well in constant acts of mental worship, as in outward forms. The devout man does not only *believe*, but *feels* there is a Deity. He has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his Faith in *Conviction*.

The last method which I shall mention for the giving life to a man's Faith, is frequent retirement from the world, accompanied with religious meditation. When a man

* On the union of Piety and Morality, if there be any readers who have not read Dr. BLAIR's Sermons, they will find an excellent discourse in the beginning of the first volume of that elegant author.

a man thinks of any thing in the darkness of the night, whatever deep impressions it may make in his mind, they are apt to vanish as soon as the day breaks about him. The light and noise of the day, which are perpetually soliciting his senses, and calling off his attention, wear out of his mind the thoughts that imprinted themselves in it, with so much strength, during the silence and darkness of the night. A man finds the same difference as to himself in a crowd and in a solitude: the mind is stunned and dazzled amidst that variety of objects which press upon her in a great city. She cannot apply herself to the consideration of those things which are of the utmost concern to her. The cares or pleasures of the world strike in with every thought, and a multitude of vicious examples gives a kind of justification to our folly. In our retirements every thing disposes us to be serious. In courts and cities we are entertained with the works of men; in the country, with those of God. One is the province of Art, the other of Nature. Faith and Devotion naturally grow in the mind of every reasonable man, who sees the impressions of Divine Power and Wisdom in every object on which he casts his eye. The Supreme Being has made the best arguments for his own existence, in the formation of the heavens and the earth; and these are arguments which a man of sense cannot forbear attending to, who is out of the noise and hurry of human affairs. ARISTOTLE says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with works of Art and Mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose, in that exalted strain: "The Heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work. One day telleth another; and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among

among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands; and their words into the ends of the world." As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an Ode, the reader may see it wrought into the following one;

I.

" The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

II.

" Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

" What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
The Hand that made us is Divine."

C.

N°. 466.

MONDAY, AUGUST 25, 1712.

——————Vera incessu patuit dea.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 409.

"And by her graceful walk the Queen of Love is known."

DRYDEN.

ON GRACEFUL GESTURES.

WHEN ÆNEAS, the hero of VIRGIL, is lost in the wood, and a perfect stranger in the place on which he is landed, he is accosted by a lady in an habit for the chace. She inquires of him, whether he has seen pass by that way any young woman dressed as she was? Whether she were following the sport in the wood, or any other way employed, according to the custom of huntresses? The hero answers with the respect due to the beautiful appearance she made; tells her, he saw no such person as she enquired for; but intimates that he knows her to be of the deities, and desires she would conduct a stranger. Her form from first her appearance manifested she was more than mortal; but though she was certainly a goddess, the poet does not make her known to be the Goddess of Beauty till she moved. All the charms of an agreeable person are then in their highest exertion, every limb and feature appears with its respective grace. It is from this observation that I cannot help being so passionate an admirer as I am of *good Dancing*.* As all art is an imitation of Nature, this

* See No. 66, No. 67, No. 334, No. 370, No. 376. *Tat.* No. 34, and No. 88.

this is an imitation of Nature in its highest excellence, and at a time when she is most agreeable. The business of *Dancing* is to display *beauty*; and for that reason all distortions and mimickries, as such, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure: but things that are in themselves excellent, are ever attended with imposture and false imitation. Thus, as in poetry there are labouring fools who write anagrams and acrostics, there are pretenders in Dancing, who think merely to do what others cannot, is to excel. Such creatures should be rewarded like him who had acquired a knack of throwing a grain of corn through the eye of a needle, with a bushel to keep his hands in use. The Dancers on our stage are very faulty in this kind; and what they mean by writhing themselves into such postures, as it would be a pain for any of the spectators to stand in, and yet hope to please those spectators, is unintelligible. Mr. PRINCE has a genius, if he were encouraged, would prompt him to better things. In all the Dances he invents, you see he keeps close to the characters he represents. He does not hope to please by making his performers move in a manner in which no one else ever did, but by motions proper to the characters he represents. He gives to clowns and lubbards clumsy graces; that is, he makes them practise what they would think graces: and I have seen dances of his, which might give hints that would be useful to a comic writer. These performances have pleased the taste of such as have not reflection enough to know their excellence, because they are in nature; and the distorted motions of others have offended those who could not form reasons to themselves for their displeasure, from their being a contradiction to Nature.

When one considers the inexpressible advantage there is in arriving at some excellence in this Art, it is monstrous to behold it so much neglected. The following letter has in it something very natural on this subject.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a widower with but one daughter: she was by nature much inclined to be a romp; and I had no way of educating her, but commanding a young woman, whom I entertained to take care of her, to be very watchful in her care and attendance about her. I am a man of business, and obliged to be much abroad. The neighbours have told me, that in my absence our maid has let in the spruce servants in the neighbourhood to junketings, while my girl played and romped even in the street. To tell you the plain truth, I catched her once, at eleven years old, at chuck-farthing among the boys. This put me upon new thoughts about my child, and I determined to place her at a boarding-school; and at the same time gave a very discreet young gentlewoman her maintainance at the same place and rate, to be her companion. I took little notice of my girl from time to time, but saw her now and then in good health, out of harm's way, and was satisfied. But by much importunity, I was lately prevailed with to go to one of their balls. I cannot express to you the silly anxiety my silly heart was in, when I saw my romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt the pangs of a father upon me so strongly in my whole life before; and I could not have suffered more, had my whole fortune been at stake. My girl came on with the most becoming modesty I had ever seen, and casting a respectful eye, as if she feared me more than all the audience, I gave a nod, which I think gave her all the spirit she assumed upon it; but she rose properly to that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the most graceful person of her sex, assumed a majesty which commanded the highest respect; and when she turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she fell into the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motions that she exulted in her father's satisfaction. You, Mr. SPECTATOR, will better than I can tell you, imagine to yourself all the different beauties and changes of aspect

aspect in an accomplished young woman setting forth all her beauties with a design to please no one so much as her father. My girl's lover can never know half the satisfaction that I did in her that day. I could not possibly have imagined, that so great improvement could have been wrought by an Art that I always held in itself ridiculous and contemptible. There is, I am convinced, no method like this, to give young women a sense of their own value and dignity; and I am sure there can be none so expeditious to communicate that value to others. As for the flippant insipidly gay, and wantonly forward, whom you behold among Dancers, that carriage is more to be attributed to the perverse genius of the performers, than imputed to the Art itself. For my part, my child has danced herself into my esteem; and I have as great an honour for her as ever I had for her mother, from whom she derived those latent good qualities which appeared in her countenance when she was dancing; for my girl, though I say it myself, shewed in one quarter of an hour the innate principles of a modest virgin, a tender wife, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an indulgent mistress. I'll strain hard but I will purchase for her an husband suitable to her merit. I am your convert in the admiration of what I thought you jested when you recommended: and if you please to be at my house on Thursday next, I make a ball for my daughter, and you shall see her dance, or, if you will do her that honour, dance with her.

I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

PHILIPATER.

I have some time ago spoken of a treatise written by Mr. WEAVER on this subject, which is now, I understand,

derstand, ready to be published.* This work sets this matter in a very plain and advantageous light; and I am convinced from it, that if the Art was under proper regulations, it would be a mechanic way of implanting insensibly, in minds not capable of receiving it so well by any other rules, a sense of good-breeding and virtue.

Were any one to see MARIAMNE *dance*, let him be *never*† so sensual a brute, I defy him to entertain any thoughts but of the highest respect and esteem towards her. I was shewed last week a picture in a lady's closet, for which she had an hundred different dresses, that she could clap on round the face, on purpose to demonstrate the force of habits in the diversity of the same countenance. Motion, and change of posture and aspect, has an effect no less surprising on the person of MARIAMNE when she *dances*.

CHLOE is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear, and a most agreeable shape; but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently, and affects to please so sillily, that while she *dances* you see the simpleton from head to foot. For you must know (as trivial as this art is thought to be) no one was ever a good Dancer, that had not a good understanding. If this be a truth, I shall leave the reader to judge from that maxim, what esteem they ought to have for such impertinents as fly, hop, caper, tumble, twirl, turn round, and jump over their heads; and, in a word, play a thousand pranks which many animals can do better than a man, instead of performing to perfection, what the human figure only is capable of performing.

It

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* See No. 334.

† We have too frequent occasion to note STEELE's inattention to language. He very often falls into the error of using *never* instead of *ever*. Many of his expressions and words are not merely disused now, though in use then, since on that supposition he could not be blamed, but were not used in the sense annexed to them by him, by authors of the greatest authority in his own time.

It may perhaps appear odd, that I, who set up for a mighty lover at least of Virtue, should take so much pains to recommend what the soberer part of mankind look upon to be a trifle; but under favour of the soberer part of mankind I think they have not enough considered this matter, and for that reason only disesteem it. I must also, in my own justification, say that I attempt to bring into the service of Honour and Virtue every thing in Nature that can pretend to give elegant delight. It may possibly be proved, that Vice is in itself destructive of pleasure, and Virtue in itself conducive to it. If the delights of a free fortune were under proper regulations, this truth would not want much argument to support it; but it would be obvious to every man that there is a strict affinity between all things that are truly laudable and beautiful, from the highest sentiment of the soul, to the most indifferent gesture of the body.

T.

No. 467.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1712.

——— Quodcunque meæ poterunt audere Camœnæ,
Seu tibi par poterunt; seu, quod spes abnuit, ultrà;
Sive minus; certeque canent minus: omne vovemus
Hoc tibi: ne tanto careat mihi nomine charta.

TIBULL. AD MESSALEM, I ELEG. iv. 24.

"Whate'er my muse adventurous dares indite,
"Whether the niceness of thy piercing sight,
"Applaud my lays, or censure what I write;
"To thee I sing, and hope to borrow fame,
"By adding to my page MESSALA's name."

ON THE LOVE OF PRAISE.

THE *Love of Praise* is a passion deeply fixed in the mind of every extraordinary person; and those who are most affected with it, seem most to partake of that particle of the Divinity which distinguishes mankind from the inferior creation. The Supreme Being itself is most pleased with Praise and Thanksgiving: the other part of our duty is but an acknowledgment of our faults, whilst this is the immediate adoration of his perfections. 'Twas an excellent observation, that we then only despise commendation when we cease to deserve it: and we have still extant two orations of TULLY and PLINY, spoken to the greatest and best princes of all the Roman Emperors, who, no doubt, heard with the greatest satisfaction, what even the most disinterested persons, and at so large a distance of time, cannot read without admiration. CÆSAR thought his life consisted in the breath of Praise, when he professed he had lived long enough for himself, when he had for his glory.—

Others

Others have sacrificed themselves for a name which was not to begin till they were dead, giving away themselves to purchase a sound which was not to commence till they were out of hearing. But by merit and superior excellencies, not only to gain, but whilst living, to enjoy a great and universal reputation, is the last degree of happiness which we can hope for here. Bad characters are dispersed abroad with profusion, I hope for example sake, and (as punishments are designed by the civil power) more for the deterring the innocent, than the chastising the guilty. The good are less frequent, whether it be that there are indeed fewer originals of this kind to copy after, or that through the malignity of our nature, we rather delight in the ridicule than the virtues we find in others. However, it is but just, as well as pleasing, even for variety, sometimes to give the world a representation of the bright side of human nature, as well as the dark and gloomy. The desire of imitation may, perhaps, be a greater incentive to the practice of what is good, than the aversion we may conceive at what is blameable: the one immediately directs you what you should do, whilst the other only shews you what you should avoid; and I cannot at present do this with more satisfaction, than by endeavouring to do some justice to the character of MANILIUS.

It would far exceed my present design, to give a particular description of MANILIUS through all the parts of his excellent life. I shall now only draw him in his retirement, and pass over in silence the various arts, the courtly manners, and the undesigning honesty by which he attained the honours he has enjoyed, and which now give a dignity and veneration to the ease he does enjoy. 'Tis here that he looks back with pleasure on the waves and billows through which he has steered to so fair an haven: he is now intent upon the practice of every virtue, which a great knowledge and use of mankind has discovered to be the most useful to them. Thus in his private domestic employments he is no less glorious

than in his public; for it is in reality a more difficult task to be conspicuous in a sedentary inactive life, than in one that is spent in hurry and business: persons engaged in the latter, like bodies violently agitated, from the swiftness of their motion have a brightness added to them, which often vanishes when they are at rest; but if it then still remain, it must be the seeds of intrinsic worth that thus shine out without any foreign aid or assistance.

His liberality in another might also bear the name of profusion: he seems to think it laudable even in the excess, like that river which most enriches when it overflows.* But MANILIUS has too perfect a taste of the pleasure of doing good, ever to let it be out of his power; and for that reason he will have a just œconomy, and a splendid frugality at home, the fountain from whence those streams should flow which he disperses abroad. He looks with disdain on those who propose their death, as the time when they are to begin their munificence: he will both see and enjoy (which he then does in the highest degree) what he bestows himself; he will be the living executor of his own bounty, whilst they who have the happiness to be within his care and patronage, at once pray for the continuation of his life, and their own good fortune. No one is out of the reach of his obligations; he knows how, by proper and becoming methods, to raise himself to a level with those of the highest rank; and his good-nature is a sufficient warrant against the want of those who are so unhappy as to be in the very lowest. One may say of him, as PINDAR bids his muse say of THERON,

"Swear, that THERON sure has sworn,
No one near him should be poor.
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art,
Fortune's free-gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart."

Never

* The Nile.

Never did ATTICUS succeed better in gaining the universal love and esteem of all men; nor steer with more success between the extremes of two contending parties. 'Tis his peculiar happines, that while he espouses neither with an intemperate zeal, he is not only admired, but, what is a more rare and unusual felicity, he is beloved and caressed by both; and I never yet saw any person, of whatever age or sex, but was immediately struck with the merit of MANILIUS. There are many who are acceptable to some particular persons, whilst the rest of mankind look upon them with coldness and indifference; but he is the first whose entire good fortune it is ever to please and to be pleased, wherever he comes to be admired, and wherever he is absent to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of RAPHAEL, which are either seen with admiration by all, or at least no one dare own he has no taste for a composition which has received so universal an applause. Envy and malice find it against their interest to indulge slander and obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to, his praise. An attempt upon his reputation is a sure lessening of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is to refuse him his just commendations, and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the sight with any care of dress; his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind. It is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit, and that he gives a lustre to the plainest dress, whilst 'tis impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal figure in the room. He first engages your eye, as if there were some point of light which shone stronger upon him than on any other person.

He puts me in mind of a story of the famous BUSSY D'AMOISE, who at an assembly at court, where every one appeared with the utmost magnificence, relying upon his own superior behaviour, instead of adorning

himself like the rest, put on that day a plain suit of clothes, and dressed all his servants in the most costly gay habits he could procure. The event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him; all the rest looked like his attendants, while he alone had the air of a person of quality and distinction.

Like ARISTIPPUS, whatever shape or condition he appears in, it still sits free and easy upon him; but in some part of his character, 'tis true, he differs from him, for as he is altogether equal to the largeness of his present circumstances, the rectitude of his judgment has so far corrected the inclinations of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion: and they are always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it was the dæmon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent commendation of what is good and praise-worthy, and a secret reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger of intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserved. The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well as barely agreeable. Thus with him you are sure not to be merry at the expence of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good-humour; but, by a happy mixture of his temper, they either go together, or perpetually succeed each other.—In fine, his whole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect, whilst he gains your heart.

There

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging softness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher passions, which, wherever they find place, seldom fail of shewing themselves in the outward demeanour of the person they belong to: but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his prince, his country, or his friend.

Z.*

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* It is believed that this paper, No. 467, was a tribute of gratitude and friendship from Mr. JOHN HUGHES to his great and good patron Earl COWPER.

This belief is founded chiefly on the applicability of the character of MANILIUS to that eminent man. It will be pleasing to the admirers of one of the first personages in English history, to hear that his great grandson, the present Earl, a young nobleman of seventeen years of age, educated by DR. THOMSON, and now at Cambridge University, bids fair for equalling in talents, learning, and virtues, that illustrious nobleman.

No. 468.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1712.

Erat homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis haberet et tellis, nec candoris minus.

PLIN. EPIST.

"He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a "great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good "humour."

CHARACTER OF EASTCOURT, THE COMEDIAN.

MY paper is in a kind *a Letter of News*, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour: I mean the death of poor DICK EASTCOURT.* I have been obliged to him for so many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompence, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor EASTCOURT! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to shew the town his great capacity for acting in his full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter t'other passion. He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could shew you the ridiculous side of what would pass for beautiful and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge

* See No. 358, and No. 370.

knowledge of beauty; and, I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart repartees of Mr. EASTCOURT's than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his inimitable faculty of telling a story, in which he would throw in natural and unexpected incidents to make his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a pensive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There are a thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about him. HAMLET holding up the skull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion,

"Alas, poor YORICK! I knew him, HORATIO, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is; my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at them."

It is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to affix, as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowness upbraids their exaltation. It is to this humour only, that it is to be ascribed, that a quick wit in conversation, a nice judgment upon any emer-

gency that could arise, and a most blameless inoffensive behaviour could not raise this man above being received only upon the foot of contributing to mirth and diversion. But he was as easy under that condition, as a man of so excellent talents was capable; and since they would have it, that to divert was his business, he did it with all the seeming alacrity imaginable, though it stung him to the heart that it was his business. Men of sense, who could taste his excellencies, were well satisfied to let him lead the way in conversation, and play after his own manner; but fools who provoked him to mimickry, found he had the indignation to let it be at their expence, who called for it, and he would shew the form of conceited heavy fellows as jests to the company at their own request, in revenge for interrupting him from being a companion to put on the character of a jester.

What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion, was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments, he did not only hit the figure of their faces, and manner of their gestures, but he would in his narration fall into their very way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages, wherein men of the best wits were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certainly as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, that dreaded him; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing; and I do not know any satisfaction of any indifferent kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of my seeing myself in the air he could put me when I have displeased him. It is indeed to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or

my

my address. It is to poor EASTCOURT I chiefly owe that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

It has as much surprised me as any thing in nature, to have it frequently said, that he was not a good player: but that must be owing to a partiality for former actors in the parts in which he succeeded them, and judging by comparison of what was liked before, rather than by the nature of the thing. When a man of his wit and smartness could put on an utter absence of common sense in his face, as he did in the character of BULLFINCH in the *Northern Lass*, and an air of insipid cunning and vivacity in the character of POUNCE in the *Tender Husband*, * it is folly to dispute his capacity and success as he was an actor.

Poor EASTCOURT! let the vain and proud be at rest, thou wilt no more disturb their admiration of their dear selves; and thou art no longer to drudge in raising the mirth of stupids, who know nothing of thy merit, for thy maintenance.

It is natural for the generality of mankind to run into reflections upon our mortality, when disturbers of the world are laid at rest, but to take no notice when they who can please and divert are pulled from us. But for my part, I cannot but think the loss of such talents as the man of whom I am speaking was master of, a more melancholy instance of mortality than the dissolution of persons of *never* so high characters in the world, whose pretensions were, that they were noisy and mischievous.

But I must grow more succinct, and as a *Spectator*, give an account of this extraordinary man, † who in his way, never had an equal in any age before him, or in that wherein he lived. I speak of him as a companion,

* STEELE's own. See his Life in this Edition, page 94.

† STEELE appears to speak of Mr. EASTCOURT with the warm partiality of a friend, not with the discrimination of a critic.

and a man qualified for conversation. His fortune exposes him to an obsequiousness towards the worst sort of company, but his excellent qualities rendered him capable of making the best figure in the most refined. I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste a whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good-humour with a countenance in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to; I say I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving him some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honour to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on———

T.

N°. 469.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1712.

Detrahere aliquid alteri, et hominem hominis incommodo suum augere commodum, magis est contra naturam quàm mors quàm paupertas, quàm dolor, quàm cætera quæ possunt aut corpori accidere, aut rebus externis.

TULL.

"To detract any thing from another, and for one man to multiply "his own conveniencies by the inconveniencies of another, is "more against nature than death, than poverty, than pain, and "the other things which can befal the body, or external cir-"cumstances."

ON GOOD OFFICES.

I AM persuaded there are few men, of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

Those who are under the great officers of state, and are the instruments by which they act, have more frequent opportunities for the exercise of compassion and benevolence, than their superiors themselves. These men know every little case that is to come before the great man, and if they are possessed with honest minds, will consider poverty as a recommendation in the person who applies himself to them, and make the justice of his cause the most powerful solicitor in his behalf. A man of this temper, when he is in a post of business, becomes

becomes a blessing to the public. He patronises the orphan and the widow, assists the friendless, and guides the ignorant. He does not reject the person's pretensions, who does not know how to explain them, or refuse doing a good office for a man because he cannot pay the fee of it. In short, though he regulates himself in all his proceedings by justice and equity, he finds a thousand occasions for all the good-natured offices of generosity and compassion.

A man is unfit for such a place of trust, who is of a sour untractable nature, or has any other passion that makes him uneasy to those who approach him. Roughness of temper is apt to discountenance the timorous or modest. The proud man discourages those from approaching him, who are of a mean condition, and who most want his assistance. The impatient man will not give himself time to be informed of the matter that lies before him. An officer with one or more of these unbecoming qualities, is sometimes looked upon as a proper person to keep off impertinence and solicitation from his superior; and this is a kind of merit, that can never atone for the injustice which may very often arise from it.

There are two other vicious qualities, which render a man very unfit for such a place of trust. The first of these is a dilatory temper, which commits innumerable cruelties without design. The maxim which several have laid down for a man's conduct in ordinary life, should be inviolable with a man in office, never to think of doing that to-morrow which may be done to-day. A man who defers doing what ought to be done, is guilty of injustice so long as he defers it. The dispatch of a good office is very often as beneficial to the solicitor as the good office itself. In short, if a man compared the inconveniencies which another suffers by his delays, with the trifling motives and advantages which he himself may reap by them, he would never

be guilty of a fault which very often does an irreparable prejudice to the person who depends upon him, and which might be remedied with little trouble to himself.

But in the last place there is no man so improper to be employed in business, as he who is in any degree capable of corruption; and such an one is the man, who upon any pretence whatsoever, receives more than what is the stated and unquestioned fee of his office. Gratifications, tokens of thankfulness, dispatch money, and the like specious terms, are the pretences under which corruption very frequently shelters itself. An honest man will, however, look on all these methods as unjustifiable, and will enjoy himself better in a moderate fortune that is gained with honour and reputation, than in an overgrown estate that is cankered with the acquisitions of rapine and exaction. Were all our offices discharged with such an inflexible integrity, we should not see men in all ages, who grow up to exorbitant wealth, with the abilities which are to be met with in an ordinary mechanic. I cannot but think that such a corruption proceeds chiefly from men's employing the first that offer themselves, or those who have the character of shrewd worldly men, instead of searching out such as have had a liberal education, and have been trained up in the studies of knowledge and virtue.

It has been observed, that men of learning who take to business, discharge it generally with greater honesty than men of the world. The chief reason for it I take to be as follows. A man that has spent his youth in reading, has been used to find virtue extolled, and vice stigmatised. A man that has past his time in the world, has often seen vice triumphant, and virtue discountenanced. Extortion, rapine and injustice, which are branded with infamy in books, often give a man a figure in the world; while several qualities which are celebrated in authors, as generosity, ingenuity, and good-nature, impo-

impoverish and ruin him. This cannot but have a proportionable effect on men whose tempers and principles are equally good and vicious.

There would be at least this advantage in employing men of learning and parts, in business; that their prosperity would sit more gracefully on them, and that we should not see many worthless persons shot up into the greatest figures of life.

O.

N°. 470.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1712.

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

MART. 2. EPIG. lxxxvi. 9.

"It is mean to account trifles difficult, and foolish to bestow "pains on things of no consequence."

ANON.

IRONICAL CRITICISM ON A SONG.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late years, when upon examining the new edition of a classic author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with a learned note upon a doubtful passage in a Latin poet, I have only been informed, that such or such ancient manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different sense, or a new elegance in an author, the editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gathers together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of the learned readers, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with myself how enraged an old Latin author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in another makes use

of a word that was never heard of; and, indeed, there is scarce a solecism in writing which the best author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of some manuscript, which the laborious editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of. I shall, therefore, give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republic of letters. To this end we will suppose that the following song is an old ode, which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I find of it in former editions, and in ancient manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various readings, will, perhaps, find their account in the song, which never before appeared in print:

" My love was fickle once and changing,
" Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
" From beauty still to beauty ranging,
" In e'ery face I found a dart.

" 'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
" An eye then gave the fatal stroke:
" 'Till by her wit CORINNA sav'd me,
" And all my former fetters broke.

" But now a long and lasting anguish
" For BELVIDERA I endure:
" Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
" Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

" For here the false unconstant lover,
" After a thousand beauties shone,
" Does new surprising charms discover,
" And finds variety in one."

VARIOUS READINGS.

Stanza the first, verse the first. *And changing.*] The *and* in some manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the *Cotton* library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse

Verse the second, *Nor e'er would.*] ALDUS reads it *ever would*; but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to the genuine reading, by observing that *synæresis* which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

Ibid. *In my heart.*] *Scaliger* and others, *on my heart.*

Verse the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The *Vatican* manuscript for *I* reads *it*, but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the second, verse the second. *The fatal stroke.*] SCIOPPIUS, SALMASIUS and many others, for *the* read *a*, but I have stuck to the usual reading.

Verse the third, *Till by her wit.*] Some manuscripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit*. But as I find CORINNA to be the name of a woman in other authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her*.

Stanza the third, verse the first. *A long and lasting anguish.*] The *German* manuscripts reads *a lasting passion*, but the rhime will not admit it.

Verse the second. *For* BELVIDERA *I endure.*] Did not all the manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera*; *Pelvis* being used by several of the ancient comic writers for a looking-glass, by which means the etymology of the word is very visible, and *Pelvidera* will signify a lady who often looks in her glass, as, indeed, she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which our poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. *Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the last has great authorities of its side.

Verse the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The elder STEVENS reads *wanted cure.*

Stanza the fourth, verse the second. *After a thousand beauties.*] In several copies we meet with a *hundred beauties*, by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted

omitted a cypher, and had not taste enough to know that the word *thousand* was ten times a greater compliment to the poet's mistress than an *hundred*.

Verse the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Most of the ancient manuscripts have it *in two*. Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons, which incline me to the reading as I have published it: First, because the rhime, and, secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who to dispatch their work the sooner, used to write all numbers in cypher, and, seeing the figure 1 followed by a little dash of the pen, as is customary in old manuscripts, they, perhaps, mistook the dash for a second figure, and by casting up both together, composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.*

C.

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* This criticism is a very just satire on the laborious trifling of annotators on the classics.

N°. 471.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1712.

Ἐν ἐλπίσιν χρὴ τὴς σοφὴς ἔχειν βίον.

EURIPID.

"The wise with Hope support the pains of life."

ON HOPE.

THE time present seldom affords sufficient employment to the mind of man. Objects of pain or pleasure, love or admiration, do not lie thick enough together in life to keep the soul in constant action, and supply an immediate exercise to its faculties. In order, therefore, to remedy this defect, that the mind may not want business, but always have materials for thinking, she is endowed with certain powers, that can recall what is passed, and anticipate what is to come.

That wonderful faculty, which we call the Memory, is perpetually looking back, when we have nothing present to entertain us. It is like those repositories in several animals that are filled with stores of their former food, on which they may ruminate when their present pasture fails.

As the memory relieves the mind in her vacant moments, and prevents any chasms of thought by ideas of what is *past*, we have other faculties that agitate and employ her for what is to *come*. These are the passions of Hope and Fear.

By these two passions we reach forward into futurity, and bring up to our present thoughts objects that lie hid in the remotest depths of time. We suffer

misery and enjoy happiness, before they are in being; we can set the sun and stars forward, or lose sight of them by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and earth shall be no more.

By the way, who can imagine that the existence of a creature is to be circumscribed by time, whose thoughts are not? But I shall, in this paper, confine myself to that particular passion which goes by the name of HOPE.

Our actual enjoyments are so few and transient, that man would be a very miserable being, were he not endowed with this passion, which gives him a taste of those good things that may possibly come into his possession. "We sould *hope* for every thing that is good, says the old poet LINUS, because there is nothing which may not be *hoped* for, and nothing but what the Gods are able to give us." HOPE quickens all the still parts of life, and keeps the mind awake in her most remiss and indolent hours. It gives habitual serenity and good humour. It is a kind of vital heat in the soul, that cheers and gladdens her, when she does not attend to it. It makes pain easy, and labour pleasant.

Besides these several advantages which rise from HOPE, there is another which is none of the least, and that is, its great efficacy in preserving us from setting too high a value on present enjoyments. The saying of CÆSAR is very well known. When he had given away all his estate in gratuities amongst his friends, one of them asked what he had left for himself; to which that great man replied, HOPE. His natural magnanimity hindered him from prizing what he was certainly possessed of, and turned all his thoughts upon something more valuable that he had in view. I question not but every reader will draw a moral from this story, and apply it to himself without my direction.

The old story of PANDORA's *Box* (which many of the learned believe was formed among the Heathens upon the tradition of the fall of man) shews us how deplorable

plorable a state they thought the present life without HOPE. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by PANDORA. Upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. HOPE, who had been inclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of HOPE, especially when the HOPE is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well grounded HOPE, and such an one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This HOPE, in a religious man, is much more sure and certain than the HOPE of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by Reason, but by Faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and complete happiness.

I have before shewn how the influence of HOPE in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious HOPE has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her HOPE.

Religious HOPE has likewise this advantage above any other kind of HOPE, that it is able to revive the *dying* man, and to fill his mind not only with secret comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being re-united to her in a glorious and joyful Resurrection.

I shall conclude this Essay with those emphatical expressions of a lively Hope, which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense. "I have set the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth. My flesh also shall rest in HOPE. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life. In thy presence is fulness of joy, at the right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

C.

N°. 472.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1712.

——————— Voluptas
Solamenque mali———————

VIRG. ÆN. iii. 660.

"This only solace his hard fortune sends."

DRYDEN.

ON SICKNESS, BLINDNESS, AND POVERTY.

I RECEIVED some time ago a proposal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author discoursed at large of the innumerable objects of charity in a nation, and admonished the rich, who were afflicted with any distemper of body, particularly to regard the poor in the same species of affliction, and confine their tenderness to them, since it is impossible to assist all who are presented to them. The proposer had been relieved from a malady in his eyes by an operation performed by Sir WILLIAM READ, and being a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their lives, in gratitude for that great blessing. This misfortune is so very great and unfrequent, that one would think an establishment for all the poor under it might be easily accomplished, with the addition of a very few others to those wealthy who are in the same calamity. However, the thought of the proposer arose from a very good motive; and the parcelling of ourselves out, as called to particular acts of beneficence, would be a pretty cement of society and virtue. It is the ordinary foundation for men's holding a commerce with each other, and becoming familiar, that they agree in the same sort of pleasure; and sure it may also be

some reason for amity, that they are under one common distress. If all the rich, who are lame in the gout, from a life of ease, pleasure, and luxury, would help those few who have it without a previous life of pleasure, and add a few of such laborious men, who are become lame from unhappy blows, falls, or other accidents of age or sickness; I say, would such gouty persons administer to the necessities of men disabled like themselves; the consciousness of such a behaviour would be the best julep, cordial, and anodyne in the feverish, faint and tormenting vicissitudes of that miserable distemper. The same may be said of all other, both bodily and intellectual evils. These classes of charity would certainly bring down blessings upon an age and people; and if men were not petrified with the love of this world, against all sense of the commerce which ought to be among them, it would not be an unreasonable bill for a poor man, in the agony of pain, aggravated by want and poverty, to draw upon a sick Alderman after this form:

'MR. BASIL PLENTY,

SIR,

'You have the gout and stone, with sixty thousand pounds sterling; I have the gout and stone, not worth one farthing; I shall pray for you, and desire you would pay the bearer twenty shillings for value received from,

SIR,

Cripple-Gate, Aug. 29, 1712 } Your humble servant,

LAZARUS HOPEFUL.

The

The reader's own imagination will suggest to him the reasonableness of such correspondencies, and diversify them into a thousand forms; but I shall close this, as I began, upon the subject of Blindness. The following letter seems to be written by a man of learning, who is returned to his study after a suspence of an ability to do so. The benefit he reports himself to have received, may well claim the handsomest *encomium* he can give the operator.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'RUMINATING lately on your admirable Discourses on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, I began to consider to which of our Senses we are obliged for the greatest and most important share of those Pleasures; and I soon concluded that it was to the *Sight*. That is the sovereign of the senses, and mother of all the arts and sciences, that have refined the rudeness of the uncultivated mind to a politeness that distinguishes the fine spirits from the barbarous *goût* of the *great* vulgar and the *small*. The Sight is the obliging benefactress that bestows on us the most transporting sensations that we have from the various and wonderful products of Nature. To the Sight we owe the amazing discoveries of the height, magnitude, and motion of the planets; their several revolutions about their common centre of light, heat, and motion, the *Sun*. The Sight travels yet farther to the fixed stars, and furnishes the understanding with solid reasons to prove, that each of them is a sun, moving on its own *axis*, in the centre of its own *vortex* or turbillion, and performing the same offices to its dependent planets, that our glorious sun does to this. But the inquiries of the Sight will not be stopped here, but make their progress through the immense expanse to the *Milky Way*, and there divide the blended fires of the *Galaxy* into infinite and different worlds, made up of distinct suns, and their peculiar equipages of planets,

till unable to pursue this track any farther, it deputes the imagination to go on to new discoveries, till it fill the unbounded space with endless worlds.

'The Sight informs the Statuary's chisel with power to give breath to lifeless brass and marble, and the painter's pencil to swell the flat canvas with moving figures actuated by imaginary souls. Music indeed may plead another original, since JUBAL, by the different falls of his hammer on the anvil, discovered by the ear the first rude music that pleased the antediluvian fathers; but then the Sight has not only reduced those wilder sounds into artful order and harmony, but conveys that harmony to the most distant parts of the world, without the help of sound. To the Sight we owe not only all the discoveries of philosophy, but all the divine imagery of poetry that transports the intelligent reader of HOMER, MILTON, and VIRGIL.

'As the Sight has polished the world, so does it supply us with the most grateful and lasting pleasure. Let love, let friendship, paternal affection, filial piety, and conjugal duty, declare the joys the Sight bestows on a meeting after absence. But it would be endless to enumerate all the pleasures and advantages of Sight; every one that has it, every hour he makes use of it, finds them, feels them, enjoys them.

'Thus as our greatest pleasures and knowledge are derived from the Sight, so has Providence been more curious in the formation of its seat, the Eye, than of the organs of the other senses. That stupendous machine is composed in a wonderful manner of muscles, membranes, and humours. Its motions are admirably directed by the muscles; the perspicuity of the humours transmit the rays of light; the rays are regularly refracted by their figure, the black lining of the *sclerotes* effectually prevents their being confounded by reflexion. It is wonderful, indeed, to consider how many objects the eye is fitted to take in at once, and successively in an instant, and at the same time to make a judgment of their

their position, figure, or colour. It watches against our dangers, guides our steps, and lets in all the visible objects, whose beauty and variety instruct and delight.

The pleasures and advantages of Sight being so great, the loss must be very grievous; of which MILTON, from experience, gives the most sensible idea, both in the third book of his *Paradise Lost*, and in his *Samson Agonistes*."

To light in the former.

" ——————Thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, but find no dawn."

And a little after.

" Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me: from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

Again in *Samson Agonistes*.

" ——————But chief of all,
O loss of Sight! of thee I most complain:
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or Beggary, or decrepit Age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd————"

" ———— Still as a fool,
" In pow'r of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half:
O dark! dark! dark! amid the blaze of noon:
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hopes of day."

' The

'The enjoyment of Sight then being so great a blessing, and the loss of it so terrible an evil, how excellent and valuable is the skill of that artist which can restore the former, and redress the latter? My frequent perusal of the advertisements in the public Newspapers (generally the most agreeable entertainment they afford) has presented me with many and various benefits of this kind done to my countrymen by that skilful artist Dr. GRANT, her Majesty's oculist extraordinary, whose happy hand has brought and restored to sight several hundreds in less than four years. Many have received sight by his means, who came blind from their mother's womb, as in the famous instance of JONES of Newington. I myself have been cured by him of a weakness in my eyes, next to blindness, and am ready to believe any thing that is reported of his ability this way; and know that many, who could not purchase his assistance with money, have enjoyed it from his charity. But a list of particulars would swell my letter beyond its bounds; what I have said being sufficient to comfort those who are in the like distress, since they may conceive hopes of being no longer miserable in this kind, while there is yet alive so able an oculist as Dr. GRANT.

I am the SPECTATOR's
humble servant,

T. *PHILANTHROPUS.*'

No. 473.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1712.

Quid? si quis vultu torvo ferus et pede nudo,
Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem;
Virtutemne repræsentet, moresque Catonis?

HOR. 2. EP. SIX. 29.

"Suppose a man the coarsest gown should wear,
"No shoes, his forehead rough, his look severe,
"And ape great Cato in his form and dress;
"Must he his virtues and his mind express?"

CREECH.

LETTERS.

THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'I AM now in the country, and employ most of my time in reading, or thinking upon what I have read. Your paper comes constantly down to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my thoughts run into your way; and I recommend to you a subject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is, the satisfaction some men seem to take in their imperfections: I think one may call it glorying in their insufficiency. A certain great author is of opinion it is the contrary to envy, though perhaps it may proceed from it. Nothing is so common as to hear men of this sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own merit (as they think) by impairing it, in praising themselves for their defects, freely allowing they commit some few frivolous errors, in order to be esteemed persons of uncommon talents and great qualifications. They are generally professing an injudici-

ous neglect of Dancing, Fencing, and Riding, as also an unjust contempt for Travelling, and the modern Languages; as for their part (they say) they never valued or troubled their heads about them. This panegyrical satire on themselves certainly is worthy of your animadversion. I have known one of these gentlemen think himself obliged to forget the day of an appointment, and sometimes even that you spoke to him; and when you see 'em, they hope you'll pardon 'em, for they have the worst memory in the world. One of 'em started up t'other day in some confusion and said, "Now I think on't, I am to meet Mr. MORTMAIN the attorney about some business, but whether it is to-day, or to-morrow, faith, I can't tell." Now to my certain knowledge he knew his time to a moment, and was there accordingly. These forgetful persons have, to heighten their crime, generally the best memories of any people, as I have found out by their remembering sometimes through inadvertency. Two or three of 'em that I know can say most of our modern tragedies by heart. I asked a gentleman the other day that is famous for a good carver (at which acquisition he is out of countenance, imagining it may detract from some of his more essential qualifications) to help me to something was near him; but he excused himself, and blushing told me, Of all things, he could never carve in his life; though it can be proved upon him that he cuts up, disjoints, and uncases with incomparable dexterity. I would not be understood as if I thought it laudable for a man of quality and fortune to rival the acquisitions of artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qualities; no, I argue only against being ashamed at what is really praise-worthy. As these pretences to ingenuity shew themselves several ways, you will often see a man of this temper ashamed to be clean, and setting up for wit only from negligence in his habit. Now I am upon this head, I cannot help observing also upon a very different folly proceeding from the same cause. As these above-

above mentioned arise from affecting an equality with men of greater talents, from having the same faults, there are others that would come at a parallel with those above them, by possessing little advantages which they want. I heard a young man not long ago, who has sense, comfort himself in his ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals: at the same time that he published his aversion to those languages, he said that the knowledge of them was rather a diminution than an advancement of a man's character: though at the same time I know he languishes and repines he is not master of them himself. Whenever I take any of these fine persons thus detracting from what they do not understand, I tell them I will complain to you, and say I am sure you will not allow it an exception against a thing, that he who contemns it is an ignorant in it.

I am,
SIR,
Your most humble servant,
S, T.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a man of a very good estate, and am honourably in love. I hope you will allow, when the ultimate purpose is honest, there may be, without trespass against innocence, some toying by the way. People of condition are perhaps too distant and formal on those occasions; but however that is, I am to confess to you that I have writ some verses to atone for my offence. You professed authors are little severe upon us, who write like gentlemen: but if you are a friend to Love, you will insert my poem. You cannot imagine how much service it would do me with my fair-one, as well as reputation with all myfriends, to have something of mine in the *Spectator*. My crime was, that I snatched a kiss, and my poetical excuse as follows:

"BELINDA,

I.

"BELINDA, see from yonder flowers
The bee flies loaded to its cell;
Can you perceive what it devours?
Are they impair'd in show or smell?

II.

"So, though I robb'd you of a kiss,
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew;
Why are you angry at my bliss?
Has it at all impoverish'd you?

III.

"'Tis by this cunning I contrive,
In spite of your unkind reserve,
To keep my famish'd love alive,
Which you inhumanly would starve."

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY STANZA.

SIR, *Aug.* 23, 1712.

'HAVING a little time upon my hands, I could not think of bestowing it better than in writing an epistle to the SPECTATOR, which I now do, and am, Sir,
Your humble servant,

BOB SHORT.'

P. S. 'If you approve of my style, I am likely enough to become your correspondent. I desire your opinion of it. I design it for that way of writing called by the judicious the *familiar*.'

T.

N^O. 474.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1712.

Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna ———

HOR. I. EP. XVIII. 6.

"Rude, rustic, and inelegant."

ON CONVERSATION.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'BEING of the number of those that have lately retired from the centre of business and pleasure, my uneasiness in the country where I am arises rather from the society than the solitude of it. To be obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle of neighbours, who, through diversity of age or inclinations, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery from which a man should deliver himself, if possible: for why must I lose the remaining part of my life because they have thrown away the former parts of theirs? It is to me an insupportable affliction, to be tormented with the narrations of a set of people, who are warm in their expressions of the quick relish of that pleasure, which their dogs and horses have a more delicate taste of. I do also in my heart detest and abhor that damnable doctrine and position of the necessity of a bumper, though to one's own toast: for though it is pretended that these deep potations are used only to inspire gaiety, they certainly drown that chearfulness which would survive a moderate circulation. If at these meetings it were left to every stranger either to fill his glass according to his own inclination, or to make his retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently obedient to that

that of others, these entertainments would be governed with more good sense, and consequently with more good breeding, than at present they are. Indeed, where any of the guests are known to measure their fame or pleasure by their glass, proper exhortations might be used to these to push their fortunes in this sort of reputation; but, where it is unseasonably insisted on to a modest stranger, this drench may be said to be swallowed with the same necessity as if it had been tendered in the horn for that purpose, with this aggravating circumstance, that it distresses the entertainer's guest in the same degree as it relieves his horses.

'To attend without impatience an account of five-barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to survey the orator with desiring eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but absolutely necessary to be upon tolerable terms with him; but then the occasional bursting out into laughter is of all other accomplishments the most requisite. I confess at present I have not that command of these convulsions as is necessary to be good company; therefore I beg you would publish this letter, and let me be known all at once for a queer fellow, and avoided. It is monstrous to me, that we who are given to reading and calm conversation should ever be visited by these roarers: but they think they themselves as neighbours, may come into our rooms with the same right that they and their dogs hunt in our grounds.

'Your institution of clubs I have always admired, in which you constantly endeavoured the union of the metaphorically defunct, that is, such as are neither serviceable to the busy and enterprising part of mankind, nor entertaining to the retired and speculative. There should certainly therefore in each county be established a club of the persons whose conversations I have described, who for their own private, as also the public emolument, should exclude, and be excluded, all other society. Their attire should be the same with their huntsmen's, and none should be admitted into this green conversation-

piece, except he had broke his collar-bone thrice. A broken rib or two might also admit a man without the least opposition. The president must necessarily have broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or twice: for the more maims this brotherhood shall have met with, the easier will their conversation flow and keep up; and when any one of these vigorous invalids had finished his narration of the collar-bone, this naturally would introduce the history of the ribs. Besides, the different circumstances of their falls and fractures would help to prolong and diversify their relations. There should also be another club of such men, who had not succeeded so well in maiming themselves, but are however in the constant pursuit of these accomplishments. I would by no means be suspected by what I have said to traduce in general the body of fox-hunters; for whilst I look upon a reasonable creature full speed after a pack of dogs by way of pleasure, and not of business, I shall always make honourable mention of it.

'But the most irksome conversation of all others I have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked men and manners, and have passed through France and Italy with the same observation that the carriers and stage-coachmen do through Great-Britain; that is, their stops and stages have been regulated according to the liquor they have met with in their passage. They indeed remember the names of abundance of places, with the particular fineries of certain churches: but their distinguishing mark is certain prettinesses of foreign languages, the meaning of which they could have better expressed in their own. The entertainment of these fine observers SHAKESPEARE has described to consist

"In talking of the Alps and Appenines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po:"

and then concludes with a sigh,

"Now this is worshipful society."

'I would not be thought in all this to hate such honest creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot partake in their diversions. But I love them so well, as dogs, that I often go with my pockets stuffed with bread to dispense my favours, or make my way through them at neighbours' houses. There is in particular a young hound of great expectation, vivacity, and enterprize, that attends my flights wherever he spies me. This creature observes my countenance, and behaves himself accordingly. His mirth, his frolic, and joy upon the sight of me has been observed, and I have been gravely desired not to encourage him so much, for it spoils his parts; but I think he shews them sufficiently in the several boundings, friskings, and scourings, when he makes his court to me: but I foresee in a little time he and I must keep company with one another only, for we are fit for no other in these parts. Having informed you how I do pass my time in the country where I am, I must proceed to tell you how I would pass it, had I such a fortune as would put me above the observance of ceremony and custom.

'My scheme of a country life then should be as follows. As I am happy in three or four very agreeable friends, these I would constantly have with me; and the freedom we took with one another at school and the university, we would maintain and exert upon all occasions with great courage. There should be certain hours of the day to be employed in reading, during which time it should be impossible for any one of us to enter the other's chamber, unless by storm. After this we would communicate the trash or treasure we had met with, with our own reflections upon the matter; the justness of which we would controvert with good-humoured warmth, and never spare one another out of that complaisant spirit of conversation, which makes others affirm and deny the same matter in a quarter of an hour. If any of the neighbouring gentlemen, not of our turn, should

take

take it in their heads to visit me, I should look upon these persons in the same degree enemies to my particular state of happiness, as ever the French were to that of the public, and I would be at an annual expence in spies to observe their motions. Whenever I should be surprised with a visit, as I hate drinking, I would be brisk in swilling bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is better to trouble others with my impertinence, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The necessity of an *Infirmary* makes me resolve to fall into that project; and as we should be but five, the terrors of an involuntary separation, which our number cannot so well admit of, would make us exert ourselves in opposition to all the particulars mentioned in your institution of that equitable confinement. This my way of life I know would subject me to the imputation of a morose, covetous, and singular fellow. These and all other hard words, with all manner of insipid jests, and all other reproach, would be matter of mirth to me and my friends: besides I would destroy the application of the epithets morose and covetous, by a yearly relief of my undeservedly necessitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and domestics with an humanity that should express the obligation to lie rather on my side; and as for the word singular, I was always of opinion every man must be so, to be what one would desire him.

Your very humble servant,

T. R.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'ABOUT two years ago, I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. CAMPBELL,* the dumb man, for they told me that that was chiefly what brought them

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* A Scotch Highlander, ancestor of a Tavern-Keeper in Covent Garden, who was gifted with the *Second Sight*, and by practising on the credulity of JOHN BULL, acquired a considerable fortune.

to town, having heard wonders of him in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in matters of that kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but, lest they should take it ill, I went with them; when, to my surprise, Mr. CAMPBELL related all their past life; in short, had he not been prevented, such a discovery would have come out as would have ruined the next design of their coming to town, viz. buying wedding clothes. Our names ———though he never heard of us before———and we endeavoured to conceal———were as familiar to him as to ourselves. To be sure, Mr. SPECTATOR, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune, having paid my respects in a family *Jacobus*, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should fall ill of a new fever, be given over by my physicians, but should with much difficulty recover: that, the first time I took the air afterwards, I should be addressed to by a young gentleman of a plentiful fortune, good sense, and a generous spirit. Mr. SPECTATOR, he is the purest man in the world, for all he said is come to pass, and I am the happiest she in Kent. I have been in quest of Mr. CAMPBELL these three months, and cannot find him out. Now, hearing you are a dumb man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think myself highly obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine. It is very possible your worship, who has spies all over this town, can inform me how to send to him. If you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

Your constant reader and admirer,

DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.

Ordered, that the Inspector I employ about wonders inquire at the Golden-Lion, opposite to the Half-Moon Tavern in Drury-Lane, into the merits of this silent sage, and report accordingly.

T.

N°. 475.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1712.

———Quæ res in se neque consilium, neque modum
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.

TER. EUN. ACT I. SC. I.

"The thing that in itself has neither measure nor consideration, "counsel cannot rule."

ON ADVICE.

IT is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign, than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy counsellor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. HIPPARCHUS was going to marry a common woman, but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend PHILANDER, he consulted him upon the occasion.—PHILANDER told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. CELIA was more prudent on the like occasion. She desired LEONILLA to give give her opinion freely upon the young fellow who made his addressses to her. LEONILLA, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him

as one of the most worthless——CELIA, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake she sends a *conge d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidant, that she hopes to be married in a little time; and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in their thoughts, asks her very gravely, what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should MELISSA, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance whether they would advise her to take TOM TOWNLY, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a year! It is very pleasant on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts, and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice which is in use among the vainer part of our sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never like to come at. WILL HONEYCOMB, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry my Lady BETTY SINGLE, * who, by the way, is one of the greatest fortunes about town. I stared him full in the face upon so strange a question; upon which he immediately gave

* Our London readers will recollect an instance of a young lady, whose father and mother could not agree whether she was to

gave me an inventory of her jewels and estate, adding, that he was resolved to do nothing in a matter of such consequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an answer, I told him, if he could get the lady's consent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, WILL has consulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herself.

I have been engaged in this subject by the following letter, which comes to me from some notable young female scribe, who, by the contents of it, seems to have carried matters so far, that she is ripe for asking advice; but as I would not lose her good will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wisdom, I shall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any answer to it.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'Now, Sir, the thing is this; Mr. SHAPELY is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand poor Mr. SHAPELY has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teasing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has that that is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured,

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to marry the heir of one great family or of another, though neither of the young noblemen in question had ever been consulted on the subject themselves.

ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man; and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am, therefore, willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. SHAPELY. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. SHAPELY's enemy. I desire, therefore, you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well, I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance; and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

B. D.

'He loves your Spectators mightily.'

C.

N°. 476.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1712.

——— Lucidus ordo.

HOR. ART. POET. V. 41.

"Method gives light."

ON ORDER.

AMONG my daily papers, which I bestow on the public, there are some which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildness of those compositions which go by the name of *Essays*. As for the first, I have the whole scheme of the discourse in my mind before I set pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is sufficient that I have several thoughts on a subject, without troubling myself to range them in such order that they may seem to grow out of one another, and be disposed under the proper heads. SENECA and MONTAIGNE are patterns for writing in this last kind, as TULLY and ARISTOTLE excel in the other. When I read an author of genius, who writes without method, I fancy myself in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, rising one among another in the greatest confusion and disorder. When I read a methodical discourse, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myself in its several centers, so as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are struck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment discover something or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confused imperfect notion of the place: in the other your eye commands the whole prospect,

pect, and gives you such an idea of it as is not easily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and, therefore, choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of stringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work, both in respect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the first, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his discourse, he finds a great many thoughts rising out of every head, that do not offer themselves upon the general survey of a subject. His thoughts are at the same time more intelligible, and better discover their drift and meaning when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular series, than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obscurity in confusion; and the same sentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a discourse, perplexes him in another. For the same reason, likewise, every thought in a methodical discourse shews itself in its greatest beauty, as the several figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their disposition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical discourse are correspondent with those of the writer. He comprehends every thing easily, takes it in with pleasure, and retains it long.

Method is not less requisite in ordinary conversation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himself understood. I, who hear a thousand coffee-house debates every day, am very sensible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honest countrymen. There is not one dispute in ten which is managed in those schools of politics, where, after the three first sentences, the question is not entirely lost. Our disputants put me in mind of the scuttle-fish, that when he is unable to extricate himself blackens all the water about

him until he becomes invisible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always, to borrow a phrase from the *Dispensary*, "A barren superfluity of words;" the fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

TOM PUZZLE is one of the most eminent immethodical disputants of any that has fallen under my observation. TOM has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is sufficient to raise doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has so much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With these qualifications TOM sets up for a free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the constitution of his country, and gives shrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In short, PUZZLE is an atheist as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the conversation, whatever was the occasion of it. Though the matter in debate be about Douay or Denain, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priestcraft. This makes Mr. PUZZLE the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none in town whom TOM dreads so much as my friend WILL DRY. WILL, who is acquainted with TOM's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a "What then? We allow all this to be true; but what is it to our present purpose?" I have known TOM eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the superiority of the argument, when he has been nonplussed on a sudden by Mr. DRY's desiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, DRY is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantage over PUZZLE that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

C.

No. 477.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1712.

——An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

HOR. 4. OD. iv. 5.

"——Does airy fancy cheat
"My mind, well-pleas'd with the deceit?
"I seem to hear, I seem to move,
"And wander thro' the happy grove,
"Where smooth springs flow, and murm'ring breeze
"Wantons through the waving trees."

CREECH.

A LETTER ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

SIR,

'HAVING lately read your Essay on the *Pleasures of the Imagination*,* I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as an humourist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie so mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner, who had seen nothing of our country, should be conveyed into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts

* See No. 411 to No. 421 inclusive.

parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriancy and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surprised to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildness as their nature will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil; and am pleased, when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple, or an oak, an elm, or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for, besides the wholesome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection; and am more pleased to survey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants, that seem to

be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time; I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eyes across the several little glades and allies that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets: and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for as on one side of the walk you see this hollow bason, with its several little plantations, lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees rising one higher than another, in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one, who has

walked

walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention will, perhaps, deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that, in the discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with evergreens; and indeed I am so far of your opinion that I can by no means think the verdure of an evergreen comparable to that which shoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the summer season. But I have often wondered that those who are like myself, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a *Winter-garden*, which would consist of such trees only as never cast their leaves.—We have very often little snatches of sunshine and fair weather in the most uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently several days in November and January that are as agreeable as any in the finest months. At such times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleasure than to walk in such a *Winter-garden* as I have proposed. In the summer-season the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden; for which reason we are not so sensible of those beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when nature is in her desolation, and presents us with nothing but bleak and barren prospects, there is something unspeakably chearful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees that smile amidst all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy. I have so far indulged myself in this thought, that I have set apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy instead of vines. The laurel, the horn-bean, and the holly, with many other trees

trees and plants of the same nature, grow so thick in it that you cannot imagine a more lively scene. The glowing redness of the berries, with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and is apt to inspire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight which you have somewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleasant, at the same time, to see the several kinds of birds retiring into this little green spot, and enjoying themselves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before-mentioned to you, does not afford a single leaf for their shelter.

You must know, Sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature to be a laudable, if not a virtuous, habit of mind. For all which reasons I hope you will pardon the length of my present letter.

I am, Sir, &c.

C.

No. 478.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1712.

——Usus
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma——
HOR. ARS. POET. 72.
"Fashion, sole arbitress of dress."

A LETTER ON FASHION.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'IT happened lately that a friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his family, would oblige me to walk with him to the shops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing shewn, which at first made me very uneasy; but, as his humour still continued, the things which I had been staring at along with him began to fill my head, and led me into a set of amusing thoughts concerning them.

'I fancied it must be very surprising to any one who enters into a detail of Fashions to consider how far the vanity of mankind has laid itself out in dress, what a prodigious number of people it maintains, and what a circulation of money it occasions. Providence in this case makes use of the folly which we will not give up, and it becomes instrumental to the support of those who are willing to labour. Hence it is that fringe-makers, lace-men, tire-women, and a number of other trades which would be useless in a simple state of nature, draw their subsistence; though it is seldom seen that such as these are extremely rich, because their original fault of being founded upon vanity keeps them poor by the light inconstancy of its nature. The variableness of Fashion turns the stream of business, which flows from it, now into one channel, and anon

into another; so that the different sets of people sink or flourish in their turns by it.

'From the shops we retired to the tavern, where I found my friend express so much satisfaction for the bargains he had made, that my moral reflections (if I had told them) might have passed for a reproof; so I chose rather to fall in with him, and let the discourse run upon the use of Fashions.

'Here we remembered how much man is governed by his senses, how livelily he is struck by the objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much clothes contribute to make us agreeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourselves that we should appear so.

'We considered man as belonging to societies; societies as formed of different ranks distinguished by habits, that all proper duty or respect might attend their appearance.

'We took notice of several advantages which are met with in the occurrences of conversation: how the bashful man has been sometimes so raised, as to express himself with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his habit introduces him to company with a becoming manner; and again, how a fool in fine clothes shall be suddenly heard with attention, till he has betrayed himself; whereas a man of sense, appearing with a dress of negligence, shall be but coldly received, till he be proved by time, and established in a character. Such things as these we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge so very often, that we concluded the author had his reasons, who advises his son to go in dress rather above his fortune than under it.

'At last the subject seemed so considerable, that it was proposed to have a repository built for Fashions, as there are chambers for medals and other rarities. The building may be shaped as that which stands among the pyramids, in the form of a woman's head. This may be raised upon pillars, whose ornaments shall bear a just

relation

relation to the design. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the base, a sort of appearance of lace in the frieze, and a representation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon sloping over them, may fill up the work of the cornish. The inside may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each sex. The apartments may be filled with shelves, on which boxes are to stand as regularly as books in a library. These are to have folding-doors; which, being opened, you are to behold a baby dressed out in some Fashion which has flourished, and standing upon a pedestal, where the time of its reign is marked down. For its further regulation, let it be ordered, that every one who invents a Fashion shall bring in his box, whose front he may at pleasure have either worked or painted with some amorous or gay device, that, like books with gilded leaves and covers, it may the sooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that these may be preserved with all due care, let there be a keeper appointed, who shall be a gentleman qualified with a competent knowledge in clothes; so that by this means the place will be a comfortable support for some beau who has spent his estate in dressing.

'The reasons offered, by which we expected to gain the approbation of the public, were as follow:

'First, That every one who is considerable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfection of nature or chance, which it is possible to hide by the advantage of clothes, may, by coming to this repository, be furnished herself, and furnish all who are under the same misfortune, with the most agreeable manner of concealing it; and that, on the other side, every one, who has any beauty in face or shape, may also be furnished with the most agreeable manner of shewing it.

'Secondly, That whereas some of our young gentlemen, who travel, give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for dress, a project of this nature may be a means to keep

them at home, which is in effect the keeping of so much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the Balance of Fashion in Europe, which now leans upon the side of France, may be so altered for the future, that it may become as common with Frenchmen to come to England for their finishing stroke of breeding, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it.

'Thirdly, Whereas several great scholars, who might have been otherwise useful to the world, have spent their time in studying to describe the dresses of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and support with much learning; it will from henceforth happen, that they shall be freed from the trouble, and the world from useless volumes. This project will be a Registry, to which posterity may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure passages as tend that way in authors; and, therefore, we shall not for the future submit ourselves to the learning of etymology, which might persuade the age to come that the farthingale was worn for cheapness, or the furbelow for warmth.

'Fourthly, Whereas they, who are old themselves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live; it is hoped that this ill-humour will be much suppressed, when we can have recourse to the fashions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to shew, that it might have been as expensive in Queen Elizabeth's time only to wash and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck handkerchiefs.

'We desire also to have it taken notice of, that because we would shew a particular respect to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the house in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door, with a looking-glass and a dressing chair in the middle of it: then on one side are to be seen, above one another, patch-boxes, pin-cushions, and little bottles;

on the other powder-bags, puffs, combs, and brushes; beyond these, swords with fine knots, whose points are hidden, and fans almost closed, with the handles downward, are to stand out interchangeably from the sides, until they meet at the top, and form a semicircle over the rest of the figures: beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty sounding manner;

Adeste, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratiæ, Cupidines,
En vobis adsunt in promptu
Faces, vincula, spicula;
Hinc eligite, sumite, regite.

"All ye Venuses, Graces, and Cupids, attend;
"See, prepared to your hands,
"Darts, torches, and bands:
"Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend."

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
A. B.

The proposal of my correspondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious method of placing persons (whose parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose that there be a board of directors of the Fashionable Society; and because it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my correspondents if they would give in lists of persons qualified for this trust. If the chief coffee-houses, the conversations of which places are carried on by persons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great faithfulness. Old beaux are to be presented in the first place; but as that sect, with relation to dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all time-servers, properly so deemed; that is, such as, without any conviction

viction of conscience, or view of interest, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of fashion. Such also, who from facility of temper and too much obsequiousness, are vicious against their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable persons for this superintendency. Those who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the course and order of things, out of fondness to be in fashion, are proper candidates. To conclude, those who are in fashion without apparent merit, must be supposed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a post of direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming these lists. Any, who shall be pleased according to these, or what further qualifications may occur to himself, to send a list, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N. B. The place of the physician to this society, according to the last mentioned qualification, is already engaged.

T.

N°. 479.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1712.

———Dara jura maritis.

HOR. ARS. POET. 398.

"To regulate the matrimonial life."

ON THE MARRIED STATE.

MANY are the epistles I every day receive from husbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all, ill-nature in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style, and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life: they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raise our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and, because we did not beforehand think of the creature we are enamoured of, as subject to dishonour, age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy; human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection, or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be observed in all occurrences of life, but more especially in the domestic, or matrimonial part of it, to preserve always a disposition to be pleased. This cannot be supported but by considering things in their right light, and as nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies or appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed, with no other consideration than the expectation of scenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I said before)

fore) only as she was to administer to the gratification of desire; as that desire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated; from hence must follow indifference, dislike, peevishness, and rage. But the man who brings his reason to support his passion, and beholds what he loves, as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the best what must bring upon him new cares, and new relations; such a lover, I say, will form himself accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumstances. This latter person will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a steward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage state. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity instead of anger; and, when they run over his head, he is not disturbed at their noise, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Trusty has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the most intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noise in the next room: on the other side, Will Sparkish cannot put on his perriwig, or adjust his cravat at the glass, for the noise of those damned nurses, and squalling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the chocolate-house.

According as the husband is disposed in himself, every circumstance of his life is to give him torment, or pleasure. When the affection is well placed, and supported by the considerations of duty, honour, and friendship, which are in the highest degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing rise in the common course of life, or from the blows, or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matters of some delight unknown to a single condition.

He who sincerely loves his wife and family, and studies to improve that affection in himself, conceives pleasure from the most indifferent things; while the married

married man, who has not bid adieu to the fashions and false gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both these cases men cannot, indeed, make a sillier figure, than in repeating such pleasures and pains to the rest of the world; but I speak of them only, as they sit upon those who are involved in them. As I visit all sorts of people, I cannot indeed but smile, when the good lady tells her husband what extraordinary things the child spoke since he went out.—No longer than yesterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond husband; and his wife told him, that his son, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour struck two, said papa would come home to dinner presently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kisses, the wife tells me he is but just four years old. Then they both struggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his observation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me to say something; and I told the father that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great historian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my prescience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable sayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one less turned to reflection than I was; but it was a pleasing speculation to remark on the happiness of a life, in which things of no moment give occasion of hope, self-satisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this disposition, silence the whole family as a set of silly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I say all this I cannot deny but there are perverse jades that fall to men's lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philosophy, to be

able

able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes; but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very words: but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. SOCRATES, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the hen-pecked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue, to the exercise which his useful wife constantly gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to the people of less fortitude than himself on her subject. A friend, with indignation, asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, "that they who learn to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least manageable they can get; and when they have mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed on the backs of steeds less restive." At several times, to different persons, on the same subject he has said, "My dear friend, you are beholden to XANTIPPE, that I bear so well your flying out in a dispute." To another, "My hen clacks very much, but she brings me chickens. They that live in a trading street are not disturbed at the passage of carts." I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But, instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say, therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married, than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy, can say to himself, besides

his

his own satisfaction, "how happy will this make my wife and children!" Upon occurrences of distress, or danger, can comfort himself, "but all this while my wife and children are safe." There is something in it that doubles satisfactions, because others participate them; and dispels afflictions, because others are exempt from them. All who are married without this relish of their circumstance are in either a tasteless indolence and negligence which is hardly to be attained, or else live in the hourly repetition of sharp answers, eager upbraidings, and distracting reproaches. In a word, the married state, with and without the affection suitable to it, is the completest image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life.

T.

No. 480.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1712.

Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, & in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus.
HOR. 2. SAT. vii. 45.

"He, Sir, is proof to grandeur, pride, or pelf,
"And greater still, he's master of himself:
"Not to and fro by fears and factions hurl'd
"But loose to all th' interests of the world:
"And while the world turns round, entire and whole,
"He keeps the sacred tenour of his soul."
PITT.

A LETTER TO PHARAMOND, KING OF THE GAULS.

THE other day, looking over those old manuscripts, of which I have formerly given some account, and which relate to the character of the mighty PHARAMOND of France, and the close friendship between him and his friend EUCRATE, I found among the letters which had been in the custody of the latter an epistle from a country gentleman to PHARAMOND, wherein he excuses himself from coming to court. The gentleman, it seems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the King's service; but at the writing the following letter, had, from leisure and reflection, quite another sense of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

MONSIEUR CHEZLUY TO PHARAMOND.

DREAD SIR,

'I HAVE, from your own hand (inclosed under the cover of Mr. EUCRATE, of your Majesty's bed-chamber)

ber) a letter which invites me to Court. I understand this great honour to be done me out of respect and inclination to me, rather than regard to your own service: for which reasons I beg leave to lay before your Majesty my reasons for declining to depart from home; and will not doubt but, as your motive in desiring my attendance was to make me an happier man, when you think that will not be effected by my remove, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, have either an opinion that their persons, or their talents, are particularly formed for the service, or ornament of that place; or else are hurried by downright desire of gain, or what they call honour, to take upon themselves whatever the generosity of their master can give them opportunities to grasp at. But your goodness shall not be thus imposed upon by me: I will, therefore, confess to you, that frequent solitude, and long conversation with such who know no arts which polish life, have made me the plainest creature in your dominions. Those less capacities of moving with a good grace, bearing a ready affability to all around me, and acting with ease before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, with regard to my person, that I consider it only as a machine I am obliged to take care of, in order to enjoy my soul in its faculties with alacrity; well remembering, that this habitation of clay will in a few years be a meaner piece of earth than any utensil about my house. When this is, as it really is, the most frequent reflection I have, you will easily imagine how well I should become a drawing room: add to this, what shall a man without desires do about the generous PHARAMOND? Monsieur EUCRATE has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of distinguishing me with titles. As for myself, in the temper of my present mind, appellations of honour would but embarrass discourse, and new behaviour towards me, perplex me in every habitude of life. I am also to acknowledge to you, that my children, of whom

your Majesty condescended to enquire, are all of them mean, both in their persons and genius. The estate my eldest son is heir to, is more than he can enjoy with a good grace. My self-love will not carry me so far, as to impose upon mankind the advancement of persons merely for their being related to me) into high distinctions, who ought for their own sakes, as well as that of the public, to affect obscurity. I wish, my generous Prince, as it is in your power to give honours and offices, it were also to give talents suitable to them: were it so, the noble PHARAMOND would reward the zeal of my youth with abilities to do him service in my age.

'Those who accept of favour without merit, support themselves in it at the expence of your Majesty. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, this is the reason that we in the country hear so often repeated the word Prerogative. That part of your law which is reserved in your self, for the readier service and good of the public, slight men are eternally buzzing in our ears, to cover their own follies and miscarriages. It would be an addition to the high favour you have done me, if you would let EUCRATE send me word how often, and in what cases you allow a constable to insist upon the prerogative. From the highest to the lowest officer in your dominions, something of their own carriage they would exempt from examination, under the shelter of the word prerogative. I would fain, most noble PHARAMOND, see one of your officers assert your prerogative by good and gracious actions. When is it used to help the afflicted, to rescue the innocent, to comfort the stranger? Uncommon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy ends, would never make power invidious. You see, Sir, I talk to you with the freedom your noble nature approves in all whom you admit to your conversation.

'But, to return to your Majesty's letter, I humbly conceive that all distinctions are useful to men, only as they

they are to act in public; and it would be a romantic madness for a man to be a Lord in his closet. Nothing can be honourable to a man apart from the world, but reflection upon worthy actions; and he that places honour in a consciousness of well-doing, will have but little relish for any outward homage that is paid him, since what gives him distinction to himself, cannot come within the observation of his beholders. Thus, all the words of Lordship, Honour, and Grace, are only repetitions to a man that the King has ordered him to be called so; but no evidences that there is any thing in himself, that would give the man, who applies to him, those ideas, without the creation of his master.

'I have, most noble PHARAMOND, all honours and all titles in your approbation; I triumph in them as they are your gift, I refuse them as they are to give me the observation of others. Indulge me, my noble master, in this chastity of renown; let me know myself in the favour of PHARAMOND; and look down upon the applause of the people. I am,

In all duty and loyalty,
Your Majesty's most obedient
Subject and servant,
JEAN CHEZLUY.'

SIR,

'I NEED not tell with what disadvantages men of low fortunes and great modesty come into the world; what wrong measures their diffidence of themselves, and fear of offending, often oblige them to take; and what a pity it is that their greatest virtues and qualities, that should soonest recommend them, are the main obstacles in the way of their preferment.

'This, Sir, is my case; I was bred at a country-school, where I learned Latin and Greek. The misfortunes of my family forced me up to town, where a profession of the politer sort has protected me against infamy and want. I am now clerk to a lawyer, and, in

times of vacancy and recess from business, have made myself master of Italian and French; and though the progress I have made in my business has gained me reputation enough for one of my standing, yet my mind suggests to me every day, that it is not upon that foundation I am to build my fortune.

'The person I have my present dependence upon, has it in his nature, as well as in his power, to advance me, by recommending me to a gentleman that is going beyond sea in a public employment. I know the printing this letter would point me out to those I want confidence to speak to, and I hope it is not in your power to refuse making any body happy.

September 9, 1712. Yours, &c.

M. D.

T.

No. 481.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1712.

——— Uti non
Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius; in jus
Acres procurrunt———

HOR. SAT. vii. 19.

"Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
"And soundest casuists doubt like you and me?"

POPE.

COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICS.

IT is sometimes pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things which are not prized by those who are in a higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are in no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much astonished when they hear of those solemn contests and debates, which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by those little circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily pleased with a porter's decision in one of Mr. SOUTHERN's plays, which is founded upon that fine distress of a virtuous woman's marrying a second husband, while her first was yet living. The first husband, who was supposed to have been dead, returning to his house after a long absence, raises a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while, the nurse and the porter, conferring upon the difficulties

that would ensue in such a case, honest SAMSON thinks the matter may be easily decided, and solves it very judiciously by the old proverb, that, if his first master be still living, "the man must have his mare again." There is nothing in my time which has so much surprised and confounded the greatest part of my honest countrymen, as the present controversy between Count RECHTEREN and Monsieur MESNAGER, which employs the wise heads of so many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in suspence.

Upon my going into a coffee-house yesterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompassed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks: "I am afraid," says he, "this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht will retard the peace of Christendom. I wish the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His Holiness has a very good hand in fomenting a division, as the poor Swiss Cantons have lately experienced to their cost. If Monsieur WHAT D'YE CALL HIM's domestics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know the quarrel can be ended, but by a religious war."

"Why truly," says a Wiseacre, that sat by him, "were I as the King of France, I would scorn to take part with the footmen of either side: here's all the business of Europe stands still, because Monsieur MESNAGER's man has had his head broke. If Count RECTRUM had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this bustle; but they say he's a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at."

Upon this, one that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himself; declaring, that he was very well pleased the plenipotentiaries of our Christian princes took this matter into their serious consideration; for that lackeys were never so saucy and pragmatical as they are now a-days, and that he should be glad to see

them

them taken down in the treaty of peace: if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who sat at the other end of the table, and seemed to be in the interests of the French king, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his Most Christian Majesty did not resent this matter because it was an injury done to Monsieur MESNAGER's footmen; for, says he, what are Monsieur MESNAGER's footmen to him, but because it was done to his subjects. Now, says he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a subject of France to have a bloody nose, and his Sovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged, in honour, to defend his people against hostilities; and if the Dutch will be so insolent to a crowned head, as in any wise to cuff or kick those who are under *his* protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

This distinction set the controversy upon a new foot, and seemed to be very well approved by most that heard it, until a little warm fellow, who declared himself a friend to the House of Austria, fell most unmercifully upon his Gallic Majesty, as encouraging his subjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards screening them from the punishment that was due to their insolence. To which he added, that the French nation was so addicted to grimace, that, if there was not a stop put to it at the general congress, there would be no walking the streets for them in a time of peace, especially if they continued masters of the West-Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring that, if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his gallies, and tolerate the Protestant religion in his dominions, before he would sheath his sword. He concluded with calling Monsieur MESNAGER an insignificant prig.

The dispute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man, of about one-and twenty, who seems to

have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count RECHTEREN nor Monsieur MESNAGER had behaved themselves right in this affair. "Count RECHTEREN," says he, "should have made affidavit that his servants had been affronted, and then Monsieur MESNAGER would have done him justice, by taking away their liveries from them, or some other way that he might have thought the most proper; for, let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monsieur MESNAGER, upon his servants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of assault and battery. But as the case now stands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees."

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I must confess with little edification, for all I could learn at last, from these honest gentlemen, was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for such heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend,

O.

N°. 482.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1712.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibùs omnia libant.

LUCR. iii. 11.

"As from the sweetest flower the lab'ring bee
"Extracts her precious sweets."

CREECH.

ON THE HEN-PECKED.

WHEN I have published any single paper, that falls in with the popular taste, and pleases more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My Tuesday's discourse, wherein I gave several admonitions to the fraternity of the *Hen-pecked*, has already produced me very many correspondents; the reason I cannot guess, unless it be that such a discourse is of general use, and every married man's money. An honest tradesman, who dates his letter from Cheapside, sends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and stay together till they are sent for home. He informs me, that my Paper has administered great consolation to their whole club, and desires me to give some further account of SOCRATES, and to acquaint them in whose reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier, whether he buried XANTIPPE; with many other particulars: for that, by his sayings, he appears to have been a very wise man, and a good Christian. Another, who writes himself BENJAMIN BAMBOO, tells me that, being coupled with a shrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by such lawful means as those which I mentioned in my last Tuesday's paper, and that in his wrath he had often

gone further than BRACTON always allows in those cases; but that for the future he was resolved to bear it like a man of temper and learning, and consider her only as one who lives in his house to teach him philosophy. TOM DAPPERWIT says, that he agrees with me in that whole discourse, excepting only the last sentence, where I affirm the married state to be either a heaven or a hell. TOM has been at the charge of a penny upon this occasion to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of state, commonly known by the name of *Purgatory*.

The fair sex have likewise obliged me with their reflections upon the same discourse. A lady who calls herself EUTERPE, and seems a woman of letters, asks me whether I am for establishing the Salic law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has discretion and learning should sit at the helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, subscribes herself XANTIPPE, and tells me that she follows the example of her namesake; for, being married to a bookish man, who has no knowledge of the world, she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not grow musty, and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgment of some letters which are come to my hands upon this occasion, I shall publish one of them at large.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have given us a lively picture of that kind of husband who comes under the denomination of the *Henpecked*; but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is quite of the different character, and who, in several places of England, goes by the name of a *Cot-Queen*. I have the misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who in reality is more a woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had made him as good

good a housewife as herself. He could preserve apricots, and make jellies before he had been two years out of the nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad, for fear of catching cold: when he should have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's side learning how to season it, or put it in crust: and was making paper boats with his sisters, at an age when other young gentlemen are crossing the seas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whitest hand that you ever saw in your life, and raises paste better than any woman in England. These qualifications make him a sad husband. He is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand squabbles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the milk-score, than his steward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his friends that dine with him in the best pickle for a walnut, or sauce for an haunch of venison. With all this he is a very good-natured husband, and never fell out with me in his life but once, upon the over-roasting of a dish of wild-fowl. At the same time I must own, I would rather he was a man of a rough temper, that would treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate busy nature, in a province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray say somewhat of a husband that wears the petticoat. Why should not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in one of our sex?

I am, &c.'

O.

No. 483.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1712.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit ———

HOR. ARS POET. ver. 191.

"Never presume to make a god appear
"But for a business worthy of a god." *

ROSCOMMON.

ON RELIGIOUS FAITH.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as *Punishments* and *Judgments*. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour, of turning every misfortune into a Judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which in its own nature produces good-will toward men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion. People of gloomy uncheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular, from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of

* The same motto is prefixed to No. 315.

of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of NEMESIS, is the greatest discoverer of Judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by her small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her, but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them by reason of some flaw in their own, or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such a one died childless; why such an one was cut off in the flower of her youth; why such an one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-sword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance; and when she hears of a robbery that hath been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief, or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a Judgment.

The very description of this folly, in ordinary life, is sufficient to expose it; but, when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. HERODOTUS and PLUTARCH very often apply their Judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable. Indeed most historians, as well Christian as Pagan,

gan, have fallen into this idle superstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. WILLIAM the CONQUEROR's race generally found their Judgments in the New Forest, where their father had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading an history of the kings of Israel and Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by Judgments, or Blessings, according as they promoted idolatry, or the worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person on whom they fall, but very presumptuous in regard to him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified, and made amends for, in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor when we see triumphant guilt, or depressed virtue, in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare his holy arm in the defence of one, or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day

day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both, according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal Judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two. First, that, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a Judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When DIAGORAS the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest: upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just Judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. DIAGORAS begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no DIAGORAS was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same calamities, and subject to the same accidents: and, when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as arising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities, and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons to whose lot they have fallen! How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin! If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon Blessings and Judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in his beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of BITON and CLITOBUS, which was in great reputation among the Heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul) may teach us a caution in this

this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady who was priestess to JUNO, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with this instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event, as would have been construed into a Judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it.

O.

N°. 484.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1712.

Neque cuiquam tam statim clarum ingenium est, ut possit emergere; nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat.

PLIN. EPIST.

"Nor has any one so bright a genius as to become illustrious instaneously, unless it fortunately meets with occasion and employment, with patronage too, and commendation."

ON MODESTY.

OF all the young fellows who are in their progress through any profession, none seem to have so good a title to the protection of the men of eminence in it, as the *Modest Man*; not so much because his modesty is a certain indication of his merit, as because it is a certain obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all professions this virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the LAW than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the relief of such who follow this profession with this disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those persons, who, the better to prepare themselves for this study, have made some progress in others, have, by addicting themselves to letters, increased their natural Modesty, and consequently heightened the obstruction to this sort of preferment; so that every one of these may emphatically be said to be such a one as *laboureth and taketh pains, and is still the more behind.* It may be a matter worth discussing then, why that, which made a youth so amiable to the ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the moderns?

moderns? And why, in our days, there should be neglect, and even oppression of young beginners, instead of that protection which was the pride of theirs? In the profession spoken of it is obvious, to every one whose attendance is required at Westminster Hall, with what difficulty a youth of any Modesty has been permitted to make an observation, that could in no wise detract from the merit of his elders, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing his own. I have often seen one of these not only molested in his utterance of something very pertinent, but even plundered of his question, and by a strong Serjeant shouldered out of his rank, which he has recovered with much difficulty and confusion. Now, as great part of the business of this profession might be dispatched by one that perhaps

——Abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Causellius Aulus;
HOR. ARS POET. 370.

"——wants Messala's powerful eloquence,
"And is less read than deep Causellius;"
ROSCOMMON.

so I cannot conceive the injustice done to the public, if the men of reputation in this calling would introduce such of the young ones into business, whose application to this study will let them into the secrets of it, as much as their Modesty will hinder them from the practice: I say, it would be laying an everlasting obligation upon a young man, to be introduced at first only as a mute, till by this countenance, and a resolution to support the good opinion conceived of him in his betters, his complexion shall be so well settled that the litigious of this island may be secure of his obstreperous aid. If I might be indulged to speak in the style of a Lawyer, I would say, that any one about thirty years of age might make a common motion to the Court with as much elegance and propriety as the most aged Advocates in the Hall.

I cannot

'I cannot advance the merit of Modesty, by an argument of my own so powerfully as by inquiring into the sentiments the greatest among the ancients of different ages entertained upon this virtue. If we go back to the days of SOLOMON, we shall find favour a necessary consequence to a shame-faced man. PLINY, the greatest lawyer, and most elegant writer of the age he lived in, in several of his epistles, is very solicitous in recommending to the public some young men of his own profession, and very often undertakes to become an advocate, upon condition that some one of these his favourites might be joined with him, in order to produce the merit of such, whose Modesty otherwise would have suppressed it. It may seem very marvellous to a saucy modern, that *multum sanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum sollicitudinis in ore*; to have the face first full of blood, then the countenance dashed with Modesty, and then the whole aspect as of one dying with fear, when a man begins to speak;" should be esteemed by PLINY the necessary qualifications of a fine speaker. SHAKESPEARE also has expressed himself in the same favourable strain of Modesty, when he says,

" ——— In the Modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious Eloquence———"

'Now, since these authors have professed themselves for the Modest Man, even in the utmost confusions of speech and countenance, why should an intrepid utterance, and a resolute vociferation, thunder so successfully in our courts of justice? And why should that confidence of speech and behaviour, which seems to acknowledge no superior, and to defy all contradiction, prevail over that deference and resignation with which the Modest Man implores that favourable opinion which the other seems to command?

'As the case at present stands, the best consolation that I can administer to those who cannot get into that

stroke of busines (as the phrase is) which they deserve, is to reckon every particular acquisition of knowledge in this study as a real increase of their fortune; and fully to believe, that one day this imaginary gain will certainly be made out, by one more substantial. I wish you would talk to us a little on this head, you will oblige,

SIR,

Yout humble servant.'

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good sense; but I am, perhaps, particular in my opinion on this occasion; for I have observed that, under the notion of Modesty, men have indulged themselves in a spiritless Sheepishness, and been for ever lost to themselves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may justly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injustice to any other; it is ever want of breeding, or courage, to be brow-beaten, or elbowed out of his honest ambition. I have said often, Modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial: for, if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and from an unmanly bashfulness shrinks away, and lets his merit languish in silence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unskilful actor succeeds in his part, because he has not confidence to come upon the stage himself. The generosity my correspondent mentions of PLINY, cannot be enough applauded. To cherish the dawn of merit, and hasten its maturity, was a work worthy a noble Roman, and a liberal scholar. That concern which is described in the letter, is to all the world the greatest charm imaginable; but then the Modest Man must proceed, and shew a latent resolution in himself; for the admiration of Modesty arises from the manifesation of his merit. I must confess we live in an age wherein a

few empty blusterers carry away the praise of speaking, while a crowd of fellows, over-stocked with knowledge, are run down by them; I say over-stocked, because they certainly are so, as to their service of mankind, if from their very store they raise to themselves ideas of respect, and greatness of the occasion, and I know not what, to disable themselves from explaining their thoughts. I must confess, when I have seen CHARLES FRANKAIR rise up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handsome words, talk a mile off the purpose, and drive down twenty bashful boobies of ten times his sense, who at the same time were envying his his impudence, and despising his understanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it soon ended in a secret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praise-worthy in these realms, the universities, should be so muddled with a false sense of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being so abused. I will be bold to say, that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his best appearance before the greatest man, and the finest woman, to whom he can address himself. Were this judiciously corrected in the nurseries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their distance: but we must bear with this false Modesty in our young nobility and gentry, till they cease at Oxford and Cambridge to grow dumb in the study of eloquence.

T.

No. 485.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1712.

Nihil tam firmum est, cui periculum non sit etiâm ab invalido.
QUINT. CURT. L. vii. c. 8.

"The strongest things are not so well established as to be out of "danger from the weakest."

ON FOLLY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'MY Lord CLARENDON has observed, that few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error, than to believe a man, whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the weakest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in mischief. What may seem to the reader the greatest paradox in the reflection of the historian, is, I suppose, that Folly, which is generally thought incapable of contriving or executing any design, should be so formidable to those whom it exerts itself to molest. But this will appear very plain, if we remember that SOLOMON says, "It is a sport to a fool to do mischief;" and that he might the more emphatically express the calamitous circumstances of him who falls under the displeasure of this wanton person, the same author adds further, that "A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty, but a Fool's wrath is heavier than them both." It is impossible to suppress my own illustration upon this matter, which is, that as

the man of sagacity bestirs himself to distress his enemy by methods probable and reducible to reason, so the same reason will fortify his enemy to elude these his regular efforts; but your Fool projects, acts, and concludes, with such notable inconsistency, that no regular course of thought can evade or counterplot his prodigious machinations. My frontispiece, I believe, may be extended to imply, that several of our misfortunes arise from things, as well as persons, that seem of very little consequence. Into what tragical extravagancies does SHAKESPEARE hurry OTHELLO, upon the loss of an handkerchief only? And what barbarities does DESDEMONA suffer, from a slight inadvertency in regard to this fatal trifle? If the schemes of all enterprising spirits were to be carefully examined, some intervening accident, not considerable enough to occasion any debate upon, or give them any apprehension of ill consequence from it, will be found to be the occasion of their ill success, rather than any error in points of moment and difficulty, which naturally engaged their maturest deliberations. If you go to the levee of any great man, you will observe him exceeding gracious to several very insignificant fellows; and upon this maxim, that the neglect of any person must arise from the mean opinion you have of his capacity to do you any service or prejudice; and that this calling his sufficiency in question must give him inclination, and where this is there never wants strength, or opportunity, to annoy you. There is no body so weak of invention, that cannot aggravate, or make some little stories to vilify his enemy; there are very few but have good inclinations to hear them; and it is infinite pleasure to the majority of mankind to level a person superior to his neighbours. Besides, in all matter of controversy, that party which has the greatest abilities labours under this prejudice, that he will certainly be supposed, upon account of his abilities, to have done an injury, when, perhaps, he has received one. It would be tedious to enumerate the strokes that nations and parti-

cular friends have suffered, from persons very contemptible.

'I think HENRY IV. of France, so formidable to his neighbours, could no more be secured against the resolute villany of RAVILLAC, than VILLIERS, Duke of BUCKINGHAM, could be against that of FELTON. And there is no incensed person so destitute but can provide himself with a knife or a pistol, if he finds stomach to apply them. That things and persons of no moment should give such powerful revolutions to the progress of those of the greatest, seems a providential disposition to baffle and abate the pride of human sufficiency; as also to engage the humanity and benevolence of superiors to all below them, by letting them into this secret, that the stronger depends upon the weaker.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant.'

DEAR SIR, Temple, Paper-Buildings.

'I RECEIVED a letter from you some time ago, which I should have answered sooner, had you informed me in yours to what part of this island I might have directed my impertinence; but, having been let into the knowledge of that matter, this handsome excuse is no longer serviceable. My neighbour PRETTYMAN shall be the subject of this letter; who, falling in with the SPECTATOR's doctrine concerning the month of May, began from that season to dedicate himself to the service of the fair, in the following manner. I observed at the beginning of the month he bought him a new night-gown, either side to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous and attractive; but till the end of the month I did not enter so fully into the knowledge of his contrivance, as the use of that garment has since suggested to me. Now you must know, that all new clothes raise and warm the wearer's imagination into a conceit

conceit of his being a much finer gentleman than he was before, banishing all sobriety and reflection, and giving him up to gallantry and amour. Inflamed, therefore, with this way of thinking, and full of the spirit of the month of May, did this merciless youth resolve upon the business of captivating. At first he confined himself to his room, only now and then appearing at his window in his night-gown, and practising that easy posture which expresses the very top and dignity of languishment. It was pleasant to see him diversify his loveliness, sometimes obliging the passengers only with a side-face, with a book in his hand; sometimes being so generous as to expose the whole in the fulness of its beauty; at other times, by a judicious throwing back his perriwig, he would throw in his ears. You know he is that sort of person which the mob call a handsome jolly man; which appearance cannot miss of captives in this part of the town. Being emboldened by daily success, he leaves his room with a resolution to extend his conquest; and I have apprehended him in his night-gown smiting in all parts of this neighbourhood.

'This I, being of an amorous complexion, saw with indignation, and had thoughts of purchasing a wig in these parts; into which being at a greater distance from the earth, I might have thrown a very liberal mixture of white horse-hair, which would make a fairer, and consequently a handsomer appearance, while my situation would secure me against any discoveries. But the passion of the handsome gentleman seems to be so fixed to that part of the building, that it must be extremely difficult to divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to stand boldly to the complexion of my own eyebrow, and prepare me an immense black wig of the same sort of structure with that of my rival. Now, though by this I shall not, perhaps, lessen the number of the admirers of his complexion, I shall have a fair chance to divide the passengers by the irresistible force of mine.

'I expect sudden dispatches from you, with advice of the family you are in now, how to deport myself upon this so delicate a conjuncture; with some comfortable resolutions in favour of the handsome black man against the handsome fair one.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.'

C.

N. B. He who writ this is a black man, two pair of stairs; the gentleman of whom he writes is fair, and one pair of stairs.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I ONLY say, that it is impossible for me to say how much I am,

Yours,

ROBIN SHORTER.'

P. S. 'I shall think it a little hard, if you do not take as much notice of this epistle as you have of the ingenious Mr. SHORT'S. I am not afraid of letting the world see which is the deeper man of the two.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

'WHEREAS a young woman on horseback, in an equestrian habit, on the 13th instant in the evening, met the SPECTATOR within a mile and a half of this town, and, flying in the face of justice, pulled off her hat, in which there was a feather, with the mien and air of a young officer, saying at the same time, your servant Mr. SPEC. or words to that purpose; this is to give notice, that if any person can discover the name and place of abode of the said offender, so as she can be brought to justice, the informant shall have all fitting encouragement.' T.

N°. 486.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1712.

Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte
Qui mœchis non vultis———

HOR. I. SAT. ii. 38.

IMITATED.

" All you who think the city ne'er can thrive
" Till ev'ry cuckold maker's flea'd alive,
" Attend——"

POPE.

ON THE HEN-PECKED.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my acquaintance followers of SOCRATES, with more particular regard to that part of his philosophy which we among ourselves call his Domestics; under which denomination, or title, we include all the conjugal joys, and sufferings. We have indeed with very great pleasure observed the honour you do the whole fraternity of the Hen-pecked in placing that illustrious man at our head, and it does in a very great measure baffle the raillery of pert rogues who have no advantage above us, but in that they are single. But, when you look about into the crowd of mankind, you will find the fair sex reig:s with greater tyranny over lovers than husbands. You shall hardly meet one in a thousand who is wholly exempt from their dominion, and those that are so are capable of no taste of life, and breathe and walk about the earth as insignificants. But I am going to desire your further favour of our harmless brotherhood, and hope you will shew in a true light the unmarried *Hen-pecked*, as well as you have done justice

to us, who submit to the conduct of our wives. I am very particularly acquainted with one who is under entire submission to a kind girl, as he calls her; and though he knows I have been witness both to the ill usage he has received from her, and his inability to resist her tyranny, he still pretends to make a jest of me for a little more than ordinary obsequiousness to my spouse. No longer than Tuesday last he took me with him to visit his mistress; and having, it seems, been a little in disgrace before, thought by bringing me with him she would constrain herself, and insensibly fall into general discourse with him; and so he might break the ice, and save himself all the ordinary compunctions and mortifications she used to make him suffer before she would be reconciled, after any act of rebellion on his part. When we came into the room, we were received with the utmost coldness; and when he presented me as Mr. SUCH-A-ONE, his very good friend, she just had patience to suffer my salutation; but when he himself, with a very gay air, offered to follow me, she gave him a thundering box on the ear, called him a pitiful poor spirited wretch—how durst he see her face? His wig and hat fell on different parts of the floor. She seized the wig too soon for him to recover it, and, kicking it down stairs, threw herself into an opposite room, pulling the door after her by force, that you would have thought the hinges would have given way. We went down, you must think, with no very good countenances; and, as we were driving home together, he confessed to me, that her anger was thus highly raised because he did not think fit to fight a gentleman who had said, she was what she was; but, says he, a kind letter or two, or fifty pieces, will put her in humour again. I asked him why he did not part with her; he answered, he loved her with all the tenderness imaginable, and she had too many charms to be abandoned for a little quickness of spirit. Thus does this illegitimate Hen-pecker overlook the hussy's having no regard to his very life and fame, in puting him upon

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an infamous dispute about her reputation; yet has he the confidence to laugh at me, because I obey my poor dear in keeping out of harm's way, and not staying too late from my own family, to pass through the hazards of a town, full of ranters and debauchees. You that are a philosopher should urge in our behalf, that when we bear with a forward woman, our patience is preserved, in consideration that a breach with her might be a dishonour to children who are descended from us, and whose concern makes us tolerate a thousand frailties, for fear they should redound dishonour upon the innocent. This and the like circumstances, which carry with them the most valuable regards of human life, may be mentioned for our long-suffering; but in the case of gallants, they swallow ill usage from one to whom they have no obligation, but from a base passion, which it is mean to indulge, and which it would be glorious to overcome.

'These sort of fellows are very numerous, and some have been conspicuously such, without shame; nay, they have carried on the jest in the very article of death, and, to the diminution of the wealth and happiness of their families, in bar of those honourably near to them, have left immense wealth to their paramours. What is this but being a cully in the grave! Sure this is being Hen-pecked with a vengeance! But, without dwelling upon these less frequent instances of eminent cullyism, what is there so common as to hear a fellow curse his fate that he cannot get rid of a passion to a jilt, and quote a half line out of a miscellany poem to prove his weakness is natural? If they will go on thus, I have nothing to say to it; but then let them not pretend to be free all this while, and laugh at us poor married patients.

'I have known one wench in this town carry a haughty dominion over her lovers so well, that she has at the same time been kept by a sea-captain in the Straits, a merchant in the city, a country gentleman in Hampshire, and had all her correspondencies managed by one whom she kept on her own uses. This happy man (as the

the phrase is) used to write very punctually, every post, letters for the mistress to transcribe. He would sit in his night-gown and slippers, and be as grave giving an account, only changing names, that there was nothing in those idle reports they had heard of such a scoundrel as one of the other lovers was; and how could he think she could condescend so low, after such a fine gentleman as each of them? For the same epistle said the same thing to, and of, every one of them. And so Mr. Secretary and his lady went to bed with great order.

'To be short, Mr. SPECTATOR, we husbands shall never make the figure we ought in the imaginations of young men growing up in the world, except you can bring it about that a man of the town shall be as infamous a character as a woman of the town. But, of all that I have met with in my time, commend me to BETTY DUALL: she is the wife of a sailor, and the kept mistress of a man of quality; she dwells with the latter during the sea-faring of the former. The husband asks no questions, sees his apartments furnished with riches not his, when he comes into port, and the lover is as joyful as a man arrived at his haven, when the other puts to sea. BETTY is the most eminently victorious of any of her sex, and ought to stand recorded the only woman of the age in which she lives, who has possessed at the same time two abused, and two contented.'——

T.

N°. 487.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1712.

——————Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit.
PETR.

"While sleep oppresses the tir'd limbs, the mind
"Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd."

ON DREAMS.

THOUGH there are many authors who have written on *Dreams*, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as presages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as Dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimations of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our Dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears to be tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case Dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the Soul, when she is disencumbered of her machine, her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

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In the second place, Dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The Soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjuncton with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motion. But in Dreams it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The slow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in language, that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention: yet in Dreams it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible of, when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*,* in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleeps, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of SCORPIUS: I was born in the planetary hour of SATURN, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one Dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never

* By Sir T. BROWN, M. D.

never study but in my Dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that has passed. Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul, beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

We may likewise observe, in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time than any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his Dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them; whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes, as he thinks when awake; whether he would be in reality a king or beggar; or, rather, whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in Dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active and watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of

her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such a solitude.

——————— Semperque relinqui
Sola sibi semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam———

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 466.

"——————— She seems alone
"To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,
"Guideless and dark."

DRYDEN.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul, of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which PLUTARCH ascribes to HERACLITUS, *that all men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own.* The waking man is conversant in the world of nature: when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of *Tertullian*, namely, its power of divining in Dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction,

abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of surbordinate Spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition, or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: it is sufficient if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, nor entangled and perplexed in her operations with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and, if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.

O.

No. 488.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1712.

"Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo assibus. Eheu!
HOR. 2. SAT. iii. 136.
"What doth it cost? Not much, upon my word.
"How much, pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence!
"O Lord!"
CREECH.

ON THE INCREASED PRICE OF THE SPECTATOR.

I FIND, by several letters which I receive daily, that several of my readers would be better pleased to pay three half-pence for my paper than two pence. The ingenious T. W. tells me that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast; for that, since the rise of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his dish of coffee by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than lace * to it. EUGENIUS informs me, very obligingly, that he never thought he should have disliked any passage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them which he could heartily wish left out, viz. *Price Two-Pence.* I have a letter from a soap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately upon the necessity we both lie under of setting an high price on our commodities, since the late tax has been laid upon them, and desiring me, when I write next on that subject, to speak a word or two upon the present duties on Castile

* A little brandy or rum.

Castile soap. But there is none of these my correspondents, who writes with a greater turn of good sense, and elegance of expression, than the generous PHILOMEDES, who advises me to value every Spectator at sixpence, and promises that he himself will engage for above a hundred of his aquaintance, who shall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewise come to me, in great quantities, upon the same occasion; and, as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our species, I am very glad to find that those who approve my conduct in this particular are much more numerous than those who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handsome remonstrance, in which they set forth that their father having refused to take in the *Spectator*, since the additional price was set upon it, they offered him unanimously to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the *Spectator* might be served up to them every morning as usual. Upon this the old gentleman being pleased, it seems, with their desire of improving themselves, has granted them the continuance both of the Spectator and their bread and butter, having given particular orders that the tea-table shall be set forth every morning with its customary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myself obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady, LÆTITIA, who sent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will insert it at length in one of my papers, if he desires it.

I should be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, must propose two points to their consideration. First, that if they retrench any the smallest particular in their ordinary expence, it will easily make up the half-penny a

day which we have now under consideration. Let a lady sacrifice but a single ribbon to her morning studies, and it will be sufficient: let a family burn but a candle a night less than their usual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burthen of a tax upon them. My speculations, when they are sold single, like cherries upon the stick, are delights for the rich and wealthy: after some time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their first appearance, from several accidental circumstances of time, place, and person, which they may lose if they are not taken early; but, in this case, every reader is to consider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind hand with the fashionable and polite part of the world, than to strain himself beyond his circumstances. My bookseller has now about *ten thousand* of the third and fourth volumes, which he is ready to publish, having already disposed of *as large an edition* both of the first and second volume. As he is a person whose head is very well turned to his business, he thinks they would be a very proper present to be made to persons at christenings, marriages, visiting days, and the like joyful solemnities, as *several other books are frequently given at funerals.* He has printed them in such *a little portable volume*, that many of them may be ranged together upon a single plate; and is of opinion, that a salver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies as a salver of sweet-meats.

I shall conclude this paper with an epigram lately sent to the writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

SIR,

SIR,

'HAVING heard the following epigram very much commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place in any of your papers; I think the suffrage of our Poet Laureat should not be overlooked, which shews the opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or false. I made bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.'

ON THE SPECTATOR.

BY MR. TATE.*

——*Aliusque & idem*
Nasceris ——

HOR. CARM. SÆC. 10.

"You rise another and the same."

WHEN first the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for her CENSOR's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
'Till the *Spectator* rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd,
And sigh'd 'till circling day his joys renew'd.
Yet, doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a brighter successor, or the same,
So we: but now from this suspence are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the *same* SUN, and does *himself* succeed.

O.

* *Nahum* TATE, Poet-Laureat after SHADWELL, the son of Dr. FAITHFUL TATE, was born at Dublin in 1652, admitted in the college there in 1668, and died in 1715.

No. 489.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1712.

—Βαθυ'ρρείταο μεγα σθένος Ωκεανοιο.

HOR.

"The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood."

A LETTER OCCASIONED BY THE ESSAY ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

SIR,

'UPON reading your Essay concerning the Pleasures of the Imagination, I find among the three sources of those pleasures which you have discovered, that *Greatness* is one. This has suggested to me the reason why, of all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the Sea, or Ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from Greatness. I must confess, it is impossible for me to survey this world of fluid matter without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demon-

demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and, by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumscribed by time, nor space.

As I have made several voyages upon the Sea, I have often been tossed in storms, and on that occasion have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember LONGINUS highly recommends one in HOMER, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but because he has gathered together those circumstances which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason, that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the Psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with. "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then they are glad, because they be quiet, so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

By the way; how much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the Psalmist, than the Pagan scheme in Virgil, and other poets, where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it? Were we only to consider the sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raising a tumult among the

elements, and recovering them out of their confusion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

Great painters do not only give us landscapes of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces. I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works I shall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made ev'ry region please:
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene Seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

O.

N°. 490.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1712.

Domus & placens uxor.

HOR. 2. OD. XIV. 21.

"Thy house and pleasing wife."

CREECH.

ON MARRIAGE.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word wife the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not so in itself, all the wiser part of mankind, from the beginning of the world to this day has consented in an error. But our unhappiness in England has been, that a few loose men, of genius for pleasure, have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned desires, in despite of good sense, form, and order; when, in truth, any satisfaction beyond the boundaries of reason is but a step towards madness, and folly. But is the sense of joy and accomplishment of desire no way to be indulged, or attained? And have we appetites given us not to be at all gratified? Yes, certainly. *Marriage* is an institution calculated for a constant scene of delight, as much as our being is capable of. Two persons, who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. The wiser of the two (and it always happens one of them is such) will, for her or his own sake, keep things from outrage with the utmost sanctity. When this union is thus

thus preserved (as I have often said) the most indifferent circumstance administers delight. Their condition is an endless source of new gratifications. The married man can say, If I am unacceptable to all the world beside, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and transport, and think herself obliged to double her kindness and caresses of me from the gloom with which she sees me overcast. I need not dissemble the sorrow of my heart to be agreeable there; that very sorrow quickens her affection.

This passion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very constitution, and the kindness flows as easily and silently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the most sublime degree, unskilful eyes see nothing of it; but when it is subject to be changed, and has an allay in it that may make it end in distaste, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondness, before the rest of the world.

UXANDER and VIRAMIRA are amorous and young, have been married these two years; yet do they so much distinguish each other in company, that in your conversation with the dear things you are still put to a sort of cross purposes. Whenever you address yourself in ordinary discourse to VIRAMIRA, she turns her head another way, and the answer is made to the dear UXANDER. If you tell a merry tale, the application is still directed to her dear; and when she should commend you, she says to him, as if he has spoke it, 'That 'is, my dear, so pretty.'—This puts me in mind of what I have somewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous CERVANTES; where, while honest SANCHO PANCA is putting some necessary humble question concerning Rozinante, his supper, or his lodging, the knight of the sorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmless lowly hints of his 'squire to the poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear DULCINEA of his affections.

On the other side, DICTAMNUS and MORIA are ever squabbling; and you may observe them all the time they

they are in company, in a state of impatience. As UXANDER and VIRAMIRA wish you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; DICTAMNUS and MORIA wait your absence, that they may speak their harsh interpretations on each other's words and actions, during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils, attending this condition of life, arises from fashion. Prejudice in this case is turned the wrong way; and, instead of expecting more happiness than we shall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepossession, that we shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting satisfactions.

With all persons who have made good sense the rule of action, *Marriage* is described as the state capable of the highest human felicity. TULLY has epistles full of affectionate pleasure, when he writes to his wife, or speaks of his children. But, above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleased with an epigram of MARTIAL, in honour of the beauty of his wife CLEOPATRA. Commentators say it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his spouse was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it seems, came in upon her when she was just going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occasion we owe the following epigram, which I shewed my friend WILL HONEYCOMB in French, who has translated it as follows, without understanding the original. I expect it will please the English better than the Latin reader.

"When my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid,
Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd;
To my fond eyes she all transparent stood:
She blush'd; I smil'd at the slight covering flood.
Thus through the glass the lovely lilly glows:
Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose.
I saw new charms, and plung'd to seize my store,
Kisses I snatch'd—the waves prevented more."

My

My friend would not allow that this luscious account could be given of a wife, and therefore used the word *consort*; which, he learnedly said, would serve for a mistress as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him and all other such fine gentlemen, I cannot be persuaded but that the passion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendship, and then it is ascended to a higher pleasure than it was in its first fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this state, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling serious as well as joyous hours, she brings happiness unknown to friendship itself. SPENCER speaks of each kind of love with great justice, and attributes the highest praise to friendship; and indeed there is no disputing that point, but by making that friendship take its place between two married persons.

"Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of Love together meet,
And do dispart the heart with power extreme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtues meet:
But, of them all, the hand of virtuous mind
Methinks the gentle heart should most assured bind.
For natural affection soon doth cease,
And quenched is with CUPID's greater flame;
But faithful friendship doth them both suppess,
And them with mastering discipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.
For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
And all the service of the body frame;
So love of soul doth love of body pass,
No less than perfect gold surmounts the meanest brass."

T.

No. 491.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1712.

———Digna satis fortuna revisit.

VIRG. ÆN. iii. 318.

"A just reverse of fortune on him waits."

STORY OF RHYNSAULT AND SAPPHIRA.

IT is common with me to run from book to book, to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that please me most on such occasions are stories, for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice; and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the history. This will be better understood by the reader from the following narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

WHEN CHARLES, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed The BOLD, reigned over spacious dominions, now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon CLAUDIUS RHYNSAULT, a German, who had served him in his wars against the insults

sults of his neighbours. A great part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that Dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. RHYNSAULT, with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His Highness, prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave RHYNSAULT that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon SAPPHIRA, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of PAUL DANVELT, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government. RHYNSAULT was a man of a warm constitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfactions which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies, that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However, he had so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex; and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty, without the least pity, passion, or love, to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable to a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him, who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. RHYNSAULT, being resolved to accomplish his will on the wife of DANVELT, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into

into his conversation. The governor, despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information, that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the Duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate DANVELT, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house; and, as he passed through the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, *beseeched* his mercy. RHYNSAULT beheld her with a dissembled satisfaction; and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and, asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud: "If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever." He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor, laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the supplicant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention; and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many

many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life: and she must, before the following noon, pronounce the death, or enlargement of DANVELT.—After this notification, when he saw SAPPHIRA enough again distracted, to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband; and, having signified to his gaolers that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy SAPPHIRA attended the governor, and, being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. RHYNSAULT commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison; but continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations. These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the gaol—her husband executed by the order of RHYNSAULT!

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode; and, after having in solitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow, negligent of forms, gained her passage into the presence of the Duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words: "Behold, O mighty CHARLES, a wretch weary of life, though it has always been spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in your power to redress my injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the protection of the distressed, and the punishment of oppressors, is a task worthy a prince, I bring the Duke of BURGUNDY ample matter for doing honour to his own great name, and wiping infamy off of mine."

When she had spoke this, she delivered the Duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, RHYNSAULT was sent for to court, and, in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by SAPPHIRA. The prince asking, "Do you know that lady?" RHYNSAULT, as soon as he could recover his surprise, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a reparation. The Duke seemed contented with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told RHYNSAULT, "Thus far you have done as constrained by my authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of your whole estate to her after your decease." To the performance

of this also the Duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the Duke turned to the lady, and told her, "It now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you;" and ordered the immediate execution of RHYNSAULT.*

T,

* The conduct of Colonel KIRKE, the barbarous servant of the cruel JAMES II. much resembled this of RHYNSAULT. The fable of the *Measure for Measure* of our wonderful Dramatic Bard is formed on the idea of such a character and conduct.

N°. 492.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1712.

Quicquid est boni moris levitate extinguitur.

SENECA.

"Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous."

LETTER FROM A PRUDE.

Tunbridge, Sept. 18.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of eighteen years of age, and I do assure you a maid of unspotted reputation, founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, words, and actions. At the same time I must own to you, that it is with much constraint to flesh and blood that my behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, to a free air, to motion and gadding. Now, what gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is some discouragement in the pursuit of virtue, is, that the young women who run into greater freedoms with the men are more taken notice of than I am. The men are such unthinking sots, that they do not prefer her who restrains all her passions and affections, and keeps much within the bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmost verge of innocence, and parleys at the very brink of vice, whether she shall be a wife or a mistress. But I must appeal to your Spectatorial wisdom, who, I find, have passed very much of your time in the study of woman, whether this is not a most unreasonable proceeding. I have read somewhere that HOBBES of Malmesbury asserts, that continent persons have more of what they contain than those who give a loose to their desires. According to this rule, let there

be equal age, equal wit, and equal good-humour, in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty; what stores has he to expect who takes the former? What refuse must he be contented with who chooses the latter? Well, but I sat down to write to you to vent my indignation against several pert creatures who are addressed to and courted in this place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

'Every one of these affect gaining the hearts of your sex. This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themselves with familiarity. GLYCERA has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary gait.—CHLOE, her sister, who is unwilling to interrupt her conquests, comes into the room before her with a familiar run. DULCISSA takes advantage of the approach of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty shiver; closing up her shoulders, and shrinking as she moves. All that are in this mode carry their fans between both hands before them. DULCISSA herself, who is author of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has also, when she is in very good humour, a taking familiarity in throwing herself into the lowest seat in the room, and letting her hooped petticoats fall with a lucky decency about her. I know she practises this way of sitting down in her chamber; and indeed she does it as well as you may have seen an actress fall down dead in a tragedy. Not the least indecency in her posture. If you have observed what pretty carcases are carried off at the end of a verse at the theatre, it will give you a notion how DULCISSA plumps into a chair. Here is a little country girl that is very cunning, that makes her use of being young and unbred, and outdoes the ensnarers, who are almost twice her age. The air that she takes is to come into company after a walk, and is very successfully out of breath upon occasion. Her mother is in the secret, and calls her romp, and then looks round to see what young men stare at her.

'It would take up more than can come into one of your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of the younger company in this place. But I cannot omit DULCEORELLA, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, but still as watchful of conquest as the busiest virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of staring at a young fellow, till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him by so much observation. When she sees she has him, and he begins to tosss his head upon it, she is immediately short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a distance, with her eyes half shut. Thus the captive that thought her first struck, is to make very near approaches, or be wholly disregarded. This artifice has done more execution than all the ogling of the rest of the women here, with the utmost variety of half glances, attentive heedlessnesses, childish inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or artificial oversights. After I have said thus much of ladies among us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to to you of a set of familiar romps, who have broken through all common rules, and have thought of a very effectual way of shewing more charms than all of us. These, Mr. SPECTATOR, are the swingers. You are to know these careless pretty creatures are very innocents again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for it is all harmless freedom. They get on ropes, as you must have seen the children, and are swung by their men visitants. The jest is, that Mr. SUCH-A-ONE can name the colour of Mrs. SUCH-A-ONE's stockings; and she tells him he is a lying thief, so he is, and full of roguery; and she will lay a wager, and her sister shall tell the truth if he says right, and he cannot tell what colour her garters are of. In this diversion there are very many pretty shrieks, not so much for fear of falling, as that their petticoats should untie; for there is a great care had to avoid improprieties; and the lover who swings the lady is to tie her clothes very close with his hatband, before she admits him to throw up her heels.

'Now'

'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, except you can note these wantonnesses in their beginnings, and bring us sober girls into observation, there is no help for it; we must swim with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a party for us. To look into the merit of a regular and well behaved woman is a slow thing. A loose trivial song gains the affections, when a wise homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we must go over to them. As for my part, I will shew all the world it is not for want of charms that I stand so long unasked: and if you do not take measures for the immediate redress of us rigids, as the fellows call us, I can move with a speaking mien, can look significantly, can lisp, can trip, can loll, can start, can blush, can rage, can weep, if I must do it, and can be frighted as agreeably as any she in England. All which is humbly submitted to your Spectatorial consideration, with all humility, by

Your most humble servant,

MATILDA MOHAIR.'

T.

N°. 493.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1712.

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adspice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

HOR. I. EP. XVIII. 76.

"Commend not, till a man is throughly known:
"A rascal prais'd, you make his faults your own."

ANON.

ON RECOMMENDATIONS.

IT is no unpleasant matter of speculation to consider the recommendatory epistles that pass round this town, from hand to hand, and the abuse people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that pass, that, instead of being the testimony of merit, in the person recommended, the true reading of a letter of this sort is,* 'The bearer hereof is so uneasy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; whether you prefer him or not, it is all one; for I have no manner of kindness for him, or obligation to

* A servant having been turned off by Dean SWIFT for his misdeeds, went aboard a man of war. After he had served for three years, being paid off, and wishing to return to his former employment, he applied to his old master SWIFT for a character, telling the Dean, that the hardships which he had suffered aboard had brought him to a sense of his former vices, and converted him to virtue. SWIFT gave him the following certificate: "These are to certify, that the bearer, PATRICK O'CONNER, lived with me a year and a half as footman; in which time he was habitually guilty of swearing, drunkenness, and whoredom. How far *his having lived since three years aboard a man of war* may have reformed him, I leave to the discovery of those who may take him upon trial."

to him or his; and do what you please as to that.' As negligent as men are in this respect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man should be more ashamed of, than passing a worthless creature into the service or interests of a man who has never injured you. The women, indeed, are a little too keen in their resentments to trespass often this way; but you shall sometimes know, that the mistress and the maid shall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at last the lady shall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body else. Hence it is that you see, in a year and half's time, the same face a domestic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people, in a great measure, to this injustice: when suitors of no consideration will have confidence enough to press upon their superiors, those in power are tender of speaking the exceptions they have against them, and are mortgaged into promises out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter case, it would be a very useful inquiry to know the history of recommendations. There are, you must know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profession to manage the affairs of candidates. These gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and supply any defective recommendation, by informing how such and such a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the least scrap from Mr. SUCH-A-ONE, and leave the rest to them. When one of these undertakers have your business in hand, you may be sick, absent in town or country, and the patron shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been shewn a gentleman some years ago, who punished a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This person had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the West-Indies, and by the mortality of the place, happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppressed his subjects with great frankness, till he became sensible tnat he was heartily hated by every man

under his command. When he had carried his point to be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of dishumour, and feigned uneasiness of living where he found he was so universally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return for England, provided they would give him ample testimonials of their approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and in proportion to his deserving the quite contrary, the words justice, generosity, and courage, were inserted in his commission, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor, on the strength of their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to easy recommenders, in the ordinary course of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it said to him, the person I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way the character you gave me of him?

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake, JACK TOPER, of the Temple, for an honest scrupulousness in this point. A friend of his, meeting with a servant that had formerly lived with JACK, and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know what faults the fellow had, since he could not please such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was as follows:

SIR,

'THOMAS that lived with me, was turned away because he was too good for me. You know I live in taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks much to sleep in an entry until two in the morning. He told me one day, when he was dressing me, that he wondered I was not dead before now, since I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper at two in the morning.

ing. We were coming down Essex-street one night, a little flustered, and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had the impudence to tell me it was against the law. You that are married, and live one day after another the same way, and so on the whole week, I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have his meat in due season. The fellow is certainly very honest. My service to your lady.

Yours,

J. T.

Now this was very fair dealing. JACK knew very well, that though the love of order made a man very aukward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good-sense and good-nature to let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recommendation from HORACE to CLAUDIUS NERO. You will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour, a strong reason for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked: all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and, indeed, a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of HORACE, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

SIR,

'SEPTIMIUS, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow

me

me in your friendship. For when he beseeches me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could: but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus, to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interests and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man.'

T.

N°. 494.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1712.

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tandem philosphorum ?

CICERO.

" What kind of philosophy is it to extol Melancholy, the most de-
" testable thing in nature ?"

ON MELANCHOLY.

ABOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and in particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman who was lately a great ornament* to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent minister, who was Head of a College in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant who was

* The gentleman here alluded to as a late great ornament to the learned world, was ANTHONY HENLEY, Esq. who died much lamented in Aug. 1711.

was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himself for some time by the glimmering of a taper, until at length the Head of the College came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled: but his fears increased, when instead of being asked what progress he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace.* His Latin and Greek stood him in little stead; he was to give an account only of the state of his soul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occasion of the conversion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was summed up with one short question, namely, "Whether he was prepared for death?" The boy, who had been bred up by honest parents, was frighted out of his wits at the solemnity of the proceeding, and by the last dreadful interrogatory; so that upon making his escape out of this house of mourning, he could never be brought a second time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithstanding this general form and outside of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many persons, who, by a natural uncheerfulness of heart, mistaken notions of piety, or weakness of understanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themselves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superstitious fears and groundless scruples cut them off from the pleasures of conversation, and all those social entertainments,

* We may see from this paper, as well as many other parts of ADDISON's writings, that he was an enemy to that puritanical gloom which marked the Presbyterians of the last century.

tainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable: as if mirth was made for reprobates, and cheerfulness of heart denied those who are the only persons that have a proper title to it.

SOMBRIUS is one of these sons of sorrow. He thinks himself obliged in duty to be sad and disconsolate. He looks on a sudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptismal vow. An innocent jest startles him like blasphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; describe a public ceremony, he shakes his head; shew him a gay equipage, he blesses himself. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is scandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He sits at a christening, or a marriage feast, as at a funeral; sighs at the conclusion of a merry story, and grows devout when the rest of the company grow pleasant. After all, SOMBRIUS is a religious man, and would have behaved himself very properly, had he lived when Christianity was under a general persecution.

I would by no means presume to tax such characters with hypocrisy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he, who knows the secrets of men's hearts, should pretend to discover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonstration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent persons, who are weighed down by this habitual sorrow of heart, they rather deserve our compassion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to consider whether such a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by representing it as an unsociable state, that extinguishes all joy and gladness, darkens the face of nature, and destroys the relish of Being itself.

I have, in former papers, shewn how great a tendency there is to Cheerfulness in Religion, and how such a frame of mind is not only the most lovely, but the most commendable in a virtuous person. In short,

those who represent Religion in so unamiable a light, are like the spies sent by MOSES to make a discovery of the Land of Promise, when by their reports they discouraged the people from entering upon it. Those who shew us the joy, the cheerfulness, the good humour, that naturally spring up in this happy state, are like the spies bringing along with them the clusters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleasant country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan writer has made a discourse to shew that the atheist, who denies a God, does him less dishonour than the man who owns his being; but at the same time believes him to be cruel, hard to please, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, says he, I would rather it should be said of me, that there was never any such man as PLUTARCH, than that PLUTARCH was ill-natured, capricious, or inhuman.

If we may believe our logicians, man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are, in their own nature, so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetually sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers, as well as composes, the soul; it banishes, indeed, all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

O.

N°. 495.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1712.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus,
Nigræ feraci frondis in algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

HOR. 4. OD. iv. 57.

" ——Like an oak on some cold mountain brow,
" At ev'ry wound they sprout and grow:
" The axe and sword new vigour give,
" And by their ruins they revive."

ANON.

ON THE DISPERSION OF THE JEWS.

As I am one, who, by my profession, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I consider with so much pleasure, as those who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reason I have often amused myself with speculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in most of the considerable towns which I have passed through in the course of my travels. They are, indeed, so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence. They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of observation, I shall consider the people in three views.

views. First, with regard to their Number: secondly, their Disposition; and, thirdly, their Adherence to their Religion: and afterwards endeavour to shew, first, what *Natural* REASONS, and, secondly, what *Providential* REASONS may be assigned for these three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of many hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Christian nations of the world. The Rabbins, to express the great havock which has been sometimes made of them, tell us, after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed, as carried rocks, of an hundred yards in circumference, above three miles into the sea.

Their Dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the East; and are settled in the remotest parts of China. They are spread through most of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West-Indies: not to mention whole nations bordering on Prester-John's country, and some discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm Adherence to their Religion is no less remarkable than their Numbers and Dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostacies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the Land of Promise, and within sight of the temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the *Natural* REASONS of these three particulars which we find

find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their Numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and, above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the MESSIAH may descend from them.

The Dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults, while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the Land of Promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all places, incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This Dispersion would probably have lost their Religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution: for they are to live all in a body, and gegerally within the same enclosure; to marry amo g themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what *Providential* REASONS may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their Numbers, Dispersion, and Adherence to their Religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the Christian Faith, not only as these very

particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these, and all the other prophesies, which tend to their own confusion. Their Number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the old Bible. Their Dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The Adherence to their Religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophesies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Saviour, forged by Christians, and have looked upon them with the prophesies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretell.

O.

N°. 496.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1712.

Gnatum pariter uti his decuit aut etiam ampliùs,
Quòd illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea est.

TERENT. HEAUT. ACT. I. SC. I.

"Your son ought to have shared in these things, because youth is "best suited to the enjoyment of them."

LETTERS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THOSE ancients who were the most accurate in their remarks on the genius and temper of mankind, by considering the various bent and scope of our actions throughout the progress of life, have with great exactness allotted inclinations, and objects of desire particular to every stage, according to the different circumstances of our conversation and fortune, through the several periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager pursuit of the affections more immediately proper to each state. They indulged the levity of childhood with tenderness, overlooked the gaiety of youth with good nature, tempered the forward ambition and impatience of ripened manhood with discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious avarice of old men, to their want of relish for any other enjoyment. Such allowances as these were no less advantageous to common society than obliging to particular persons; for by maintaining a decency and regularity in the course of life, they supported the dignity of human nature, which then suffers the greatest violence when the order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more re-

markably vilified and ridiculous, than when feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn itself with that outward pomp and lustre, which serve only to set off the bloom of youth with better advantage. I was insensibly carried into reflections of this nature, by just now meeting PAULINA (who is in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmost splendor of dress and equipage, and giving an unbounded loose to all manner of pleasure, whilst his only son is debarred all innocent diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the *Mall* with no other attendance than one antiquated servant of his father's for a companion and director.

'It is a monstrous want of reflection, that a man cannot consider, that when he cannot resign the pleasures of life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them, his son must have a much uneasier task to resist the impetuosity of growing desires. The skill therefore should methinks be, to let a son want no lawful diversion, in proportion to his future fortune, and the figure he is to make in the world. The first step towards virtue that I have observed in young men of condition that have run in excesses, has been that they had a regard to their quality and reputation in the management of their vices. Narrowness in their circumstances has made many youths to supply themselves as debauchees, commence cheats and rascals. The father who allows his son to his utmost ability avoids this latter evil, which as to the world is much greater than the former. But the contrary practice has prevailed so much among some men, that I have known them deny them what was merely necessary for education suitable to their quality. Poor young ANTONIO is a lamentable instance of ill conduct in this kind. The young man did not want natural talents; but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affected being a fine gentleman so unmercifully, that he could not endure in his sight, or the frequent mention of one, who was his son, growing into manhood, and thrusting him out of the gay world.

I have

I have often thought the father took a secret pleasure in reflecting that when that fine house and seat came into the next hands, it would revive his memory, as a person who knew how to enjoy them, from observation of the rusticity and ignorance of his successor. Certain it is that a man may, if he will, let his heart close to the having no regard to any thing but his dear self, even with exclusion of his very children. I recommend this subject to your consideration, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

T. B.'

London, Sept. 26, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM just come from Tunbridge, and have since my return read Mrs. MATHILDA MOHAIR'S letter to you. She pretends to make a mighty story about the diversion of swinging in that place. What was done, was only among relations; and no man swung any woman who was not second cousin at farthest. She is pleased to say, care was taken that the gallants tied the ladies legs before they were wafted into the air. Since she is so spiteful, I will tell you the plain truth.—There was no such nicety observed, since we were all, as I just now told you, near relations; but Mrs. MOHAIR herself has been swung there, and she invents all this malice, because it was observed she had crooked legs, of which I was an eye-witness.

Your humble servant,

RACHEL SHOESTRING.'

Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'WE have just now read your paper, containing Mrs. MOHAIR'S letter. It is an invention of her own from one end to the other; and I desire you would print the

inclosed letter by itself, and shorten it so as to come within the compass of your half sheet. She is the most malicious minx in the world, for all she looks so innocent. Do not leave out that part about her being in love with her father's butler, which makes her shun men; for that is the truest of it all.

Your humble servant,

SARAH TRICE.'

P. S. 'She has crooked legs.'

Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'ALL that Mrs. MOHAIR is so vexed at against the good company of this place, is, that we all know she has crooked legs. This is certainly true, I do not care for putting my name, because one would not be in the power of the creature.

Your humble servant unknown.'

Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THAT insufferable prude, Mrs. MOHAIR, who has told such stories of the company here, is with child, for all her nice airs and her crooked legs. Pray be sure to put her in for both those two things, and you will oblige every body here, especially

Your humble servant,

ALICE BLUEGARTER.'

T.

Nº. 497.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1712.

Οὗλος ἐς γαλεώτης γέρων.

MENANDER.

"A cunning old fox this!"

ON BESTOWING FAVOURS.

A FAVOUR well bestowed is almost as great an honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the superior reputation of the patron in this case is, that he is always surrounded with specious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well deserving. Justice is the first quality in the man who is in a post of direction; and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars, and in his relation give an account of a general officer, who with this one quality, without any shining endowments, became so popularly beloved and honoured, that all decisions between man and man were laid before him by the parties concerned, in a private way; and they would lay by their animosities implicitly, if he bid them be friends; or submit themselves in the wrong without reluctance, if he said it, without waiting the judgment of courts martial. His manner was to keep the dates of all commissions in his closet, and wholly dismiss from the service such who were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his entire friends, and could have no interested views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no step

to the preferment, though it was to their reputation.—By this means a kind aspect, a salutation, a smile, and giving out his hand, had the weight of what is esteemed by vulgar minds more substantial. His business was very short, and he who had nothing to do but justice, was never affronted with a request of a familiar daily visitant from what was due to a brave man at a distance. Extraordinary merit he used to recommend to the king for some distinction at home; till the order of battle made way for his rising in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of such whom he observed were good at a halt, as his phrase was. Under this description he comprehended all those who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. These fellows were also recommended to the King, and taken off of the General's hands into posts wherein diligence and common honesty were all that were necessary. This General had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to lose as himself. Every officer could answer for what passed where he was, and the General's presence was never necessary any where, but where he had placed himself at the first disposition, except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foresee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It must be confessed the world is just so much out of order, as an unworthy person possesses what should be in the direction of him who has better pretensions to it.

Instead of such a conduct as this old fellow used to describe in his General, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have arose from the wanton disposition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modesty and virtue can do, to fall in with some whimsical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and absolute service. In the time of Don Sebastian of Portugal, or some time since, the

the first minister would let nothing come near him but what bore the most profound face of wisdom and gravity. They carried it so far, that, for the greater shew of their profound knowledge, a pair of spectacles tied on their noses, with a black ribbon round their heads, was what completed the dress of those who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noses were admitted to his presence. A blunt honest fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impression upon the porter day after day in vain, until at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark suit of clothes, and two pair of spectacles on at once. He was conducted from room to room with great deference, to the minister; and carrying on the farce of the place, he told his Excellency that he had pretended in this manner to be wiser than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honest SUCH-A-ONE of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheelbarrows and pick-axes. The thing happened not to displease, the great man was seen to smile, and the successful officer was reconducted with the same profound ceremony out of the house.

When LEO X. reigned Pope of Rome, his Holiness, though a man of sense, and of an excellent taste of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humourists, and coxcombs. Whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it so far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phrase is, playing them off, and making them shew themselves to advantage. A priest of his former acquaintance suffered a great many disappointments in attempting to find access to him in a regular character, until at last in despair he retired from Rome, and returned in an equipage so very fantastical, both as to the dress of himself and servants, that the whole court were in an emulation who should first introduce him to his Holiness.

ness. What added to the expectation of his Holiness had of the pleasure he should have in his follies, was that this fellow, in a dress the most exquisitely ridiculous, desired he might speak to him alone, for he had matters of the highest importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of so great hope; but when they were apart, the impostor revealed himself, and spoke as follows.

'Do not be surprised, most holy Father, at seeing instead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of access to admonish you of your own folly. Can any thing shew your Holiness how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to speak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to see it in others, and it is the greatest insolence imaginable to rejoice in the disgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a person of your Holiness's understanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the conversation of half-wits, humourists, coxcombs, and buffoons. If your Holiness has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in disrobing all the impertinents you have favoured, of all their riches and trappings at once, and bestowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your Holiness is not concerned for the sake of virtue and religion, be pleased to reflect, that for the sake of your own safety it is not proper to be so very much in jest. When the Pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themselves objects of scorn and derision. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your Holiness's saying this sentence in one night-cap and the other with the other, the change of your slippers, bringing

bringing you your staff in the midst of a prayer, then stripping you of one vest, and clapping on a second during divine service, will be found out to have nothing in it. Consider, Sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiser for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to say, that going bare-foot does not at all help on the way to heaven. The red cap and the coul will fall under the same contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces that we shall have no authority over them, but from the force of our arguments, and the sanctity of our lives.'

T.

N°. 498.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1712.

———Frustra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.
VIRG. GEORG. i. 514.

"Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries the horses fear,
"But force along the trembling charioteer."
DRYDEN.

ON GENTLEMEN COACHMEN.

TO THE
SPECTATOR GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

From the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-House in Devereux Court. Monday evening, twenty-eight minutes and a half past six.

DEAR DUMB,

'IN short, to use no farther preface, if I should tell you that I have seen a hackney-coachman, when he has come to set down his fare, which has consisted of two or three very fine ladies, hand them out, and salute every one of them with an air of familiarity, without giving the least offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of a gasconade. But to clear myself from that imputation, and to explain this matter to you, I assure you that there are many illustrious youths within this city, who frequently recreate themselves by driving of a hackney-coach: but those whom, above all others, I would recommend to you, are the young gentlemen belonging to the inns of court. We have, I think, about a dozen coachmen, who have chambers here in the Temple; and as it is reasonable to believe others will follow their example, we may perhaps in time (if it shall be thought convenient) be drove to Westminster by our own fraternity, allowing every fifth person to apply his meditations this way, which is but a modest computation, as the humour is now likely to take. It

is

is to be hoped likewise, that there are in the other nurseries of the law to be found a proportionable number of these hopeful plants, springing up to the everlasting renown of their native country. Of how long standing this humour has been, I know not. The first time I had any particular reason to take notice of it was about this time twelvemonth, when being upon Hampstead Heath with some of these studious young men, who went thither purely for the sake of contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go through a course of this philosophy too; and being ever willing to embellish myself with any commendable qualification, it was not long ere they persuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the fate of my brother PHAETON; for having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, through my own natural sagacity, together with the good instructions of my tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable undertaking; I say, Sir, having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, I must needs be exercising the lash, which the horses resented so ill from my hands, that they gave a sudden start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my head, as I very well remembered, about half an hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained for fifty yards before, but had like to have broke my neck into the bargain. After such a severe reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevailed with to make a second attempt; and indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole science seemed, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious gentlemen ply in the open streets, one of which I saw receive so suitable a reward to his labours, that though I know you

are

are no friend to story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

'About a fortnight since, as I was diverting myself with a pennyworth of walnuts at the Temple Gate, a lively young fellow in a fustian jacket shot by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coachman he wanted to go as far as Chelsea. They agreed upon the price, and this young gentleman mounts the coach-box; the fellow staring at him, desired to know, if he should not drive until they were out of town? No, no, replied he. He was then going to climb up to him, but received another check, and was then ordered to get into the coach, or behind it, for that he wanted no instructors; but be sure, you dog, you, says he, do not you bilk me. The fellow thereupon surrendered his whip, scratched his head, and crept into the coach. Having myself occasion to go into the Strand about the same time, we started both together; but the street being very full of coaches, and he not so able a coachman as perhaps he imagined himself, I had soon got a little way before him; often, however, having the curiosity to cast my eye back upon him, to observe how he behaved himself in this high station; which he did with great composure, until he came to the pass, which is a military term the brothers of the whip have given to the strait at St. Clement's church. When he was arrived near this place, where are always coaches in waiting, the coachmen began to suck up the muscles of their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they had some roguery in their heads, which I was immediately convinced of; for he no sooner came within reach, but the first of them with his whip took the exact dimension of his shoulders, which he very ingeniously called endorsing: and indeed, I must say, that every one of them took due care to endorse him as he came through their hands. He seemed at first a little uneasy under the operation, and was going in all haste to take the numbers of their coaches: but at length by the mediation of the worthy gentleman in the

coach, his wrath was assuaged, and he prevailed upon to pursue his journey; though indeed I thought they had clapped such a spoke in his wheel, as had disabled him from being a coachman for that day at least: for I am only mistaken, Mr. Spec, if some of these endorsements were not wrote with so strong a hand that they are still legible. Upon my inquiring the reason of this unusual salutation, they told me, that it was a custom among them, whenever they saw a brother tottering or unstable in his post, to lend him a hand, in order to settle him again therein. For my part, I thought their allegations but reasonable, and so marched off. Besides our coachmen, we abound in divers other sorts of ingenious robust youth, who, I hope, will not take it ill if I refer giving you an account of their several recreations to another opportunity. In the mean time, if you would but bestow a little of your wholesome advice upon our coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprieve to some of their necks. As I understand you have several inspectors under you, if you would but send one amongst us here in the Temple, I am persuaded he would not want employment. But I leave this to your own consideration, and am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

MOSES GREENBAG.'

P. S. 'I have heard our critics in the coffee-house hereabout talk mightily of the unity of time and place. According to my notion of the matter, I have endeavoured at something like it in the beginning of my epistle. I desire to be informed a little as to that particular. In my next I design to give you some account of excellent watermen, who are bred to the law, and far outdo the land students abovementioned.'

T.

N°. 499.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1712.

———Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges———

PERS. SAT. i. 40.

"——— You drive the jest too far."

DRYDEN.

A LETTER FROM WILL HONEYCOMB.

MY friend WILL HONEYCOMB has told me for about this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a *Spectator*, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received the following letter, which, after having rectified some little orthographical mistakes, I shall make a present of to the public.

DEAR SPEC,

'I WAS about two nights ago in company with very agreeable young people of both sexes, where talking of some of your papers which are written on Conjugal Love, there arose a dispute among us, whether there were not more bad Husbands in the world than bad Wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for the ladies, took this occasion to tell us the story of a famous siege in Germany, which I have since found related in my historical dictionary, after the following manner. When the Emperor CONRADE the Third had besieged GUELPHUS, Duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hersberg, the women finding that the town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart

part out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The Emperor knowing they could not convey away many of their effects, granted them their petition: when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place with every one her husband upon her back. The Emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears; and, after having very much extolled the women for their Conjugal Affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the Duke into his favour.

'The ladies did not a little triumph at this story, asking us at the same time, whether in our consciences we believed that the men in any town in Great-Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same conjuncture, have loaden themselves with their wives; or rather, whether they would not have been glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very good friend TOM DAPPERWIT, who took upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied, that they would be very much to blame if they would not do the same good office for the women, considering that their strength would be greater, and their burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of questions and commands. I was no sooner vested with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the company ingenuously, in case they had been in the siege above-mentioned, and had the same offers made them as the good women of that place, what every one of them would have brought off with her, and have thought most worth the saving? There were several merry answers made to my question, which entertained us until bed-time. This filled my mind with such a huddle of ideas, that, upon my going to sleep, I fell into the following Dream.

'I saw a town of this island, which shall be nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabitants of it so strained as to cry for quarter. The General refused any

other terms than those granted to the above-mentioned town of Hersberg, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city gates flew open, and a female procession appeared, multitudes of the sex following one another in a row, and staggering under their respective burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of these female carriers, being very desirous to look into their several ladings. The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders, which she set down with great care. Upon the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her back: I could not forbear commending the young woman for her Conjugal Affection, when, to my great surprize, I found that she had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I saw the third, at some distance, with a little withered face peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suspect for any but her spouse, until upon her setting him down, I heard her call him dear Pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her: and the fifth a Bolonia lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being a very burly man, she thought it would be less trouble for her to bring away little CUPID. The next was the wife of a rich usurer, loaden with a bag of gold; she told us that her spouse was very old, and by the course of nature could not expect to live long; and that to shew her tender regards for him, she had saved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her son upon her back, who, we were told, was the greatest rake in the place, but so much the mother's darling, that she left her husband behind, with a large family of hopeful sons and daughters, for the sake of this graceless youth.

'It would be endless to mention the several persons, with their several loads, that appeared to me in this strange Vision. All the place about me was covered with packs of ribbons, brocades, embroidery, and ten thousand other materials, sufficient to have furnished a whole street of toy-shops. One of the women, having a husband, who was none of the heaviest, was bringing him off upon her shoulders, at the same time that she carried a great bundle of Flanders lace under her arm; but finding herself so overloaden, that she could not save both of them, she dropped the good man, and brought away the bundle. In short, I found but one husband among this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, he had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap.

'I cannot conclude my letter, dear SPEC, without telling thee one very odd whim in this my Dream. I saw, *methought*, a dozen women employed in bringing off one man; I could not guess who it should be, until upon his nearer approach I discovered thy short phiz. The women all declared, that it was for the sake of thy works, and not thy person, that they brought thee off, and that it was on condition that thou shouldst continue the *Spectator*. If thou thinkest this Dream will make a tolerable one, it is at thy service, from,

Dear SPEC,

Thine, sleeping and waking,

WILL HONEYCOMB.'

The ladies will see by this letter what I have often told them, that WILL is one of these old-fashioned men of wit and pleasure of the town, that shews his parts by raillery on Marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without success. I cannot, however, dismiss this letter, without observing, that the true story on which it is built does honour to the Sex, and that in order to abuse them, the writer is obliged to have recourse to dream and fiction.

N°. 500.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1712.

———Huc natas adjice septem,
Et totidem juvenes; et mox generosque nurusque:
Quærite nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.
OVID. MET. vi. 182.

"Seven are my daughters of a form divine,
"With seven fair sons, an indefective line.
"Go, fools, consider this, and ask the cause
"From which my pride its strong presumption draws."
CROXAL.

ON MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

SIR,

'YOU who are so well acquainted with the story of SOCRATES, must have read how, upon his making a discourse concerning Love, he pressed his point with so much success, that all the bachelors in his audience took a resolution to marry by the first opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horse and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your discourses, in which you have drawn so many agreeable pictures of Marriage, have had a very good effect this way in England. We are obliged to you, at least, for having taken off that senseless ridicule, which for many years the witlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I do not care who knows it: for which reason, among many others, I should look upon myself as a most insufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inseparable from Marriage, or to make use of Husband and Wife as terms of reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one

one step further, and declare to you, before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the same time I have so much assurance as not to be ashamed of what I have done.

'Among the several pleasures that accompany this state of life, and which you have described in your former papers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and which are seldom cast into the account, by those who write on this subject. You must have observed, in your speculations on human nature, that nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than power or dominion: and this I think myself amply possessed of, as I am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in prescribing duties, in hearing parties, in administering justice, and in distributing rewards and punishments. To speak in the language of the Centurion, I say unto one, go, and he goeth; and to another, come, and he cometh; and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it. In short, Sir, I look upon my family as a patriarchal sovereignty, in which I am myself both king and priest. All great governments are nothing else but clusters of these little private royalties, and, therefore, I consider the masters of families as small deputy-governors presiding over the several little parcels and divisions of their fellow subjects. As I take great pleasure in the administration of my government in particular, so I look upon myself not only as a more useful, but as a much greater and happier man than any bachelor in England of my rank and condition.

'There is another accidental advantage in Marriage, which has likewise fallen to my share. I mean the having a multitude of children. These I cannot but regard as very great blessings. When I see my little troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made to my species, to my country, and to my religion, in having produced such a number of reasonable creatures, citizens, and Christians. I am pleased to see

myself thus perpetuated; and as there is no production comparable to that of a human creature, I am more proud of having been the occasion of ten such glorious productions, than if I had built a hundred pyramids at my own expence, or published as many volumes of the finest wit and learning. In what a beautiful light has the holy Scripture represented ABDON, one of the judges of Israel, who had forty sons, and thirty grandsons, that rode on threescore and ten ass-colts, according to the magnificence of the eastern countries? How must the heart of the old man rejoice, when he saw such a beautiful procession of his own descendants, such a numerous cavalcade of his own raising? For my own part, I can sit in my own parlour, with great content, when I take a review of half a dozen of my little boys, mounting upon hobby-horses, and of as many little girls tutoring their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel the rest, and to do something that may gain my favour and approbation. I cannot question but he who has blessed me with so many children, will assist my endeavours in providing for them. There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous education. I think it is Sir FRANCIS BACON'S observation, that in a numerous family of children, the eldest is often spoiled by the prospect of an estate, and the youngest by being the darling of the parents; but that some one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and over-topped the rest. It is my business to implant in every one of my children the same seeds of industry, and the same honest principles. By this means I think I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may grow considerable in some or other way of life, whether it be in the army, or in the fleet, in trade, or any of the three learned professions: for you must know, Sir, that from long experience and observation, I am persuaded of what seems a paradox to most of those with whom I converse, namely, that a man who has many

many children, and gives them a good education, is more likely to raise a family, than he who has but one, notwithstanding he leaves him his whole estate. For this reason I cannot forbear amusing myself with finding out a General, an Admiral, or an Alderman of London, a Divine, a Physician, or a Lawyer, among my little people who are now, perhaps, in petticoats; and when I see the motherly airs of my little daughters, when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot but flatter myself that their husbands and children will be happy in the possession of such wives and mothers.

'If you are a father, you will not, perhaps, think this letter impertinent; but if you are a single man, you will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into the fire. Whatever you determine of it, you may assure yourself that it comes from one who is

Your most humble servant,

T. And well-wisher,

PHILOGAMUS.'

N°. 501.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1712.

Durim; sed levius fit patientiæ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.

HOR. I. OD. XXIV. 19.

"'Tis hard: but when we needs must bear,
"Enduring patience makes the burthen light."

CREECH.

AN ALLEGORY.

AS Some of the finest compositions among the ancients are in Allegory, I have endeavoured, in several of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unsuccessful in it: for I find there is always a great demand for those particular papers, and cannot but observe that several authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among these, I do not know any one who has succeeded better than a very ingenious gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following piece and who was the author of the Vision in the 460th Paper.

How are we tortured with the absence of what we covet to possess, when it appears to be lost to us! What excursions does the soul make in imagination after it! and how does it turn into itself again, more foolishly fond and dejected, at the disappointment! Our grief, instead of having recourse to reason, which might restrain it, searches to find a further nourishment. It calls upon memory to relate the several passages and circumtances of satisfaction which we formerly enjoyed; the pleasures

pleasures we purchased by those riches that are taken from us; or the power and splendour of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceased. It needs must happen from hence that the passion should often swell to such a size as to burst the heart which contains it, if time did not make these circumstances less strong and lively, so that reason should become a more equal match for the passion, or if another desire which becomes more present did not overpower them with a livelier representation. These are thoughts which I had when I fell into a kind of Vision upon this subject, and may, therefore, stand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myself upon a naked shore, with company whose afflicted countenances witnessed their conditions. Before us flowed a water deep, silent, and called the river of Tears, which issuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed an island that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and shattered, having been sometimes overset by the impatience and haste of single passengers to arrive at the other side. This immediately was brought to us by MISFORTUNE, who steers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and composed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by representing the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for PATIENCE, and some of those too who until then cried the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she might at least administer some small comfort or advice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread; and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a passage to the farther bank,

through

through several difficulties of which the most of us seemed utterly regardless.

When we landed, we perceived the island to be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat always brooding over it. This had something in it very shocking to easy tempers, insomuch that some others, whom PATIENCE had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round the verge of the island, to find a ford by which she told them they might escape.

For my part, I still went along with those who were for piercing into the center of the place; and joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overshadow tombs and flourish in churchyards. Here we heard on every side the wailings and complaints of several of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves disconsolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of these, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, or after some other manner visibly agitated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough which shot temptingly across the path we travelled in; but he was restrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the most dusky silent part of the island, and by the redoubled sounds of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the branches, the thickness of air, which occasioned faintish respiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the Grotto of GRIEF. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy

choly cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. These crept slow and half congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired parts of it sat the doleful Being herself; the path to her was strewed with goads, stings, and thorns; and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her; her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm. Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood DEJECTION just dropping into a swoon, and PALENESS wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were CARE inwardly tormented with imaginations, and ANGUISH suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose blueish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where PATIENCE, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which until then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what number had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excuseable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own

own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn state. It had also the ground-work of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself, and from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. When we heard our stories, and compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter greyness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country gleams of amusement. Within a short while these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulnesss, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coasted by the shore to find the place, where they waited our coming: that by shewing themselves to the world only at the time when we did, they might seem also to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other side so deep and silent were much dried up, and it was an easier matter for us to wade over.

The river being crossed, we were received upon the further bank, by our friends and acquaintance, whom Com-

COMFORT had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of these blamed us for saying so long away from them, others advised us against all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by asking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded that, in a case of so much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than PATIENCE. Here PATIENCE, appearing serene at her praises, delivered us over to COMFORT. COMFORT smiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the sky purpled on that side, to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.*

By Dr. THOMAS PARNELL.

No. 502.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1712.

Melius, pejus, prosit, obsit, nil vident nisi quod lubent.
TER. HEAUT. ACT. iv. SC. 1.
"Better or worse, profitable or disadvantageous, they see no-
"thing but what they list."

OF THE EFFECTS OF PLAYS AND BALLADS ON THE COMMON PEOPLE.

WHEN men read, they taste the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own respective studies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some perusing Roman writers, would find in them, whatever the subject of the discourses were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their warfare, or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere *Spectator*, I drew this morning conclusions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy sentiments, from the reading a comedy of TERENCE. The play was *The Self Tormentor*. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not observe in the whole one passage that could raise a laugh. How well-disposed must that people be, who could be entertained with satisfaction by so sober and polite mirth? In the first scene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuses the other of impertinence for interposing in his affairs, he answers, "I am a man, and cannot help feeling any sorrow that can arrive at man."* It is said this sentence was received

* Homo sum, et nihil humanum a me alienum puto.
"I am a man; and all calamities
"That touch humanity, come home to me."
COLMAN.

ceived with an universal applause. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good understanding of a people, than a sudden consent to give their approbation of a sentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were spoken with ever so great skill in the actor, the manner of uttering that sentence could have nothing in it which could strike but people of the greatest humanity, nay people elegant and skilful in observations upon it. It is possible he might have laid his hand on his breast, and with a winning insinuation in his countenance, expressed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his case his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent Garden might hit such an attitude a thousand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a minister of state in the reign of Queen ELIZABETH had all manner of books and ballads * brought to him, of what kind soever, and took great notice how much they took with the people; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their present dispositions, and the most proper way of applying them according to his own purposes. What passes on the stage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very useful instruction of this kind. According to what you may observe on our stage, you see them often moved so directly against all common sense and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of savages. It cannot be called a mistake of what is pleasant, but the very contrary to it is what most assuredly takes with them. The other night an old woman carried off with a pain in her side, with all the distortions and anguish of countenance which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the stage. TERENCE's comedy,

* Many writers have taken notice of the effects of ballads on the opinions and sentiments of the people. We are told by HUME, that *Lillebullero*, a merry ballad, written to ridicule popery and slavery, about the time of the arrival of our glorious deliverer WILLIAM, served much to increase the general discontent against the infatuated JAMES.

medy, which I am speaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to please none but such as had as good a taste as himself. I could not but reflect upon the natural description of the innocent young woman made by the servant to his master. "When I came to the house," said he, "an old woman opened the door, and I followed her in, because I could, by entering upon them unawares, better observe what was your mistress's ordinary manner of spending her time, the only way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found her at her needle in a sort of second mourning, which she wore for an aunt she had lately lost. She had nothing on but what shewed she dressed only for herself. Her hair hung negligently about her shoulders. She had none of the arts with which others use to set themselves off, but had that negligence of person which is remarkable in those who are careful of their minds. Then she had a maid who was at work near her that was a slattern, because her mistress was careles; which I take to be another argument of your security in her; for the go-betweens of women of intrigue are rewarded too well, to be dirty. When you were named, and I told her you desired to see her, she threw down her work for joy, covered her face, and decently hid her tears." He must be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this speech, though so full of nature and good sense.

The intolerable folly annd confidence of players putting in words of their own, does in a great measure feed the absurd taste of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluster of coxcombs to take up the house to themselves, and equally insult both the actors and the company. These savages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the rest of mankind, come only to shew themselves to us, without any other purpose than to let us know they despise us.

The gross of an audience is composed of two sorts

of people, those who know no pleasure but of the body, and those who improve or command corporeal pleasures, by the addition of fine sentiments of the mind. At present the intelligent part of the company are wholly subdued by the insurrections of those who know no satisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

This is the reason that when a scene tending to procreation is acted, you see the whole pit in such a chuckle, and old letchers, with mouths open, stare at the loose gesticulations on the stage with shameful earnestness; when the justest pictures of human life in its calm dignity, and the properest sentiments for the conduct of it, pass by like mere narration, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole house at some times in so proper a disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in the representation of the Rape of the Sabines.

I would not be understood in this talk to argue that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing against the interests of virtue, and is not offensive to good manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be represented. For this reason I have no exception to the well drawn rusticities in the *Country Wake*; and there is something so miraculously pleasant in DOGGET'S * acting the aukward triumph and comic sorrow of HOB in different circumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for Gloucestershire, with the pride of heart in tucking himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the other's protestation

* DOGGET acted the part of HOB, in a farce called *Hob in the Well*, or the *Country Wake*.

HOB was, we believe, one of the characters of the late EDWIN.

in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the 'Squire to break Hob's head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flourish and begin: I say, what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the Squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success, and venturing himself into the crowd, are circumstances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a scene written, wherein Pinkethman should break his leg by wrestling with Bullock, and Dicky come in to set it, without one word said but what should be according to the exact rules of surgery in making this extension, and binding up his leg, the whole house should be in a roar of applause at the dissembled anguish of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy address and arch looks of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes in love, with a thousand other enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct discourses; not forgetting any of the audience who shall set up for actors, and interrupt the play on the stage: and players who shall prefer the applause of fools, to that of the reasonable part of the company.

T.

N°. 503.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1712.

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.

TER. EUN. ACT. ii. SC. 3.

"From hence forward I blot out of my thoughts all womankind."

ON BEHAVIOUR AT CHURCH.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have often mentioned, with great vehemence and indignation, the misbehaviour of people at *Church*; but I am at present to talk to you on that subject, and complain to you of one, whom at the same time I know not what to accuse of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However I have this to say, that she might have staid at her own parish, and not come to perplex those who are otherwise intent upon their duty.

'Last Sunday was sevennight, I went into a church not far from London Bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me; I say I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such, that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance, or under the least disorder, though unattended by any

one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty, every one making way until she came to a seat just over-against that in which I was placed. The Deputy of the Ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and, at a glance into the seat, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it, with an air of so much goodness and sweetness, that the confession which she uttered so as to be heard where we sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters, have any thing like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of divine service. That gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed, that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the divine mercy, which appeared respectively in her aspect, will be in my memory to my last hour. I protest to you, Sir, she suspended the devotion of every one around her; and the ease she did every thing with, soon dispersed the churlish dislike and hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general attention and entertainment in observing her behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took notice of no object about her, but had an art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One thing, indeed, was particular, she stood the whole service, and never kneeled or sat: I do not question but that was to shew herself with the greater

advantage

advantage, and set forth to better grace her hands and arms lifted up with the most ardent devotion; and her bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to observation; while she, you must think, knew nothing of the concern she gave others, any other than as an example of devotion, that threw herself out, without regard to dress or garment, all contrition, and loose of all worldly regards, in ecstasy of devotion. Well, now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, and so touched with it, that she kept time not only with some motion of her head, but also with a different air in her countenance. When the music was strong and bold, she looked exalted, but serious; when lively and airy, she was smiling and gracious; when the notes were more soft and languishing, she was kind and full of pity. When she had now made it visible to the whole congregation, by her motion and ear, that she could dance, and she wanted now only to inform us that she could sing too; when the psalm was given out, her voice was distinguished above all the rest, or rather people did not exert their own, in order to hear her. Never was any heard so sweet and so strong. The organist observed it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and she swelled every note, when she found she had thrown us all out, and had the last verse to herself in such a manner as the whole congregation was intent upon her, in the same manner as we see in the cathedrals they are on the person who sings alone the anthem. Well, it came at last to the sermon, and our young lady would not lose her part in that neither; for she fixed her eye upon the preacher, and as he said any thing she approved, with one of CHARLES MATHER's fine tablets she set down the sentence, at once shewing her fine hand, the gold pen, her readiness in writing, and her judgment in choosing what to write. To sum up what I intend by this long and particular account, I appeal to you, whether it is reasonable that such a

creature as this shall come from a janty part of the town, and give herself such violent airs, to the disturbance of an innocent and innoffensive congregation, with her sublimities. The fact, I assure you, was as I have related; but I had like to have forgot another very considerable particular. As soon as church was done, she immediately stepped out of her pew, and fell into the finest pitty-patty air, forsooth, wonderfully out of countenance, tossing her head up and down, as she swam along the body of the church. I, with several others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and saw her hold up her fan to an hackney-coach at a distance, who immediately came up to her, and she whipped into it with great nimbleness, pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if she had been used to a better glass. She said aloud, "You know where to go," and drove off. By this time the best of the congregation was at the church-door, and I could hear some say, "A very fine lady;" others, "I'll warrant you, she is no better than she should be:" and one very wise old lady said, "She ought to have been taken up." Mr. SPECTATOR, I think this matter lies wholly before you: for the offence does not come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herself airs, and enjoy her full swing in being admired. I desire you would print this, that she may be confined to her own parish; for I can assure you there is no attending any thing else in a place where she is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever since under the name of the PHANTOM: but I would advise her to come no more; for there is so strong a party made by the women against her, that she must expect they will not be excelled a second time in so outrageous a manner, without doing her some insult. Young women, who assume after this rate, and affect exposing themselves to view in congregations at the other end of the town, are not so mischievous, because

cause they are rivalled by more of the same ambition, who will not let the rest of the company be particular: but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I desire you to keep these agreeable disturbances out of the city, where sobriety of manners is still preserved, and all glaring and ostentatious behaviour, even in things laudable, discountenanced. I wish you may never see the PHANTOM, and am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

RALPH WONDER.

T.

N°. 504.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1712.

Lepus tute es, & pulpamentum quæris.

TER. EUN. ACT. iii. sc. 1.

"You are a hare yourself, and want dainties."

ON PUNS AND BITES.

IT is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted substituted in its stead, which, according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country halls of cross purposes, questions and commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verses. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is rhyme; and among those who have the Latin tongue, such as use to make what they call golden verses. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a twang on your shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things come into such and such a shape, as that of an egg, an hand, an axe, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost them a great deal of pains to accomplish if they did. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions;

occasions; therefore, it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all hours, upon all common occurrences. That which we call Punning, is, therefore, greatly affected by men of small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you so that you cannot go on, and by consequence, if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus, if you talk of a candle, he *can deal* with you; and if you ask him to help you to some bread, a Punster should think himself very *ill-bred* if he did not; and if he is not as *well-bred* as yourself, he hopes for *grains* of allowance.

If you do not understand that last fancy, you must recollect that bread is made of grain: and so they go on for ever, without possibility of being exhausted.

There are another kind of people of small faculties, who supply want of wit with want of breeding; and because women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodest than we men are, these are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own observation will suggest instances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are dispersed up and down through all parts of the town or city where there are any to offend, in order to set off themseves. These men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with the sillier and unbred part of womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or even can be in the world, the happiest and surest to be pleasant, are a sort of people whom we have not, indeed, lately heard much of, and those are your *Biters*.

A *Biter* is one who tells you a thing you have no reason to disbelieve in itself, and, perhaps, has given you,

you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve it for his saying it; and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a *Biter* is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a KNAVE. This description of him one may insist upon to be a just one; for what else but a degree of KNAVERY is it to depend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or interest, or any thing else?

This way of wit is called *Biting*, by a metaphor taken from beasts of prey, which devour harmless and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food whereever they meet them. The *Sharpers* about town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore used the word *Biting*, to express any exploit wherein they had over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. These rascals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a fashionable haughty air, to the discouragement of modesty, and all honest arts. Shallow fops, who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the sharpers the phrase of *Biting*, and used it upon all occasions, either to disown any nonsensical stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the force of what was reasonably said by others. Thus, when one of these cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present state of affairs to accomplish such a proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroyed his side of the question, as soon as you looked with an earnestness ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cried, *Bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jest. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable, and if one of these witlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he says, he is still the more ingenious if he imposes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable instance of this kind. There

came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate. I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkshire!—You look so surprised you could not have heard of it—and yet the particulars are such that it cannot be false: I am sorry I am got into it so far that I must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your service to know. On Tuesday last, just after dinner—you know his manner is to smoke—opening his box, your father fell down dead in an apoplexy. The youth shewed the filial sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty man cried, *Bite*, "there was nothing in all this."

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late instance of a *Bite*, which no *Biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wish him the same occasion. It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gaol, and bargain for the carcase with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so last sessions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning *wherein* they died. The surgeon communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, "Look you Mr. SURGEON, that little dry fellow, who has been half-starved all his life, and is now half-dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest swells to your knife, and after JACK CATCH has done, upon my honour you will find me as sound as ever a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man"—Says the Surgeon, done, there is a guinea. This witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries *Bite*, "I am to he hung in chains."

T.

N°. 505.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1712.

Non habeo denique nauci Marsum Augurem,
Non vicanos Aruspices, non de circo Astrologos.
Non Isiacos conjectores, non Interpretes somnium:
Non enim sunt ii, aut scientia, aut arte divini,
Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:
Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias,
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.

ENNIUS.

"Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,
"Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
"I ne'er consult, and heartily despise:
"Vain their pretence to more than human skill:
"For gain, imaginary schemes they draw;
"Wand'rers themselves, they guide another's steps;
"And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth:
"Let them, if they expect to be believed,
"Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest."

ANON.

ON DREAMS.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the Reflection, on what is passed, and the Fear of what is to come. This Fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils

as

as never happened him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befal us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: some read men's fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flight of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider CICERO, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the Roman commonwealth, and at the same time, outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library, and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of Augurs, and observing with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observation of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophesies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw, or a rusty piece of iron, that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gypsies, and cunning men are dispersed through all the countries and market towns of Great Britain, not to mention the

fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well disposed persons in the cities of London and Westminster.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which so universally amuses as that by dreams. I have indeed observed in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations made to certain persons by this means; but as it is the chief business of this Paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetic *Philomath*; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits, to resort to that place either for their cure or for their instruction.

Moorfields, Oct. 4, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING long considered whether there be any trade wanting in this great city, after having surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an Oneiro-Critic, or, in plain English, an Interpreter of Dreams. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candle-light all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this subject. My great uncle by my wife's side was a Scotch Highlander, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night of the year. My Christian and Sir-name begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a house that for these fifty years has always been tenanted by a conjuror.

'If

'If you had been in company, so much as myself, with ordinary women of the town, you must know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, *My dream is out*; and cannot go to sleep in quiet the next night, until something or other has happened which has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumstances of a dream, that made strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, Sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow subjects, I shall in the first place tell those persons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a single circumstance of it; and in the last place, I shall expound to them the good or bad fortune which such dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning at the same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable estate, profit or emolument, which I shall discover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that their names may be in inserted in public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for people of quality, or others who are indisposed, and do not care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by seeing their water. I set aside one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who is turned of sixty; after the rate of half a crown per week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have several rooms and apartments fitted up, at reasonable rates, for such as have not conveniencies for dreaming at their own houses.

TITUS TROPHONIUS.'

N. B. 'I am not dumb.'

O.

No. 506.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1712.

Candida perpetuo reside Concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit VENUS æqua jugo.
Diligat illa senem quondam; sed & ipsa marito,
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

MART. 4. EPIG. xiii. 7.

"Fair Concord ever attend their bed; may VENUS be always "friendly to the well-matched couple. When her husband becomes "old, may she continue to love him; and may she, when advanced "in years, not appear to him an old woman."

BEHAVIOUR IN MARRIAGE.

THE following essay is written by the gentleman, to whom the world is obliged for those several excellent discourses which have been marked with the letter X. *

I HAVE somewhere met with a fable that made wealth the father of love. It is certain that a mind ought, at least, to be free from the apprehensions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the softnesses and endearments of this passion. Notwithstanding we see multitudes of married people, who are utter strangers to this delightful passion amidst all the affiuence of the most plentiful fortunes.

It is not sufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people should be alike; I could instance

* See No. 555, explication of X.

an hundred pair, who have not the least sentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are so like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would design them for man and wife.

The spirit of *Love* has something so extremely fine in it, that it is very often disturbed and lost, by some little accidents, which the careless and unpolite never attend to, until it is gone past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state than too great a familiarity, and laying aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of *dress*. The beaux and belles about town, who dress purely to catch one another, think there is no farther occasion for the bait, when their first design has succeeded. But besides the too common fault in point of neatness, there are several others which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies,* where a French woman offering to undress and dress herself before the lover of the play, and assuring his mistress that it was very usual in France, the lady tells her that is a secret in dress she never knew before, and that she was so unpolished an English woman, as to resolve never to learn even to dress before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of some wives, that they lose their husband's hearts for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most faulty in this particular; who at their first giving into Love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion required to keep Love alive after Marriage, and make conversation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I

* *The Funeral*, or *Grief Alamode*, by STEELE.

know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on both sides, and superior good sense on the part of the man.

By a man of sense, I mean one acquainted with business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own sex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary occasions. It is this which sets the two sexes at the greatest distance; a woman is vexed and surprised, to find nothing more in the conversation of a man, than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement at least in business, not only sets a man's talents in the fairest light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife cannot well intermeddle; but gives frequent occasion for those little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness they may give, are some of the best preservatives of *love* and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves, that they have nothing in them which can deserve entirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily despise one, who, to use their own expression, is always hanging at their apron-strings.

LÆTITIA is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense enough; she married ERASTUS, who is in a post of some business, and has a general taste in most parts of polite learning. LÆTITIA, wherever she visits, has the pleasure to hear of something which was handsomely said or done by ERASTUS. ERASTUS, since his marriage, was more gay in his dress than ever, and in all companies is as complaisant to LÆTITIA as to any other lady. I have seen him give her her fan when it has dropped, with all the gallantry of a Lover. When they take the air together,

ther, ERASTUS is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an insight into things she had no notions of before. LÆTITIA is transported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. ERASTUS has carried this point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. ERASTUS finds a justness or beauty in whatever she says or observes, that LÆTITIA herself was not aware of, and by his assistance, she has discovered an hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. ERASTUS, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds the means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

ERASTUS has a perfect taste in painting, and carried LETITIA with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner, "I have lately laid out some money in paintings," says ERASTUS; "I bought that VENUS and ADONIS purely upon LÆTITIA's judgment; it cost me threescore guineas, and I was this morning offered an hundred for it." I turned towards LÆTITIA, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon ERASTUS, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

FLAVILLA married TOM TAWDRY; she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot: she has the mortification to see TOM despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. TOM has nothing to do after dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, WHITE's, or his own house. He has said nothing to FLAVILLA since they were married, which she

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might not have heard as well from her own woman.—He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever FLAVILLA happens to assert, TOM immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, "My dear, I must tell you you talk most confoundedly silly." FLAVILLA had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of Love as that of LÆTITIA; but as Love seldom continues long after Esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy FLAVILLA hates or despises the person most whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with.

X.

N°. 507.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1712.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.

JUV. SAT. ii. 46.

"Preserv'd from shame by numbers on our side."

ON PARTY LIES.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in PLATO's description of the Supreme Being; that "*truth* is his body, and *light* his shadow." According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature as error and falsehood. The Platonists have so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon *truth* as no les necessary than *virtue*, to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus PLATO has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of *truth*; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as *virtue* is the perfection and happiness of the will.

There are many authors who have shewn wherein the malignity of a *lie* consists, and set forth, in proper colours, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable practice of *Party-Lying*. This vice is so very predominant

among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain system of lies.—The coffee houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle conversation is so infected with them, that a Party-Lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch, or a merry story. The truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb, were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is however one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives credit to the relations of party writers; nay, his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than an officious tool, or a well meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it: but at present every man is upon his guard: the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a lie, when it is become the voice of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

In

In the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too much for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations when it is shared among many. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied. Every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any single person had none shared with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the second place, though multitudes, who join in a lie, cannot exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame, of it. The scandal of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated when diffused among several thousands; as a drop of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to shew the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and last great motive for men's joining in a populous falsehood, or as I have hitherto called it, a party lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or Christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Christian world. When * POMPEY was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, "It is necessary for me," says he, "to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live." Every man should say to himself, with the same spirit, it is my duty to speak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One of the fathers hath carried this point so high as to declare, "he would not tell a lie, though he were sure to gain heaven by it." However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own that a man may say, very reasonably, "he would not tell a lie, if he were sure to gain hell by it;" or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

O.

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* We believe not POMPEY, but CÆSAR was the personage who spoke the words here quoted, and that they were used when he sailed from Brundusium to encounter POMPEY in Greece.

N.° 508.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1712.

Omnes autem & habentur & dicuntur tyranni, qui potestate sunt per perpetua, in ea civitate quæ libertate usa est.

CORN. NEPOS IN MILT. C. 8.

"For all those are accounted and denominated tyrants, who exercise a perpetual power in that state, which before enjoyed freedom."

LETTERS.

THE following letters complain of what I have frequently observed with very much indignation; therefore I shall give them to the public in the words with which my correspondents, who suffer under the hardships mentioned in them, describe them.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'IN former ages all pretensions to dominion have been supported and submitted to, either upon account of inheritance, conquest, or election; and all such persons who have taken upon them any sovereignty over their fellow-creatures upon any other account, have been always called Tyrants, not so much because they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as because every attempt to such a superiority was in its nature tyrannical. But there is another sort of potentates, who may with greater propriety be called Tyrants than those last mentioned, both as they assume a despotic dominion over those as free as themselves, and as they support it by acts of notable oppression and injustice; and these are the rulers in all clubs and meetings. In other

other governments, the punishments of some have been alleviated by the rewards of others; but what makes the reign of these potentates so particularly grievous, is, that they are exquisite in punishing their subjects at the same time they have it not in their power to reward them. That the reader may the better comprehend the nature of these monarchs, as well as the miserable state of those that are their vassals, I shall give an account of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom for his particular tyranny I shall call DIONYSIUS; as also of the seeds that sprung up to this odd sort of empire.

'Upon all meetings at taverns, it is necessary some one of the company should take it upon him to get all things in such order and readiness, as may contribute as much as possible to the felicity of the convention; such as hastening the fire, getting a sufficient number of candles, tasting the wine with a judicious smack, fixing the supper, and being brisk for the dispatch of it. Know then that DIONYSIUS went through these offices with an air that seemed to express a satisfaction rather in serving the public, than in gratifying any particular inclination of his own. We thought him a person of an exquisite palate, and, therefore by consent, beseeched him to be always our proveditor; which post, after he had handsomely denied, he could do no otherwise than accept. At first he made no other use of his power, than in recommending such and such things to the company, ever allowing these points to be disputable; insomuch that I have often carried the debate for partridge, when his Majesty has given intimation of the high relish of duck, but at the same time has cheerfully submitted, and devoured his partridge with most gracious resignation. This submission on his side naturally produced the like in ours; of which he in a little time made such barbarous advantage, as in all those matters, which before seemed indifferent to him, to issue out certain edicts as uncontroulable and unalterable

ble as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He is by turns outrageous, peevish, froward, and jovial. He thinks it our duty for the little offices, as proveditor, that in return all conversation is to be interrupted or promoted by his inclination for or against the present humour of the company. We feel, at present, in the utmost extremity, *the insolence of office*; however, I being naturally warm, ventured to oppose him in a dispute about a haunch of venison. I was altogether for roasting, but DIONYSIUS declared himself for boiling with so much prowess and resolution, that the cook thought it necessary to consult his own safety, rather than the luxury of my proposition. With the same authority that he orders what we shall eat and drink, he also commands us where to do it; and we change our taverns according as he suspects any treasonable practices in the settling the bill by the master, or sees any bold rebellion in point of attendance by the waiters. Another reason for changing the seat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he takes in the promulgation of our slavery, though we pay our club for our entertainments, even in these palaces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by way of life guard, and we march under as great restrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring king, we give or keep the way, according as we are out-numbered or not; and if the train of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the superiority is soon adjusted by a desertion from one of them.

'Now, the expulsion of these unjust rulers out of all societies would gain a man as everlasting a reputation, as either of the BRUTUS's got from their endeavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Romans. I confess myself to be in a conspiracy against the usurper of our club; and to shew my reading, as well as my merciful disposition, shall allow him until the *ides of March* to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect empire until that

that time, and does not gradually recede from the incursions he has made upon our liberties, he shall find a dinner dressed which he has no hand in, and shall be treated with an order, magnificence, and luxury, as shall break his proud heart; at the same time that he shall be convinced in his stomach he was unfit for his post, and and a more mild and skilful prince receive the acclamations of the people, and be set up in his room; but, as MILTON says,

"———These thoughts
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,
And who can think submission? War then, war,
Open, or understood, must be resolv'd."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman at a gentleman's seat in the country, who is a particular friend of my father's, and came hither to pass away a month or two with his daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost civility by the whole family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my stay easy and agreeable on the part of the family; but there is a gentleman here, a visitant as I am, whose behaviour has given me great uneasinesses. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my sex; and, since he has no designs upon me, he does not know why he should distinguish me from a man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar coxcombs, who have observed some well-bred men with a good grace converse with women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of respect which flows from the heart and the understanding, but is exerted in no professions or compliments. This puppy, to imitate this

this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being troublesome in complaisance, takes upon him to try his talent upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon all occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had struck him with my bodkin, and behaved myself like a man, since he will not treat me as a woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, Sir, you would please to give him some maxims of behaviour in these points, and resolve me if all maids are not in point of conversation to be treated by all bachelors as their mistresses. If not so, are they not to be used as gently as their sisters? Is it sufferable that the fop of whom I complain should say, that he would rather have such-a-one without a groat, than me with the Indies? What right has any man to make suppositions of things not in his power, and then declare his will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your consideration; and I hope we shall have your thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman justly offended, ready to forgive all this, because I have no remedy but leaving very agreeable company sooner than I desire. This also is an heinous aggravation of his offence, that he is inflicting banishment upon me. Your printing this letter may, perhaps, be an admonition to reform him: as soon as it appears I will write my name at the end of it, and lay it in his way; the making which just reprimand, I hope you will put in the power of,

SIR,

Your constant reader,

And humble servant.

T

N°. 509.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1712.

Hominis frugi & temperantis functus officium.
TER. HEAUT. ACT, iii. SC. 3.
"Discharging the part of a good œconomist."

ON FRUGALITY.

THE useful knowledge in the following letter shall have a place in my paper, though there is nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned world; I say immediately, for upon reflection every man will find there is a remote influence upon his own affairs, in the prosperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. My present correspondent, I believe, was never in print before; but what he says well deserves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial simplicity; which sort of learning has raised more estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to VIRGIL, HORACE, TULLY, SENECA, PLUTARCH, or any of the rest; whom, I dare say, this worthy citizen would hold to be, indeed, ingenious, but unprofitable writers. But to the letter.

MR. WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

Broad Street, Oct. 10, 1712.

SIR,

'I ACCUSE you of many discourses on the subject of money, which you have heretofore promised the public, but have not discharged yourself thereof. But for-

asmuch as you seemed to depend upon advice from others what to do in that point, have sat down to write you the needful upon that subject. But, before I enter thereupon, I shall take this opportunity to observe to you, that the thriving frugal man shews it in every part of his expence, dress, servants, and house; and I must, in the first place, complain to you, as SPECTATOR, that in these particulars there is at this time, throughout the city of London, a lamentable change from that simplicity of manners, which is the true source of wealth and prosperity. I just now said, the man of thrift shews regularity in every thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice of such a particular as I am going to do, for an instance that this city is declining, if their ancient œconomy is not restored. The thing which gives me this prospect, and so much offence, is the neglect of the Royal Exchange, I mean the edifice so called, and the walks appertaining thereunto. The Royal Exchange is a fabric that well deserves to be so called, as well to express that our monarchs' highest glory and advantage consists in being the patrons of trade, as that it is commodious for business, and an instance of the grandeur both of prince and people. But, alas! at present it hardly seems to be set apart for any such use or purpose. Instead of the assembly of honourable merchants, substantial tradesmen, and knowing masters of ships; the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venders of trash, apples, plumbs; your raggamuffins, rakeshames, and wenches; have justled the greater number of the former out of that place. Thus it is, especially on the evening change: so that what with the din of squallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greatest consequence in our city absent themselves from the place. This particular, by the way, is of evil consequence; for, if the 'Change be no place for men of the highest credit to frequent, it will not be a disgrace for those of less abilities to absent.

sent. I remember the time when rascally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by a beadle. I have seen this done, indeed, of late, but then it has been only to chase the lads from chuck, that the beadle might seize their copper.

'I must repeat the abomination, that the walnut-trade is carried on by old women within the walks, which makes the place impassable by reason of shells and trash. The benches around are so filthy, that no one can sit down, yet the beadles and officers have the impudence at Christmas to ask for their box, though they deserve the strapado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, because it speaks a neglect in the domestic care of the city, and the domestic is the truest picture of a man every where else.

'But I designed to speak on the business of money and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, speaking in the general, is of a sedate, plain, good understanding, not apt to go out of his way, but so behaving himself at home, that business may come to him. Sir WILLIAM TURNER, that valuable citizen, has left behind him a most excellent rule, and couched it in a very few words, suited to the meanest capacity. He would say, *Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you.* It must be confessed, that if a man of a great genius could add steadiness to his vivacities, or substitute slower men of fidelity to transact the methodical part of his affairs, such an one would outstrip the rest of the world: but business and trade is not to be managed by the same heads which write poetry, and make plans for the conduct of life in general. So, though we are at this day beholden to the late witty and inventive Duke of BUCKINGHAM for the whole trade and manufacture of glass, yet, I suppose, there is no one will aver, that, were his Grace yet living, they would not rather deal with my diligent friend and neighbour, Mr. GUMLEY,

for any goods to be prepared and delivered on such a day, than he would with that illustrious mechanic above-mentioned.

'No, no, Mr. SPECTATOR, you wits must not pretend to be rich; and it is possible the reason may be, in some measure, because you despise, or at least you do not value it enough to let it take up your chief attention; which a trader must do, or lose his credit, which is to him what honour, reputation, fame, or glory, is to other sort of men.

'I shall not speak to the point of cash itself, until I see how you approve of these my maxims in general: but I think a speculation upon *many a little makes a mickle, a penny saved is a penny got, penny wise and pound foolish, it is need that makes the old wife trot,* would be very useful to the world; and, if you treated them with knowledge, would be useful to yourself, for it would make demands for your paper among those who have no notion of it at present. But of these matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many writers of the present age for politeness, so you would outgo the author of true strops of razors for use.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an explanation of a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is to use it when you would say, there is plenty, but you must make such a choice as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

'Mr. TOBIAS HOBSON, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so who gets an estate honestly. Mr. TOBIAS HOBSON was a carrier; and, being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it, this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge; and, observing that the scholars *rid* hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles,

and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. HOBSON kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but, when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse *ridden* with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say *Hobson's choice.* This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate street, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag;

"The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

'Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same success.

I am,
SIR,
Your loving friend,
HEZEKIAH THRIFT.'

T.

No. 510.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 15, 1712.

——————Si sapis,
Neque præterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas; & illas, quas habet, recte feras.
TER. EUN. ACT. i. SC. 1.

"If you are wise, add not to the troubles which attend the passion "of love, and bear patiently those which are inseparable from "it."

ON LOVE.

I WAS the other day driving in a hack through Gerrard-street, when my eye was immediately catched with the prettiest object imaginable, the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted sash, and made part of the landscape. It seemed admirably done, and, upon throwing myself eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed, and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was considering the vanity of the girl, and her pleasant coquetry in acting a picture until she was taken notice of, and raised the admiration of her beholders. This little circumstance made me run into reflections upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their inchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardness lose the chief pleasure in them, can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our own interests and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interposing their

power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loss and disparagement. I do not know therefore a task so difficult in human life, as to be proof against the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour against tears, sullen looks, or at best constrained familiarities, in her whom you usually meet with transport and alacrity. Sir WALTER RALEIGH was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correspondent of mine) upon this subject. That author, who had lived in courts, camps, travelled through many countries, and seen many men under several climates, and of as various complexions, speaks of our impotence to resist the wiles of women in very severe terms. His words are as follow:

'What means did the Devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtilty present him, as fittest and aptest to work his mischief by? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman; so as by ADAM's hearkening to the voice of his wife contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subject of labour, sorrow, and death: the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the Devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, What was the motive of her disobedience? Even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge; an affection which has ever since remained in all the posterity of her sex. Thirdly, What was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions; even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her, or make her sad, lest she should pine and be overcome with sorrow. But, if ADAM in the state of perfection, and SOLOMON the son of DAVID, God's chosen servant, and *himself* a man endued with the greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by the persuasion, and for the love they

they bare to a woman, it is not so wonderful as lamentable, that other men in succeeding ages have been allured to so many inconvenient and wicked practices by the persuasion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulating sorrow and unquietness.'

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where so well described as in the works of skilful writers for the stage. The scene between FULVIA and CURIUS in the second act of JONSON's *Cataline*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affections; and as a man of all places in the world wishes to make a good figure with his mistress, upon her upbraiding him with want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and desire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondness to him, he brags to her until his life is in her disposal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reasons and arguments can be with her. It is a most miserable slavery to submit to what you disapprove, and give up a truth for no other reason, but that you had not fortitude to support you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family, let him give them all the conveniencies of life in such a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride,

and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passion above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved. If from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection to women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature; but in compliance to her weaknesses, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very compliance to her. It is indeed the most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ake, be the anguish *never* so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be conscious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that *you do not love me if you deny me this*, which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it, to resign the cause even of his country and his honour.

T.

N°. 511.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1712.

Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa.

OVID. ART. AM. i. 175.

"——Who could fail to find,
"In such a crowd, a mistress to his mind?"

AN ATTEMPT AT SATIRE BY WILL HONEYCOMB.

DEAR SPEC,

'FINDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded creatures, *Women*. Thou knowest all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject; I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a Spectator, which I am sure will please mightily, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an English book, called *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend DAPPERWIT'S window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us that it was the manner among the Persians to have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves. Every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and bye. By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to

the price of a *beauty*. Several of these married the *agreeables*, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, SPEC, it happened in Persia as it does in our own country, that there *was* as many *ugly women* as *beauties* or *agreeables*; so that by consequence, after the magistrates had put off a great many, there were still a great many that stuck upon their hands. In order therefore to clear the market, the money which the *beauties* had sold for, was disposed of among the *ugly*; so that a poor man, who could not afford to have a *beauty* for his wife, was forced to take up with a fortune; the greatest portion being always given to the most deformed. To this the author adds, that every poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or, in case he repented of his bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public sale.

'What I would recommend to thee on this occasion is, to establish such an imaginary fair in Great-Britain: thou couldst make it very pleasant, by matching women of quality with coblers and carmen, or describing titles and garters leading off in great ceremony shopkeepers and farmers daughters. Though to tell thee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid, that as the love of money prevails in our island more than it did in Persia, we should find that some of our greatest men would choose out the portions, and rival one another for the richest piece of deformity; and that, on the contrary, the toasts and belles would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gamesters, and spendthrifts. Thou couldst make very pretty reflections upon this occasion in honour of the Persian politics, who took care, by such marriages, to beautify the upper part of the species, and to make the greatest persons in the government the most graceful. But this I shall leave to thy judicious pen.

'I have another story to tell thee, which I likewise met with in a book. It seems the general of the Tartars, after

after having laid siege to a strong town in China, and taken it by storm, would set to sale all the women that were found in it. Accordingly he put each of them into a sack, and, after having thoroughly considered the value of the woman who was inclosed, marked the price that was demanded for her upon the sack. There were a great confluence of chapmen, that resorted from every part, with a design to purchase, which they were to do *unsight unseen*. The book mentions a merchant in particular, who observing one of the sacks to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried it off with him to his house. As he was resting with it upon a halfway bridge, he was resolved to take a survey of his purchase: upon opening the sack, a little old woman popped her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in so great a rage, that he was going to shoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him first of all to hear her story, by which he learned that she was sister to a great Mandarin, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother-in-law as soon as he should know to whose lot she fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his sack, and carried her to his house, where she proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that she had promised him.

'I fancy, if I was disposed to dream a second time, I could make a tolerable vision upon this plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market in sacks, with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five thousand pounds. Upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open, should be a five hundred pound sack. The lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast. As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pound, but that the public had made those

abatements for her being a scold. I would afterwards find some beautiful, modest, and discreet woman, that should be the top of the market: and perhaps discover half a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at at one hundred pound an head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to finish it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it.—Whatever thou mayest think of it, prythee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

Thine,

HONEYCOMB.

N°. 512.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1712.

Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

HOR. ARS. POET. ver. 344.

"Mixing together profit and delight."

ON ADVICE.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as *Advice*. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any shews for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making Advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of, to render this bitter portion palatable? Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers, some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we

consider this way of instructing or giving Advice, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have beforementioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we advise ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly, we are taught by surprise, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasing circumstance in Advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for, in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder therefore, that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Absalom and Achitophel* * was one of the most popular poems that appeared in English.—The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer,

* A memorable satire written by DRYDEN against the faction which, by Lord SHAFTSBURY's incitement, set the Duke of MONMOUTH at their head. Of this poem, in which personal satire is applied to the support of public principles, the sale was so large, that it is said not to have been equalled, but by SACHEVERELL's Trial.

finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the SULTAN MAHMOUD, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. "I would fain know," says the Sultan, "what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it." The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, "Sir," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is."—The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. "You must know then," said the Visier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father

of

of the daughter replied, Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to SULTAN MAHMOUD; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages."

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no less a philosopher than DEMOCRITUS, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skilled in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise above-mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determinations of the learned.

O.

N°. 513.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1712.

——Afflata est numine quando
Jam propiore Dei——

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 50.

"When all the God came rushing on her soul."

DRYDEN.

LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN ON HIS DEATH-BED.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a *thought in sickness*, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

SIR,

'THE indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your Saturday's papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

'Among all the reflections which usually rise in the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination to consider

consider his approaching end, there is none more natural than that of his going to appear naked and unbodied before him who made him. When a man considers, that, as soon as the vital union is dissolved, he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a distances, and only in his works; or, to speak more philosophically, when, by some faculty in the soul, he shall apprehend the Divine Being, and be more sensible of his presence, than we are now of the presence of any object which the eye beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stupidity, who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr. SHERLOCK, in his excellent treatise upon Death, has represented, in very strong and lively colours, the state of the soul in its first separation from the body, with regard to that invisible world which every where surrounds us, though we are not able to discover it through this grosser world of matter, which is accommodated to our senses in this life. His words are as follow:

"*That Death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing else but putting off these bodies, teaches us that it is only our union to these bodies which intercepts the sight of the other world. The other world is not at such a distance from us as we may imagine; the throne of God, indeed, is at a great remove from this earth, above the third heavens, where he displays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass his throne; but as soon as we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world; to live out of them is to remove into the next: for while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only through these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey those shapes and colours of things with it to the eye: so that, though within this visible world there*

be

be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world; but when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our views; when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes sees what was invisible before: and then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it. Thus St. PAUL *tells us, that* "when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord, but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord, 2 Cor. v. 6, 8." *And, methinks, this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and to look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse of that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with? There are such things* "as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." *Death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospect, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh; which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off of our eyes, which hinders our sight.*

'As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being *whom none can see and live*, he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of Religion, besides that of *Christianity*, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest

pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and, in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able to *stand in his sight*. Our holy Religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

'It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

I.

"When, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

"If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

"When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

"But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

"Then

V.

" Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

" For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon sure."

' There is a *noble* hymn in French, which Monsieur BAYLE has celebrated for a *very fine one*, and which the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the same nature. If I could have done it justice in English, I would have sent it to you translated; it was written by Monsieur DES BARREAUX, who had been one of the greatest wits and libertines in France, but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

" Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'equité;
Toûjours tu prens plaisir à nous etre propice.
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté
Ne laissa ton à pouvoir que le choix du suplice:
Ton interest s' oppose à ma felicité:
Et ta clemence même attend que je perisse.
Contente tón desir, puis qui'l t'est glorieux;
Offense toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre;
J' adore en perissant la raison qui t'aigrit.
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,
Qui ne soie tout couvert du sang de JESUS CHRIST."

' If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I desire you would place them in a proper light, and am ever, with great sincerity,

SIR,
Yours, &c.

C.

No. 514.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1712.

———Me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 291.

"But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,
"Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:
"And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,
"But first the way to new discov'ries make."

DRYDEN.

A VISION.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than usual the other night: and, not finding myself inclined to sleep, I took up *Virgil* to divert me until I should be more disposed to rest. He is the author whom I always choose on such occasions; no one writing in so divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain, which leaves the mind composed and softened into an agreeable melancholy; the temper, in which, of all others, I choose to close the day. The passages I turned to were those beautiful raptures in his Georgics, where he professes himself entirely given up to the Muses, and smit with the love of poetry, passionately wishing to be transported to the cool shades and retirements of the mountain Hæmus. I closed the book and went to bed. What I have just before been reading made so strong an impression on my mind, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to me the wish of VIRGIL, in presenting to me the following vision.

'*Methought*

'*Methought* I was on a sudden placed in the plains of *Bœotia*, where at the end of the horizon I saw the mountain Parnassus rising before me. The prospect was of so large an extent, that I had long wandered about to find a path which should directly lead me to it, had I not seen at some distance a grove of trees, which, in a plain that had nothing else remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immediately determined me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which ofter widened into beautiful openings, as circles, or ovals, set round with yews and cypresses, with niches, grottos, and caves placed on the sides, encompassed with ivy. There was no sound to be heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle breeze passing over the leaves of the forest: every thing beside was buried in a profound silence. I was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the place, and never so much, before that hour, was pleased with the enjoyment of myself. I indulged the humour, and suffered myself to wander without choice or design. At length, at the end of a range of trees, I saw three figures seated on a bank of moss, with a silent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them as the tutelar divinities of the place, and stood still to take a particular view of each of them. The middlemost, whose name was SOLITUDE, sat with her arms across each other, and seemed rather pensive, and wholly taken up with her own thoughts, than any ways grieved or displeased. The only companions which she admitted into that retirement were, the goddess SILENCE, who sat on her right hand with her finger on her mouth, and on her left CONTEMPLATION, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Before her lay a celestial globe, with several schemes of mathematical theorems. She prevented my speech with the greatest affability in the world. "Fear not, said she, I know your request before you speak it; you would be led to the mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies through this place, and no one is so

often employed in conducting persons thither as myself." When she had thus spoken, she rose from her seat, and I immediately placed myself under her direction; but whilst I passed through the grove, I could not help inquiring of her who were the persons admitted into that sweet retirement. "Surely, said I, there can nothing enter here but virtue and virtuous thoughts; the whole wood seems designed for the reception and reward of such persons as have spent their lives according to the dictates of their conscience, and the commands of the gods." "You imagine right, said she; assure yourself this place was at first designed for no other: such it continued to be in the reign of SATURN, when none entered here but holy priests, deliverers of their country from oppression and tyranny, who reposed themselves here after their labours, and those whom the study and love of wisdom had fitted for divine conversation. But now it is become no less dangerous than it was before desirable: vice has learned so to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hither under its disguise. See there! just before you, REVENGE stalking by, habited in the robe of HONOUR. Observe not far from him AMBITION standing alone; if you ask him his name, he will tell you it is EMULATION, or GLORY. But the most frequent intruder we have is LUST, who succeeds now the deity to whom in better days this grove was entirely devoted. VIRTUOUS LOVE, with HYMEN, and the GRACES attending him, once reigned over this happy place; a whole train of virtues waited on him, and no dishonourable thought durst presume *for* admittance. But now, how is the whole prospect changed! and how seldom renewed by some few who dare despise sordid wealth, and imagine themselves fit companions for so charming a divinity!"

'The goddess had no sooner said thus, but we were arrived at the utmost boundaries of the wood, which lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the mountain. Here I kept close to my guide, being solicited by several

veral phantoms, who assured me they would shew me a nearer way to the mountain of the MUSES. Among the rest VANITY was extremely importunate, having deluded infinite numbers, whom I saw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away from this despicable troop with disdain; and, addressing myself to my guide, told her that, as I had some hopes I should be able to reach up part of the ascent, so I despaired of having strength enough to attain the plain on the top. But, being informed by her that it was impossible to stand upon the sides, and that if I did not proceed onwards I should irrevocably fall down to the lowest verge, I resolved to hazard any labour and hardship in the attempt: so great a desire had I of enjoying the satisfaction I hoped to meet with at the end of my enterprize!

'There were two paths, which led up by different ways to the summit of the mountain; the one was guarded by the GENIUS which presides over the moment of our births. He had it in charge to examine the several pretensions of those who desired to pass that way, but to admit none excepting those only on whom MELPOMENE had looked with a propitious eye at the hour of their nativity. The other way was guarded by DILIGENCE, to whom many of those persons applied who had met with a denial the other way; but he was so tedious in granting their request, and, indeed, after admittance, the way was so very intricate and laborious, that many, after they had made some progress, chose rather to return back than proceed, and very few persisted so long as to arrive at the end they proposed. Besides these two paths, which at length severally led to the top of the mountain, there was a third made up of these two, which a little after the entrance joined in one. This carried those happy few, whose good fortune it was to find it, directly to the throne of APOLLO. I do not know whether I should even now have had the resolution to have demanded entrance at either of these doors, had I not seen a peasant-like man (followed by

a numerous and lovely train of youths of both sexes) insist upon entrance for all whom he led up. He put me in mind of the country clown who is painted in the map for leading Prince EUGENE over the Alps. He had a bundle of papers in his hand; and, producing several, that he said were given to him by hands which he knew APOLLO would allow as passes; among which, *methought* I saw some of my own writing; the whole assembly was admitted, and gave by their presence a new beauty and pleasure to these happy mansions. I found the man did not pretend to enter himself, but served as a kind of forester in the lawns, to direct passengers, who by their own merit, or instructions he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely benefactor; and forgive me, Mr. SPECTATOR, if I own to you I took him for yourself. We were no sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three times with the water of the fountain of AGANIPPE, which had power to deliver us from all harms, but only envy, which reacheth even to the end of our journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle path when we arrived at the summit of the hill, where there immediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely engaged my attention; the one was a young nymph in the prime of her youth and beauty; she had wings on her shoulders and feet, and was able to transport herself to the most distant regions in the smallest space of time. She was continually varying her dress, some times into the most natural and becoming habits in the world, and at others into the most wild and freakish garb that can be imagined. There stood by her a man full aged and of great gravity, who corrected her inconsistencies by shewing them in *this* mirror, and still flung her affected and unbecoming ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain below, and were gathered up, and *wore* with great satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The name of this nymph was FANCY, the daughter of LIBERTY, the

the most beautiful of all the mountain nymphs: the other was JUDGMENT, the offspring of TIME, and the only child he acknowledged to be his. A youth, who sat upon a throne just between them, was their genuine offspring; his name was WIT, and his seat was composed of the works of the most celebrated authors. I could not but see with a secret joy that, though the Greeks and Romans made the majority, yet our own countrymen were the next both in number and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full prospect of that delightful region. I was inspired with new vigour and life, and saw every thing in nobler and more pleasing views than before; I breathed a purer æther in a sky which was a continued azure, gilded with perpetual sunshine. The two summits of the mountain rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most delicious vale and habitation of the MUSES, and of such as had composed works worthy of immortality. APOLLO was seated upon a throne of gold, and for a canopy an aged laurel spread its boughs and its shade over his head. His bow and quiver lay at his feet. He held his harp in his hand, whilst the MUSES round about him celebrated with hyms his victory over the serpent PYTHON, and sometimes sung in softer notes the loves of LUCOTHOE and DAPHNIS. HOMER, VIRGIL, and MILTON, were seated the next to them. Behind were a great number of others; among whom I was surprised to see some in the habit of Laplanders, who, notwithstanding the uncouthness of their dress, had lately obtained a place upon the mountain. I saw PINDAR walking alone, no one daring to accost him, until COWLEY joined himself to him: but, growing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath, he left him for HORACE and ANACREON, with whom he seemed infinitely delighted.

'A little further I saw another group of figures; I made up to them, and found it was SOCRATES dictating to XENOPHON, and the spirit of PLATO; but, most of all, MUSÆUS had the greatest audience about him. I

was

was at too great a distance to hear what he said, or to discover the faces of his hearers; only I thought I now perceived VIRGIL, who had joined them, and stood in a posture full of admiration at the harmony of his words.

'Lastly, at the very brink of the hill, I saw BOCCALINI sending dispatches to the world below of what happened upon Parnassus; but I perceived he did it without leave of the MUSES, and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them revised by APOLLO. I could now, from this height and serene sky, behold the infinite cares and anxieties with which mortals below sought out their way through the maze of life. I saw the path of VIRTUE lie straight before them, whilst INTEREST, or some malicious demon, still hurried them out of the way. I was at once touched with pleasure at my own happiness, and compassion at the sight of their inextricable errors. Here the two contending passions rose so high, that they were inconsistent with the sweet repose I enjoyed; and, awaking with a sudden start, the only consolation I could admit of for my loss, was the hopes that the relation of my dream will not displease you.

T.

N°. 515.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1712.

Pudet me & miseret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,
Monuisse frustra—

TER. HEAUT. ACT i. SC. ii.

"I am ashamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice, who gave "me the character of these creatures."

A LETTER FROM A COQUETTE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for printing the account I lately sent you of a coquette who disturbed a sober congregation in the city of London. That intelligence ended at her taking a coach, and bidding the driver go where he knew. I could not leave her so, but dogged her, as hard as she drove, to Paul's church yard, where there was a stop of coaches attending company coming out of the cathedral. This gave me an opportunity to hold up a crown to her coachman, who gave me the signal, that he would hurry on, and make no haste, as you know the way is when they favour a chace. By his many kind blunders, driving against other coaches, and slipping off some of his tackle, I could keep up with him, and lodged my fine lady in the parish of St. James's. As I guessed, when I first saw her at church, her business is to win hearts, and throw them away, regarding nothing but the triumph, I have had the happiness, by tracing her through all with whom I heard she was acquainted, to find one who was intimate with a friend of mine, and to be introduced to her notice. I have made so good use of my time, as to procure from that intimate

intimate of hers one of her letters, which she writ to her when in the country. This epistle of her own may serve to alarm the world against her in ordinary life, as mine, I hope, did those, who shall behold her at church. The letter was written last winter to the lady who gave it me; and I doubt not but you will find it the soul of an happy self-loving dame, that takes all the admiration she can meet with, and returns none of it in love to her admirers.

DEAR JENNY,

'I am glad to find you are likely to be disposed of in marriage so much to your approbation as you tell me. You say you are afraid only of me, for I shall laugh at your spouse's airs. I beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice a discerner to laugh at any, but whom most other people think fine fellows; so that your dear may bring you hither as soon as his horses are in case enough to appear in town, and you be very safe against any raillery you may apprehend from me; for I am surrounded with coxcombs of my own making, who are all ridiculous in a manner wherein your good man I presume cannot exert himself. As men who cannot raise their fortunes, and are uneasy under the incapacity of shining in courts, rail at ambition; so do aukward and insipid women, who cannot warm the hearts, and charm the eyes of men, rail at affectation: but she that has thy joy of seeing a man's heart leap into his eyes at beholding her, is in no pain for want of esteem among the crew of that part of her own sex, who have no spirit but that of envy, and no language but that of malice. I do not in this, I hope, express myself insensible of the merit of LEODACIA, who lowers her beauty to all but her husband, and never spreads her charms but to gladden him who has a right to them; I say, I do honour to those who can be coquettes, and are not such; but I despise all who would be so, and in despair of

arriving at it themselves, hate and vilify all those who can. But be that as it will, in answer to your desire of knowing my history: one of my chief present pleasures is in country dances; and, in obedience to me, as well as the pleasure of coming up to me with a good grace, shewing themselves in their address to others in my presence, and the like opportunities, they are all proficients that way: and I had the happines of being the other night where we made six couple, and every woman's partner a professed lover of mine. The wildest imagination cannot form to itself, on any occasion, higher delight than I acknowledge myself to have been in all that evening. I chose out of my admirers a set of men who most love me, and gave them partners of such of my own sex who most envied me.

"My way is, when any man who is my admirer pretends to give himself airs of merit, as at this time a certain gentleman you know did, to mortify him by favouring in his presence the most insignificant creature I can find. At this ball I was led into the company by pretty Mr. FANFLY, who, you know, is the most obsequious, well shaped, well bred woman's man in the town. I at first entrance declared him my partner if I danced at all; which put the whole assembly into a grin, as forming no terrors from such a rival. But we had not been long in the room before I overheard the meritorious gentlemen above-mentioned say with an oath, there is no raillery in the thing, she certainly loves the puppy. My gentleman, when we were dancing, took an occasion to be very soft in his ogling upon a lady he danced with, and whom he knew of all women I love most to outshine. The contest began who should plague the other most. I, who do not care a farthing for him, had no hard task to outvex him. I made FANFLY, with a very little encouragement, cut capers *coupee*, and then sink with all the air and tenderness imaginable. When he performed this, I observed the gentleman you know of fall into the same way, and imitate, as well as he could, the despised FANFLY. I cannot well give you

you, who are so grave a country lady, the idea of the joy we have when we see a stubborn heart breaking, or a man of sense turning fool for our sakes; but this happened to our friend, and I expect his attendance whenever I go to church, to court, to the play, or the park. This is a sacrifice due to us women of genius, who have the eloquence of beauty, an easy mien. I mean by an easy mien, one which can be on occasion easily affected: for I must tell you, dear JENNY, I hold one maxim, which is an uncommon one, to wit, that our greatest charms are owing to affectation. It is to that our arms can lodge so quietly just over our hips, and the fan can play without any force or motion but just of the wrist. It is to affectation we owe the pensive attention of DEIDAMIA at a tragedy, the scornful approbation of DULCIMARA at a comedy, and the lowly aspect of LANQUICELSA at a sermon.

"To tell you the plain truth, I know no pleasure but in being admired, and have yet never failed of attaining the approbation of the man whose regard I had a mind to. You see all the men who make a figure in the world (as wise a look as they are pleased to put upon the matter) are moved by the same vanity as I am. What is there in ambition, but to make other people's wills depend upon your's? This indeed is not to be aimed at by one who who has a genius no higher than to think of being a very good housewife in a country gentleman's family. The care of poultry and pigs are great enemies to the countenance; the vacant look of a fine lady is not to be preserved, if she admits any thing to take up her thoughts but her own dear person. But I interrupt you too long from your cares, and myself from my conquests.

I am, MADAM,
Your most humble servant."

'Give me leave, Mr. SPECTATOR, to add her friend's answer to this epistle, who is a very discreet ingenious woman.'

DEAR

DEAR GATTY,

'I take your raillery in very good part, and am obliged to you for the free air with which you speak of your own gaities. But this is but a barren superficial pleasure; for, indeed, GATTY, we are made for Man; and in serious sadness I must tell you, whether you yourself know it or no, all these gallantries tend to no other end but to be a wife and a mother as fast as you can.

I am, MADAM,

Your most obedient servant."

T

N°. 216.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1712.

Immortale odium & nunquam sanabile vulnus.
Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum solos credit habendos
Esse Deos quos ipse colat ——

JUV. SAT. XV. 34.

——"A grudge, time out of mind, begun,
"And mutually bequeath'd from sire to son;
"Religious spite and pious spleen bred first
"The quarrel which so long the bigots nurst;
"Each calls the other's God a senseless stock;
"His own divine." TATE.

RANCOUR AMONG DIFFERENT SECTS OF CHRISTIANS.

OF all the monstrous passions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none so wonderful as that those, who profess the common name of Christians, should pursue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the example of their Saviour. It seems so natural, that all who pursue the steps of any leader should form themselves after his manner, that it is impossible to account for effects so different from what we might expect from those who profess themselves followers of the highest pattern of meekness and charity, but by ascribing such effects to the ambition and corruption of those who are so audacious, with souls full of fury, to serve at the altars of the God of Peace.

The massacres to which the church of Rome has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful instances of the truth of this observation; and whoever reads the history of the Irish rebellion, and the cruelties which ensued thereupon,

thereupon, will be sufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by those who profess holiness, and become incendiaries, and under the dispensation of Grace promote evils abhorrent to Nature.

The subject and catastrophe, which deserve so well to be remarked by the Protestant world, will, I doubt not, be considered by the reverend and learned prelate that preaches to-morrow before many of the descendants of those who perished on that lamentable day, in a manner suitable to the occasion, and worthy his own great virtue and eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only transcribe out of a little tract, called *The Christian Hero* * published in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned Hero, WILLIAM III. who rescued that nation from the repetition of the same disasters. His late Majesty, of glorious memory, and the most Christian king, are considered at the conclusion of that treatise as heads of the Protestant and Roman Catholic world, in the following manner.

'There were not ever, before the entrance of the Christian name into the world, men who have maintained a more renowned carriage, than the two great rivals who possess the full fame of the present age, and will be the theme and examination of the future. They are exactly formed by nature for those ends to which heaven seems to have sent them amongst us.—Both animated with a restless desire of glory, but pursue it by different means, and with different motives. To one it consists in an extensive undisputed empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience. One's happiness is founded in their want of power, the other's in their want of desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the summit of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with the moderation of a Spartan. One is made to oppress, the other to relieve the oppressed. The one is satisfied with the pomp and

* Written by STEELE. See his Life, vol. I of this Edition.

ostentation of power to prefer and debase his inferiors, the other delighted only with the cause and foundation of it to cherish and protect them. To one therefore religion is but a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive of action.

'For, without such ties of real and solid honour, there is no way of forming a monarch, but after the Machiavelian scheme, by which a prince must ever seem to have all virtues, but really be master of none; he is to be liberal, merciful, and just, only as they serve his interests; while, with the noble art of hypocrisy, empire would be to be extended, and new conquests be made by new devices, by which prompt address his creatures might insensibly give law in the business of life, by leading men in the entertainment of it.

'Thus, when words and show are apt to pass for the substantial things they are only to express, there would need no more to enslave a country, but to adorn a court; for, while every man's vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments are a ready bait for sufferings, and the hopes of preferment invitations to servitude; which slavery would be coloured with all the agreements, as they call it, imaginable. The noblest arts and artists, the finest pens and most elegant minds, jointly employed to set it off with the various embellishments of sumptuous entertainments, charming assemblies, and polished discourses, and those apostate abilities of men, the adored monarch might profusely and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his virtue, and gild his vice at so high a rate, that he, without scorn of the one, or love of the other, would alternately and occasionally use both: so that his bounty should support him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

'Nor is it to give things a more severe look than is natural, to suppose such must be the consequences of a prince's having no other pursuit than that of his own glory; for if we consider an infant born into the world, and beholding itself the mightiest thing in it, itself the present

present admiration and future prospect of a fawning people, who profess themselves great or mean, according to the figure he is to make amongst them, what fancy would not be debauched to believe they were but what they professed themselves, his mere creatures, and use them as such by purchasing with their lives a boundless renown, which he, for want of a more just rospect, would place in the number of his slaves, and the extent of his territories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical effects of a prince's living with no religion, which are not to be surpassed but by his having a false one.

'If ambition were spirited with zeal, what would follow, but that his people should be converted into an army, whose swords can make right in power, and solve controversy in belief? And if men should be stiff-necked to the doctrine of that visible church, let them be contented with an oar and a chain, in the midst of stripes and anguish, to contemplate on him, whose yoke is easy, and whose burden is light.

'With a tyranny begun on his own subjects, and indignation that others draw their breath independent of his frown or smile, why should he not proceed to the seizure of the world? And if nothing but the thirst of sway were the motive of his actions, why should treaties be other than mere words, or solemn national compacts be any thing but an halt in the march of that army, who are never to lay down their arms until all men are reduced to the necessity of hanging their lives on his wayward will; who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his own sins by other men's sufferings, while he daily meditates new slaughter and conquests?

'For mere man, when giddy with unbridled power, is an insatiate idol, not to be appeased with myriads offered to his pride, which may be puffed up by the adulation of a base and prostrate world into an opinion that he is something more than human, by being something less: and, alas, what is there that mortal man will

not believe of himself, when complimented with the attributes of God? He can then conceive thoughts of a power as *Omnipresent* as his. But, should there be such a foe of mankind now upon earth, have our sins so far provoked Heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no power, no leader, no genius, that can conduct and animate us to our death, or to our defence? Yes; our great God never gave one to reign by his permission, but he gave to another also to reign by his grace.

'All the circumstances of the illustrious life of our prince seem to have conspired to make him the check and bridle of tyranny; for his mind has been strengthened and confirmed by one continued struggle, and Heaven has educated him by adversity to a quick sense of the distresses and miseries of mankind, which he was born to redress. In just scorn of the trivial glories and light ostentations of power, that glorious instrument of Providence moves, like that, in a steady, calm, and silent course, independent either of applause or calumny; which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, an heroic, and a Christian sense, an absolute monarch; who, satisfied with this unchangeable, just and ample glory, must needs turn all his regards from himself to the service of others; for he begins his enterprises with his own share in the success of them; for integrity bears in itself its reward, nor can that which depends not on event ever know disappointment.

'With the undoubted character of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man, he is the hope and stay of Europe, an universal good; not to be engrossed by us only, for distant potentates implore his friendship, and injured empires court his assistance. He rules the world, not by an invasion of the people of the earth, but the address of its princes; and, if that world should be again roused from the repose which his

prevailing

prevailing arms had given it, why should we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose influence the terrible enemy that thinks himself prepared for battle may find he is but ripe for destruction?—and that there may be in the womb of time great incidents, which may make the catastrophe of a prosperous life as unfortunate as the particular scenes of it were successful?—for there does not want a skilful eye, and resolute arm, to observe and grasp the occasion. A prince, whom from—

——— Fuit Ilium & ingens
Gloria———

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 325.

"Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town."

DRYDEN.

T.

N°. 517.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1712.

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!———

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 878.

"Mirror of ancient faith!
"Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth!"

DRYDEN.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.*

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY *is dead.* He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness.—Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at a county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir ROGER's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the Chaplain and Captain SENTRY, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise

* "Mr. ADDISON was so fond of this character, that a little before he laid down the *Spectator*, (forseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to an *intimate friend*, with a certain *warmth* in his expression, which he was not often guilty of, *By G—, I'll* kill *Sir Roger, that nobody else may* murder *him.* Accordingly the whole Spectator, No. 517, consists of nothing else but an account of the old knight's death, and some moving circumstances which attended it."

Bee, No. I. for February, 1733, p. 26.

likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

HONOURED SIR,

'KNOWING that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last-county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his Chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the Chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the

parish, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. * It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown grey-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that, if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it.—The Chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions, among the family of the COVERLEYS, on the left hand of his father Sir ARTHUR. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the *quorum*. The whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain SENTRY, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was fallen to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The Captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes

* ADDISON has, in this account of the last will and death of Sir ROGER, with great exactness, preserved the character which he had in the course of the work exhibited. FIELDING is also very happy in his manner of taking leave of his characters. Thus in the concluding chapter of *Tom Jones*, PARSON SUPPLE marries one of JONES's mistresses. SQUIRE WESTERN declares the tattling of his grand daughters to be sweeter music than the finest cry of dogs in England. BLIFIL turns Methodist. SMOLLET, though humourous, is often extravagant in the concluding scenes.

makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never *joyed* himself since; no more has any of us. It was the *melancholiest* day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

Honoured Sir,

Your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.'

P. S. 'My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir ANDREW opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir ROGER's own hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir ROGER the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain SENTRY informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

O.

No. 518.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1712.

——— Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.

JUV. SAT. viii. 76.

"'Tis poor relying on another's fame;
"For, take the pillars but away, and all
"The superstructure must in ruins fall."

STEPNEY.

ON EPITAPHS.

THIS being a day of business with me, I must make the present entertainment like a treat at an *House-Warming*, out of such presents as have been sent me by my guests. The first dish which I serve up is a letter come fresh to my hand.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'IT is with inexpressible sorrow that I hear of the death of good Sir ROGER, and do heartily condole with you upon so melancholy an occasion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us so ill news, and to have had it stamped likewise in black. It is expected of you that you should write his epitaph, and if possible fill his place in the Club with as worthy and diverting a member. I question not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of such as will appear candidates for that post.

'Since

'Since I am talking of death, and have mentioned an epitaph, I must tell you, Sir, that I have made discovery of a church-yard in which I believe you might spend an afternoon, with great pleasure to yourself and to the public. It belongs to the church of Stebon-Heath, commonly called Stepney.* Whether or no it be that the people of that parish have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be some poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inscriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I may say, without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in England better read in tomb-stones than myself, my studies having laid very much in church-yards. I shall beg leave to send you a couple of epitaphs, for a sample of those I have just now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the first being in the diffuse and luxuriant, the second in the close contracted style. The first has much of the simple and pathetic; the second is something light, but nervous. The first is thus;

"Here THOMAS SAPPER lies interr'd. Ah why!
Born in New England, did in London die;
Was the third son of eight, begot upon
His mother MARTHA, by his father JOHN.
Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by death at the age of twenty-three.
Fatal to him was that we small-pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Also to breathe their last, nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loss of all his children, with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life."

The second is as follows:

"Here

* See STOW's *Survey of London, &c.* Edit. 1755, vol. ii. p. 761.

" Here lies the body of DANIEL SAUL,
Spittlefields weaver, and that's all." *

I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this subject, without sending a short epitaph which I once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect the place. The thought of it is serious, and in my opinion the finest that I ever met with upon this occasion. You know, Sir, it is usual, after having told us the name of the person who lies interred, to launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the person himself some time before his death.

Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diei supremi. Qualis erat dies iste indicabit.

" Here lies R. C. in expectation of the last day.
" What sort of a man he was that day will discover."

I am, Sir, &c.'

THE FOLLOWING LETTER IS DATED FROM CAMBRIDGE.

SIR,

'HAVING lately read among your speculations an Essay upon *Physiognomy*, † I cannot but think, that if you made a visit to this ancient university, you might receive very considerable lights upon that subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who does not give certain

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* In Scotland, attorneys are stiled clerks. A person who had the same idea of the integrity of the whole of that body, which many have of that of some of the members, wrote the following epitaph in a country church-yard, on an honest attorney:

" God works wonders now and then;
Here lies a clerk, an honest man."

The Scotch pronounce then *thaan*.

† See No. 86, and No. 206.

certain indications of his particular humour and disposition, conformable to the rules of that art. In courts and cities every body lays a constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to look like the rest of the world; but the youth of this place, having not yet formed themselves by conversation, and the knowledge of the world, give their limbs and features their full play.

'As you have considered human nature in all its lights, you must be extremely well apprised, that there is a very close correspondence between the outward and the inward man; that scarce the least dawning, the least parturiency towards a thought can be stirring in the mind of man, without producing a suitable revolution in his exteriors, which will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory of the *phiz*. Hence it is that the intrinsic worth and merit of a son of ALMA MATER is ordinarily calculated from the cast of his visage, the contour of his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposition of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of circumstances of equal consequence and information. The practitioners in this art often make use of a gentleman's eyes to give them light into the posture of his brains; take a handle from his nose to judge of the size of his intellects; and interpret the overmuch visibility and pertness of one ear as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a sign the owner of so saucy a member fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme, a contracted brow, a lumpish downcast look, a sober sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and steady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket of his galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathematics, in perfection. So likewise the *Belles Lettres* are typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one hand in the fob, and a negligent swing of the other, with a pinch of right fine Barcelona between finger and thumb, a due quantity of the same upon the upper lip, and a noddle-case loaden with pulvil. Again, a grave solemn

stalking pace is heroic poetry, and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode, and the modern ballad; and an open breast, with an audacious display of the Holland shirt, is construed a fatal tendency to the art military.

'I might be much larger upon these hints, but I know whom I write to. If you can graft any speculation upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the persons concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming the *British* SPECTATOR, and oblige

Your very humble servant,

TOM TWEER.'*

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* The public is assured on good authority, that this last letter was written by Orator HENLEY, as he was commonly called.

No. 519.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1712.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.
VIRG. ÆN. vi. 728.

"Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
"And birds of air, and monsters of the main."
DRYDEN.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the *Material World*, by which I mean that system of bodies into which Nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the *World* of *Life*, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The Material *World* is only the shell of the universe; the *World* of Life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material *world* which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures.—— The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are in the same manner the basis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the most solid

bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness, and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception; and it is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the exigence of the other.

Infinite *Goodness* is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that

that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense but that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the senses which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that, though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence; he has, therefore, *specified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one over another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a

degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or the wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of *Being* rises by such a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. This consequence of so great a variety of beings, which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being and the *Power* which produced him.

"That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence: that in all the visible corporeal world we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are not strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water; whose blood is as cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both. Amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together. Seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not

to

to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids, or sea men, there are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men: and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them; and so on, until we come to the lowest and the most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And, when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the *Maker*, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the architect, that the species of creatures should also by gentle degrees ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more *species* of creatures above us than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct *species* we have no clear distinct *ideas*."

In this System of *Being*, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he, who in one respect, being associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a *Being* "of infinite perfection" as his Father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to Corruption, "Thou art my Father; and to the Worm, Thou art my Mother and my Sister."

N°. 520.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1712.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis!

HOR. I. OD. XXIV. 1.

"And who can grieve too much? What time shall end
"Our mourning for so dear a friend?"

CREECH.

ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE just value you have expressed for the *matrimonial state* is the reason that I now venture to write to you, without fear of being ridiculous; and confess to you, that, though it is three months since I lost a very agreeable woman, who was my wife, my sorrow is still fresh; and I am often, in the midst of company, upon any circumstance that revives her memory, with a reflection what she would say or do on such an occasion: I say, upon any occurrence of that nature, which I can give you a sense of, though I cannot express it wholly, I am all over softness, and am obliged to retire and give way to a few sighs and tears before I can be easy. I cannot but recommend the subject of *male* widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the first opportunity. To those who had not lived like husbands during the lives of their spouses this would be a tasteless jumble of words; but to such (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that state with the sentiments proper for it, you will have every line, which hits the sorrow, attended with a tear of pity and consolation; for I know not by what goodness of Providence

vidence it is that every gush of passion is a step towards the relief of it; and there is a certain comfort in the very act of sorrowing, which, I suppose, arises from a secret consciousness in the mind, that the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cause. My concern is not indeed so outrageous as at the first transport; for I think it has subsided rather into a soberer state of mind than any actual perturbation of spirit. There might be rules formed for men's behaviour on this great incident to bring them from that misfortune into the condition I am at present; which is, I think, that my sorrow has converted all roughness of temper into meekness, good-nature, and complacency. But indeed, when in a serious and lonely hour I present my departed *consort* to my imagination, with that air of persuasion in her countenance when I have been in passion, that sweet affability when I have been in good-humour, that tender compassion when I have had any thing which gave me uneasiness; I confess to you I am inconsolable, and my eyes gush with grief, as if I had seen her just then expire. In this condition I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother was on her wedding-day. The good girl strives to comfort me; but how shall I let you know that all the comfort she gives me is to make my tears flow more easily? The child knows she quickens my sorrows, and rejoices my heart at the same time. Oh, ye learned! tell me by what word to speak a motion of the soul for which there is no name. When she kneels, and bids me be comforted, she is my child; when I take her in my arms, and bid her say no more, she is my *very wife*, and is the *very Comforter* I lament the loss of. I banish her the room, and weep aloud that I have lost her mother, and that I have her.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I wish it were possible for you to have a sense of these pleasing perplexities; you might communicate to the guilty part of mankind that they

are incapable of the happiness which is in the very sorrows of the virtuous.

'But pray spare me a little longer; give me leave to tell you the manner of her death. She took leave of all her family, and bore the vain application of medicines with the greatest patience imaginable. When the physician told her she must certainly die, she desired, as well as she could, that all who were present, except myself, might depart the room. She said she had nothing to say, for she was resigned, and I knew all she knew that concerned us in this world; but she desired to be alone, that in the presence of God only she might, without interruption, do her last duty to me, of thanking me for all my kindness to her; adding, that she hoped in my last moments I should feel the same comfort for my goodness to her, as she did in that she had acquitted herself with honour, truth, and virtue to me.

'I curb myself, and will not tell you that this kindness cut my heart in twain, when I expected an accusation for some passionate starts of mine, in some parts of our time together, to say nothing but thank me for the good, if there was any good suitable to her own excellence! All that I had ever said to her, all the circumstances of sorrow and joy between us, crowded upon my mind in the same instant; and when, immediately after, I saw the pangs of death come upon that dear body which I had often embraced with transport; when I saw those cherishing eyes begin to be ghastly, and their last struggle to be to fix themselves on me, how did I lose all patience! She expired in my arms, and in my distraction I thought I saw her bosom still heave. There was certainly life yet still left. I cried, she just now spoke to me. But alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me, from the distemper of my own head; for the best of women was breathless, and gone for ever.

'Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you raise from

from this account I have given you, is, That there is a certain Equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very sorrow, and disappoints the force of it. Though they must pass through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their conscious integrity shall undermine their affliction; nay, that very affliction shall add force to their integrity, from a reflection of the use of virtue in the hour of affliction. I sat down with a design to put you upon giving us rules how to overcome such griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach men to be capable of them.

'You men of letters have what you call the fine taste in your apprehensions of what is properly done or said. There is something like this deeply grafted in the soul of him who is honest aud faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is false, vicious or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the world should approve it. At the same time he has the most lively sensibility in all enjoyments and sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any duty of life is concerned. To want sorrow when you in decency and truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater instance of a man's being a blockhead than not to know the beauty of any passage in *Virgil*. You have not yet observed, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the fine gentlemen of this age set up for hardness of heart; and humanity has very little share in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not stand in the same degree of esteem who laments for the woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the persons most susceptible of the sort of sorrow I have spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon examination that they are the wisest and the bravest of mankind who are the most capable of it.

Norwich, 7th Octobris, 1712. } I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
F. J.'

T.

N°. 521.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1712.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit.

P. ARB.

"The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost."

ON CONVERSATION.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been for many years loud in this assertion, that there are very few that can see or hear: I mean, that can report what they have seen or heard; and this through incapacity or prejudice, one of which disables almost every man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which reason I am come to a resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I contemn the man given to narrations under the appellation of a *matter of fact man*: and, according to me, a *matter of fact man* is one whose life and conversation is spent in the report of what is *not matter of fact*.

'I remember when Prince EUGENE was here, there was no knowing his height of figure, until you, Mr. SPECTATOR, gave the public satisfaction in that matter. In relations the force of the expression lies very often more in the look, the tone of voice, or the gesture, than the words themselves; which, being repeated in any other manner by the undiscerning, bear a very different interpretation from their original meaning. I must confess I formerly have turned this humour of mine to very good account; for whenever I heard any narration uttered with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon considerable authority, I was always ready to lay any

any wager that it was not so. Indeed I never pretended to be so rash as to fix the matter any particular way in opposition to theirs; but, as there are a hundred ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happened, I only controverted its falling out in that one manner as they settled it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, and consequently had more probability of success. I had arrived at a particular skill in warming a man so far in his narration, as to make him throw in a little of the marvellous, and then, if he has much fire, the next degree is the impossible. Now this is always the time for fixing the wager. But this requires the nicest management, otherwise very probably the dispute may arise to the old determination by battle. In these conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won some wagers of those who have professedly valued themselves upon intelligence, and have put themselves to great charge and expence to be misinformed considerably sooner than the rest of the world.

'Having got a comfortable sum by this my opposition to public report, I have brought myself now to so great a perfection in inattention, more especially to *party-relations*, that at the same time I seem with greedy ears to devour up the discourse, I certainly do not know one word of it, but pursue my own course of thought, whether upon business or amusement, with much tranquility; I say inattention, because a late act of parliament has secured all *party-liars* from the penalty of a wager, and consequently made it unprofitable to attend to them. However, good-breeding obliges a man to maintain the figure of the keenest attention, the true posture of which in a coffee-house I take to consist in leaning over a table with the edge of it pressing hard upon your stomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over; besides that the narrator thinks you forget your pain by the pleasure of hearing him.

'Fort

'Fort Knock has occasioned several very perplexed and inelegant heats and animosities; and there was one the other day, in a coffee-house where I was, that took upon him to clear that business to me, for he said he was there. I knew him to be that sort of man that had not strength of capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an eye-witness, and therefore was fully satisfied he could give me no information, for the very same reason he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the same greediness as SHAKESPEARE describes in the following lines:

"I saw a smith stand on his hammer, thus,
With open mouth, swallowing a taylor's news."

'I confess of late I have not been so much amazed at the declaimers in coffee-houses as I formerly was, being satisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their vociferations. Of these liars there are two sorts: the genius of the first consists in much impudence and a strong memory; the others have added to these qualifications a good understanding and smooth language.—These therefore have only certain heads which they are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called embellishers; the others repeat only what they hear from others as literally as their parts or zeal will permit, and are called Reciters. Here was a fellow in town some years ago, who used to divert himself by telling a lie at Charing Cross in the morning at eight of the clock, and then following it through all parts of the town until eight at night; at which time he came to a club of his friends, and diverted them with an account what censure it had at Wills's in Covent Garden, how dangerous it was believed to be at Child's, and what inference they drew from it with relation to stocks at Jonathan's. I have had the honour to travel with this gentleman I speak of in search of one of his falsehoods; and have been present when they have described the

the very man they have spoken to, as him who first reported it, tall or short, black or fair, a gentleman or a ragamuffin, according as they liked the intelligence. I have heard one of our ingenious writers of news say, that, when he has had a customer with an advertisement of an apprentice or a wife run away, he has desired the advertiser to compose himself a little before he dictated the description of the offender: for when a person is put in a public paper by a man who is angry with him, the real description of such person is hid in the deformity with which the angry man describes him; therefore this fellow always made his customers describe him as he would the day before he offended, or else he was sure he would never find him out. These and many more hints I could suggest to you for the elucidation of all fictions; but I leave it to your own sagacity to improve or neglect this Speculation.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant.

T.

No. 522.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1712.

——Adjuro nunquam eam me deserturum;
Non, si capiundos mihi sciam esse inimicos omnes homines·
Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit, conveniunt mores: valeant,
Qui inter nos discidium volunt: hanc nisi mors, mi adimet nemo.

TER. ANDR. ACT. IV. SC. 2.

"I swear never to forsake her; no, though I were sure to make all "men my enemies. Her I desired; her I have obtained: our "manners agree. Perish all those who would separate us! Death "alone shall deprive me of her."

ON MARRIAGE.

I SHOULD esteem myself a very happy man if my speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the most important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in MARRIAGE. This state is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on subjects which may give light to my Unmarried readers in a particular which is so essential to their following happiness or misery. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this occasion. Because my present view is to direct a young lady, who I think is now in doubt whom to take of many Lovers, I shall talk at this time to my female readers. The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beauty, and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but, as she is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to ask herself, whether the man who has most of these recommen-

dations

dations in the lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent talents, with a moderate estate, and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchase riches, but riches cannot purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded on good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men, whose abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy. Such are those who are far gone in the pleasures of the town, who cannot support life without quick sensations and gay reflections, and are strangers to tranquillity, to right reason, and a calm motion of spirits, without transport or dejection. These ingenious men, of all men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in a Husband. They are immediately sated with possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisitions of beauty to pass away the *whiling* moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a sort of man of wit and sense, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with the eyes of reason and honour, and who believes he offends against both these if he does not look upon the woman, who chose him to be under his protection in sickness and health, with the utmost gratitude, whether from that moment she is shining or defective in person or mind: I say, there are those who think themselves bound to supply with good-nature the failings of those who love them, and who always think those the objects of love and pity who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter sort is LYSANDER, a man of wit, learning, sobriety, and good-nature; of birth and estate below no woman to accept; and of whom it might be said, should he succeed in his present wishes, his mistress raised his fortune, but not that she made it. When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall

choose of many near each other in other pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the several occasions and objects which come before him, or who cannot strike out of his reflections new paths of pleasing discourse. Honest Will Thrash and his wife, though not married above four months, have scarce had a word to say to each other these six weeks; and one cannot form to one's self a sillier picture than these two creatures, in solemn pomp and plenty unable to enjoy their fortunes, and at a full stop among a crowd of servants, to whose taste of life they are beholden for the little satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the distinctions of noon and night, dinner and supper, are the greatest notices they are capable of. This is, perhaps, representing the life of a very modest woman, joined to a dull fellow, more insipid than it really deserves; but I am sure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to say that every new accident or object, which comes into such a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleasures and satisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a continual new feast to her; nor can she enough applaud her good fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad, from every circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune she had brought him subservient to the honour and reputation of her and hers. A man of sense, who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happiness of her who did him so great a distinction; while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for myself, that, if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so. His conscience

should

should be of my side, whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid choice which has been made by those who have the care of young women, that the MARRIAGE-*State* itself has been liable to so much ridicule. But a well-chosen Love, moved by passion on both sides, and perfected by the generosity of one party, must be adorned with so many handsome incidents on the other side, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumstances to all the rest of the species. I shall end the chat upon this subject with a couple of letters, one from a Lover, who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these occasions; and the other from his rival, who has a less estate, but great gallantry of temper. As to my man of prudence he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a father, and laying aside the passion, comes to the reason of the thing.

MADAM,

'MY counsel has perused the inventory of your estate, and considered what estate you have, which it seems is only yours, and to the male-heirs of your body; but, in default of such issue, to the right heirs of your uncle EDWARD for ever. Thus, Madam, I am advised you cannot (the remainder not being in you) dock the entail; by which means my estate, which is fee simple, will come by the settlement proposed to your children begotten by me, whether they are males or females: but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, except I beget a son. Now, Madam, since things are so, you are a woman of that prudence, and understand the world so well, as not to expect I should give you more than you can give me.

I am, MADAM,
(With great respect)
Your most obedient servant,

T. W.'

The

The other Lover's estate is less than this gentleman's, but he expressed himself as follows:

MADAM,

'I HAVE have given in my estate to your counsel, and desired my own lawyer to insist upon no terms which your friends can propose for your certain ease and advantage; for, indeed, I have no notion of making difficulties of presenting you with what cannot make me happy without you.

I am, MADAM,

Your most devoted humble servant,

B. T.'

You must know the relations have met upon this; and the girl, being mightily taken with the latter epistle, she is laughed at, and uncle EDWARD is to be dealt with to make her a suitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the fair lady will make use of the first light night to show B. T. she understands a MARRIAGE is not to be considered as a *common* BARGAIN.

T.

N°. 523.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1712.

———Nunc augur APOLLO,
Nunc Liciæ sortes, nunc & JOVE missus ab ipso
Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras.
Scilicet is superis labor——

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 376.

"Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god;
"Now HERMES is employed from JOVE's abode,
"To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
"Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!"

DRYDEN.

HUMOROUS PROCLAMATION BY THE SPECTATOR.

I AM always highly delighted with the discovery of any rising genius among my countrymen. For this reason I have read over, with great pleasure, the late miscellany published by Mr. POPE, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleasure of the same kind in perusing a poem that is just published *On the Prospect of Peace*; and which, I hope, will meet with such a reward from its patrons as so noble a performance deserves. I was particularly well pleased to find that the author had not amused himself with fables out of the Pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whose learning very often extends no farther than OVID's *Methamorphoses* do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of school-boy tales with the recital of

his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this class, you shall see that it turns more upon VENUS or HELEN than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verses on a great hero highly commended; but, upon asking to hear some of the beautiful passages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a speech of APOLLO, or a description of POLYPHEME. At other times, when I have searched for the actions of a great man, who gave a subject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her mischievous progress, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at school it is necessary for us to be acquainted with the system of Pagan theology; and we may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with an heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that should carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourse to our JUPITERS and JUNOS.

No thought is beautiful which is not just; and no thought can be just which is not founded in truth, or at least in that which passes for such.

In mock heroic poems the use of the heathen mythology is not only excusable, but graceful, because it is the design of such compositions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low subjects, and at the same time by ridiculing such kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion that there is a necessity of admitting these classical legends into our serious compositions, in order to give them a more poetical turn, I would recommend to their consideration the pastorals of Mr. PHILIPS. One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without fawns and satyrs, wood-nymphs, and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we see he has given a new life and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting in the place of these antiquated fables the superstitious mythology

thology which prevails among the shepherds of our own country.

VIRGIL and HOMER might compliment their heroes by interweaving the actions of Deities with their atchievements; but for a Christian author to write in the Pagan creed, to make Prince EUGENE a favourite of MARS, or to carry on a correspondence between BELLONA and the Marshal de VILLARS, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is past sixteen. It is want of sufficient elevation in a genius to describe realities, and place them in a shining light, that makes him have recourse to such trifling antiquated fables; as a man may write a fine description of BACCHUS or APOLLO that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order, therefore, to put a stop to this absurd practice I shall publish the following edict, by virtue of that SPECTATORIAL *Authority* with which I stand invested.

'WHEREAS the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are several ingenious persons who intend to shew their talents on so happy an occasion; and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effusion of nonsense which we have good cause to apprehend; I do hereby strictly require every person who shall write on this subject, to remember that he is a Christian, and not to sacrifice his catechism to his poetry. In order to it I do expect of him in the first place to make his own poem, without depending upon PHŒBUS for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one of the MUSES by name. I do likewise positively forbid the sending of MERCURY with any particular message or dispatch relating to the PEACE, and shall by no means suffer MINERVA to take upon her the shape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further de-

clare, that I shall not allow the DESTINIES to have had a hand in the deaths of the several thousands who have been slain in the late war, being of opinion that all such deaths may be very well accounted for by the Christian system of powder and ball. I do, therefore, strictly forbid the FATES to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence whatsoever, unless it be for the sake of the rhyme. And whereas I have good reason to fear that NEPTUNE will have a great deal of business on his hands, in several poems which we may now suppose are upon the anvil, I do also prohibit his appearance, unless it be done in metaphor, simile, or any very short allusion; and that even here he be not permitted to enter but with great caution and circumspection. I desire that the same rule may be extended to his whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my design to condemn every poem to the flames in which JUPITER thunders, or exercises any other act of authority which does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no Pagan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related, which a man cannot give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend to several of the female poets in this nation, who still shall be left in full possession of their gods and goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been written.'

No. 524.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1712.

Nos populo damus——

SEN.

"As the world leads we follow."

A VISION.

WHEN I first of all took it into my head to write Dreams and Visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature which was not of my own invention. But several laborious Dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of Speculations would have been little else but a book of Visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest as to offer at an excuse for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentleman not past fifteen. I have likewise by me the dream of a person of quality, and another called the *Lady's* Dream. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowances will be made to the age, condition, and sex of the Dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all Dreamers of Dreams the advice which EPICTETUS has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise precept. "Never tell thy Dream," says that philosopher, "for though thou thyself mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it." After this short preface, I must do justice to two or

three visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to be written by other hands. I shall add a dream to these which comes to me from Scotland, by one who declares himself of that country; and, for all I know, may be second-sighted. There, is indeed, something in it of the spirit of JOHN BUNYAN; but at the same time a certain sublime which that author was never master of: I shall publish it, because I question not but it will fall in with the taste of all my popular readers, and amuse the imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring, at the same time, that this is the last dream which I intend to publish this season.

SIR,

'I WAS last Sunday in the evening led into a serious reflection on the reasonableness of Virtue, and great folly of Vice, from an excellent sermon I had heard that afternoon in my parish church. Among other observations, the preacher shewed us that the temptations which the tempter proposed were all on a supposition, that we are either madmen or fools, or with an intention to render us such; that in no other affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a case so plainly and clearly against our visible interest. His illustrations and arguments carried so much persuasion and conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh, and working in my memory; and until at last the mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the forcible oppressions of slumber and sleep, whilst fancy, unwilling yet to drop the subject, presented me with the following vision.

'*Methought* I was just awoke out of a sleep that I could never remember the beginning of; the place where I found myself to be was a wide and spacious plain, full of people that wandered up and down through several beaten paths, whereof some few were straight, and in direct lines, but most of them winding and turning

ing like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me afterwards that these last all met in one issue, so that many that seemed to steer quite contrary courses, did at length meet and face one another, to the no little amazement of many of them.

'In the midst of the plain there was a great fountain; they called it the spring of *Self-Love*; out of it issued two rivulets to the eastward and westward: the name of the first was *Heavenly-Wisdom*, its water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect; the other's name was *Worldly-Wisdom*, its water was thick, and yet far from being dormant or stagnating, for it was in a continual violent agitation; which kept the travellers, whom I shall mention by and by, from being sensible of the foulness and thickness of the water; which had this effect, that it intoxicated those who drank it, and made them mistake every object that lay before them. Both rivulets were parted near their springs into so many others, as there were straight and crooked paths, which attended all along to their respective issues.

'I observed from the several paths many now and then diverting, to refresh and otherwise qualify themselves for their journey, to the respective rivulets that ran near them; they contracted a very observable courage and steadiness in what they were about, by drinking these waters. At the end of the perspective of every straight path, all which did end in one issue and point, appeared a *high pillar*, all of diamond, casting rays as bright as those of the sun into the paths; which rays had also certain sympathizing and alluring virtues in them, so that whosoever had made some considerable progress in his journey onwards towards the pillar, by the repeated impression of these rays upon him, was wrought into an habitual inclination and conversion of his sight towards it, so that it grew at last in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kept steady in the straight paths, which alone

led to that radiant body, the beholding of which was now grown a gratification to his nature.

At the issue of the crooked paths there was a great *black tower*, out of the center of which streamed a long succession of flames, which did rise even above the clouds; it gave a very great light to the whole plain, which did sometimes outshine the light, and oppressed the beams of the *adamantine pillar*; though by the observation I made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for any diminution of light, but that this lay in the travellers, who would sometimes step out of straight paths, where they lost the full prospect of the radiant *pillar*, and saw it but side-ways: but the great light from the *black tower*, which was somewhat particularly scorching to them, would generally light and hasten them to their proper climate again.

'Round about the *black tower* there were, *methought*, many thousands of huge misshapen ugly monsters; these had great nets, which they were perpetually plying, and casting towards the crooked paths, and they would now and then catch up those that were nearest to them: these they took up straight, and whirled over the walls into the *flaming tower*, and they were no more seen nor heard of.

'They would sometimes cast their nets towards the right paths, to catch the stragglers, whose eyes, for want of drinking at the brook that ran by them, grew dim, whereby they lost their way: these would sometimes very narrowly miss being catched away, but I could not hear whether any of these had ever been so unfortunate, that had been before very hearty in the straight paths.

'I considered all these strange sights with great attention, until at last I was interrupted by a cluster of the travellers in the crooked paths, who came up to me, bid me go along with them, and presently fell to singing and dancing; they took me by the hand, and so carried me away along with them. After I had followed them a considerable while, I perceived I had lost the *black tower*

tower of light, at which I greatly wondered: but as I looked and gazed round about me, and saw nothing, I began to fancy my first vision had been but a dream, and there was no such thing in reality; but then I considered that if I could fancy to see what was not, I might as well have an allusion wrought on me at present, and not see what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this thought, by the effect I then just observed the water of *Worldly-Wisdom* had upon me; for, as I had drank a little of it again, I felt a very sensible effect in my head; *methought* it distracted and disordered all there; this made me stop of a sudden, suspecting some charm or enchantment. As I was casting about within myself what I should do, and whom to apply to in this case, I spied at some distance off me a man beckoning, and making signs to me to come over to him. I *cried* to him, *I did not know the way.* He then called to me audibly, to step at least out of the path I was in; for if I stayed there any longer, I was in danger to be catched in a great net that was just hanging over me, and ready to catch me up; that he wondered I was so blind, or so distracted, as not to see so imminent and visible a danger, assuring me, that as soon as I was out of that way, he would come to me to lead me into a more secure path. This I did, and he brought me his palm full of the water of *Heavenly-Wisdom*, which was of very great use to me, for my eyes were straight cleared, and I saw the great *black-tower* just before me; but the great net which I spied so near me cast me in such a terror, that I ran back as far as I could in one breath, without looking behind me. Then my benefactor thus bespoke me: "You have made the wonderfullest escape in the world, the water you used to drink is of a bewitching nature, you would else have been mightily shocked at the deformities and meanness of the place: for, beside the set of blind fools in whose company you was, you may now behold many others who are only bewitched after another no less dangerous manner.

Look

Look a little that way; there goes a crowd of passengers; they have indeed so *good a head* as not to suffer themselves to be blinded by this bewitching water; the *black tower* is not vanished out of their sight, they see it whenever they look up to it; but see how they go sideways, and with their eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that they may thus rush into the net, without being before-hand troubled at the thought of so miserable a destruction. Their wills are so perverse, and their hearts so fond of the pleasures of the place, that rather than forego them they will run all hazards, and venture upon all the miseries and woes before them.

"See there that other company: though they should drink none of the bewitching water, yet they take a course bewitching and deluding; see how they choose the crookedest paths, whereby they have often the *black tower* behind them, and sometimes see the *radiant column* sideways, which gives them some weak glimpse of it. These fools content themselves with that, not knowing whether any other have any more of its influence and light than themselves: this road is called that of *Superstition* or *Human Invention*; they grossly overlook that which the rules and laws of the place prescribe to them, and contrive some other scheme, and set off directions and prescriptions for themselves, which they hope will serve their turn." He shewed me many other kinds of fools, which put me quite out of humour with the place. At last he carried me to the right paths, where I found true and solid pleasure, which entertained me all the way, until we came in closer sight of the *pillar*, where the satisfaction increased to that measure that my faculties were not able to contain it; in the straining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vanishing of so pleasing a dream.'

Glasgow, Sept. 29.*

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* This paper is said to have been written by Professor SIMPSON of Glasgow.

N°. 525.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1712.

Ὁ δ' ἱέρτο σώφρον' ἀρετᾶς τ' ἄγων ἔρως,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν.

"That love alone which virtue's laws controul
"Deserves reception in the human soul."

ON VIRTUOUS LOVE.

IT is my custom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring from time to time what success my speculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find, in particular, that my discourses on *Marriage* have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to understand, from Doctors-Commons, that more licences have been taken out there of late than usual. I am likewise informed of several *pretty fellows*, who have resolved to commence heads of families by the first favourable opportunity. One of them writes me word that he is ready to enter into the bonds of Matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may shew his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be ashamed to treat a woman with kindness who puts herself into his power for life.

I have other letters on this subject, which say that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the consequence of it will be that a great deal of the sprightliest wit and satire of the last age will be lost; that a bashful fellow, upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to stand the raillery of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heiress of her fortune,

fortune, nor pretend that he uses her ill, to avoid the ridiculous name of a fond husband.

Indeed, if I may speak my opinion of great part of the writings which once prevailed among us under the notion of humour, they are such as would tempt one to think there had been an association among the wits of those times to rally Legitimacy out of our island. A state of wedlock was the common mark of all the adventures in a farce and comedy, as well as the essayers in lampoon and satire, to shoot at; and nothing was a more standing jest, in all clubs of fashionable mirth and gay conversation. It was determined among those airy critics, that the appellation of a *sober man* should signify a *spiritless fellow*. And I am apt to think it was about the same time that *good-nature*, a word so peculiarly elegant in our language, that some have affirmed it cannot well be expressed in any other, came first to be rendered suspicious, and in danger of being transferred from it original sense to so distant an idea as that of *folly*.

I must confess it has been my ambition, in the course of my writings, to restore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the subject of Marriage in several papers, I shall here add some farther observations which occur to me on the same head.

Nothing seems to be thought, by our fine gentlemen, so indispensable an ornament in fashionable life, as *Love*. "A knight errant," says Don QUIXOTE, "without a mistress, is like a tree without leaves," and a man of mode among us, who has not some fair one to sigh for, might as well pretend to appear dressed *without his periwig*. We have Lovers in prose innumerable. All our pretenders to rhyme are professed inamoratos; and there is scarce a poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some real or supposed SACCHARISSA to improve his vein.

If love be any refinement, *conjugal love* must be certainly

certainly so in a much higher degree. There is no comparison between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amusement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourself valuable, both as a Friend and Lover, to one whom you have chosen to be the companion of your life. The first is the spring of a thousand fopperies, silly artifices, falsehoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at best rises no higher than to a kind of dancing-school breeding, to give the person a more sparkling air. The latter is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The passion of Love to a mistress, even where it is most sincere, resembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of *good-nature* to their wives, were to be compared with those written by men of *gallantry* to their mistresses, the former, notwithstanding any inequality of style, would appear to have the advantage. Friendship, tenderness, and constancy, dressed in a simplicity of expression, recommend themselves by a more native elegance, than passionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and slavish adoration. If we were admitted to search the cabinet of the beautiful NARCISSA, among heaps of epistles from several admirers, which are there preserved with equal care, how few should we find but would make any one sick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a style must the wise BENEVOLUS, who converses with that good sense and good humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmost affection? BENEVOLUS, both in public and private, and all occasions of life, appears to have every good quality and desirable ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and esteemed: at home beloved and happy. The satisfaction he enjoys

there settles into an habitual complacency, which shines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and seasons his conversation. Even those of his acquaintance, who have never seen him in his retirement, are sharers in the happiness of it; and it is very much owing to his being the best and best beloved of husbands, that he is the most steadfast of friends, and the most agreeable of companions.

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of *domestic life*. The happiness of the *conjugal state* appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of when we see two persons of accomplished minds, not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements and diversions. PLINY, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers of the age in which he lived, has left us in his letter to HISPULLA, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family *pieces* of this kind I have ever met with. I shall end this discourse with a translation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that *conjugal love* is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

PLINY TO HISPULLA.

'As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings

ings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shews when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight she feasts upon my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master except Love, the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who in your house was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, an even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity."

N°. 526.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1712.

——Fortius utere loris.

OVID. MET. ii. 127.

"Keep a stiff rein."

ADDISON.

A LETTER ON HACKNEY COACHES.

I AM very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own hand, until I am forced by provocation too great to be suffered without the absolute destruction of my *Spectatorial Dignity*. The crimes of these offenders are placed under the observation of one of my chief officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the pass between London and Westminster. As I have great confidence in the capacity, resolution, and integrity of the person deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I shall soon have before me all proper notices which are requisite for the amendment of manners in public, and the instruction of each individual of the human species in what is due from him in respect to the whole body of mankind. The present paper shall consist only of the above-mentioned letter, and the copy of a deputation which I have given to my trusty friend Mr. JOHN SLY; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is necessary for my animadversion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correspondent, as well as all others described in the said deputation.

TO

TO THE

SPECTATOR GENERAL OF GREAT BRITAIN.

'I grant it does look a little familiar, but I must call you

DEAR DUMB,

'BEING got again to the farther end of the Widow's Coffee-house, I shall from hence give you some account of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen since my last. These indefatigable gentlemen, * without the least design, I dare say, of self-interest or advantage to themselves, do still ply as volunteers day and night for the good of their country. I will not trouble you with enumerating many particulars, but I must by no means omit to inform you of an infant about six *foot* high, and between twenty and thirty years of age, who was seen in the arms of a hackney-coachman, driving by Will's Coffee-house in Covent-Garden, between the hours of four and five in the afternoon of that very day wherein you published a memorial against them. This impudent young cur, though he could not sit *in* a coach-box without holding, yet would he venture his neck to bid defiance to your *Spectatorial Authority*, or to any thing that you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but I heard this relation this morning from a gentleman who was an eye witness of this his impudence; and I was willing to take the first opportunity to inform you of him, as holding it extremely requisite that you should nip him in the bud. But I am myself most con-

* Mrs. SELWYN, a satirical lady in *Evelina*, hearing two men of fashion boasting of their ability in driving phaetons, says, "Such enterprises are very proper for those men of rank, who are unfit for any other employment." Perhaps the humorous and contemptible character of GOLDFINCH, in the *Road to Ruin*, may have given a different direction to the exertions of some of those men of fashion, who heretofore accounted the knowledge, dexterity, and exploits of grooms and coachmen, honourable to gentlemen and noblemen.

cerned for my fellow-templars, fellow-students, and fellow-labourers in the law. I mean such of them as are dignified and distinguished under the denomination of hackney-coachmen. Such aspiring minds have these ambitious young men, that they cannot enjoy themselves *out* of a coach-box. It is, however, an unspeakable comfort to me, that I can now tell you that some of them are grown so bashful as to study only in the night-time, or in the country. The other night I spied one of our young gentlemen very diligent at his lucubrations in Fleet-street; and, by the way, I should be under some concern lest this hard student should one time or other crack his brain with studying, but that I am in hopes Nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great undertakings he was designed for. Another of my fellow-templars on Thursday last was getting up into his study at the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, in order, I suppose, to contemplate in the fresh air. Now, Sir, my request is, that the great modesty of these two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to the rest: and if you would but give them two or three touches with your own pen, though you might not perhaps prevail with them to desist entirely from their meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at least preserve them from being public spectacles of folly in our streets. I say, two or three touches with your own pen; for I have really observed, Mr. SPEC, that those Spectators which are so prettily laced down the sides with inverted commas, how instructive soever they may be, do not carry with them that authority as the others. I do again therefore desire, that, for the sake of their dear necks, you would bestow one penful of your own ink upon them. I know you are loth to expose them; and it is, I must confess, a thousand pities that any young gentleman, who is come of honest parents, should be brought to public shame. And indeed I should be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at the first; but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way

way to reclaim them but by making use of some wholesome severities; and I think it is better that a dozen or two of such good-for-nothing fellows should be made examples of, than that the reputation of some hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myself should suffer through their folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but, in short, if our coachmen will drive on this trade, the very first of them that I do find meditating in the street, I shall make bold to *take the number of his chambers*, together with a note of his name, and dispatch them to you, that you may chastise him at your own discretion.

I am,

Dear SPEC,

For ever yours,

MOSES GREENBAG, Esq. if you please.'

P. S. 'TOM HAMMERCLOTH, one of our coachmen, is now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, but has a little too much vehemence, and throws out his arms too much to take his audience with a good grace.'

To my loving and well-beloved JOHN SLY, haberdasher of hats, and tobacconist, between the cities of London and Westminster.

WHEREAS frequent disorders, affronts, indignities, omissions, and trespasses, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently disturb and disquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your residence; and that you are, as well by your commodious situation, as the good parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the observation of the said offences; I do hereby authorize and depute you, from the hours of nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, to keep a strict eye upon all persons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot, from the city of London to the city of

Westminster, or from the city of Westminster to the city of London, within the said hours. You are therefore not to depart from your observatory at the end of Devereux Court during the said space of each day, but to observe the behaviour of all persons who are suddenly transported from stamping on pebbles to sit at ease in chariots, what notice they take of their foot-acquaintance, and send me the speediest advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and distant to, their old friends. When man and wife are in the same coach, you are to see whether they appear pleased or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world, between fondness and coldness. You are carefully to behold all such as shall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preserve the countenance they had before such addition. As to persons on foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their condition, and are dressed suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreet, by a low-heel shoe, with the decent ornament of a leather garter: to write down the names of such country-gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat; of all who strut, make a noise, and swear at the drivers of coaches to make haste, when they see it impossible they should pass: of all young gentlemen *in* coach boxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are sure to be excelled by the meanest of the people. You are to do all that in you lies, that coaches and passengers give way according to the course of business, all the morning in term-time, towards Westminster, the rest of the year towards the Exchange. Upon these directions, together with other secret articles herein enclosed, you are to govern yourself, and give advertisement thereof to me, at all convenient and *Spectatorial* hours, when men of business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my seal of office.

T. *THE SPECTATOR.*

N°. 527.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1712.

Facile invenies & pejorem, & pejus moratam;
Meliorem neque tu reperies, neque sol videt.

PLAUTUS IN STICHO.

"You will easily find a worse woman; a better the sun never shone upon."

LETTERS.

I AM so tender of my women-readers that I cannot defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happiness or quiet. The repose of a married woman is consulted in the first of the following letters, and the felicity of a maiden lady in the second. I call it a felicity to have the addresses of an agreeable man: and I think I have not any where seen a prettier application of a poetical story than that of this, in making the tale of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS the history picture of a fan in so gallant a manner as he addresses it. But see the letters:

MR. SPECTATOR,

'IT is now almost three months since I was in town about some business; and the hurry of it being over, I took a coach one afternoon, and drove to see a relation, who married about six years ago a wealthy citizen. I found her at home, but her husband gone to the Exchange, and expected back within an hour at the farthest. After the usual salutations of kindness, and a hundred questions about friends in the country, we sat down to piquet, played two or three games, and drank tea. I

should have told you that this was my second time of seeing her since marriage; but before she lived at the same town where I went to school; so that the plea of a relation, added to the innocence of my youth, prevailed upon her good-humour to indulge me in a freedom of conversation, as often, and oftener, than the strict discipline of the school would allow of. You may easily imagine, after such an acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any offence; as in calling to mind how many inventions I have been put to in deluding the master, how many hands forged for excuses, how many times been sick in perfect health; for I was then never sick but at school, and only then because out of her company. We had whiled away three hours after this manner, when I found it past five; and not expecting her husband would return until late, rose up, and told her I should go early next morning to the country. She kindly answered she was afraid it would be long before she saw me again; so I took my leave, and parted. Now, Sir, I had not been got home a fortnight, when I received a letter from a neighbour of theirs, that ever since that fatal afternoon the lady has been most inhumanly treated, and the husband publicly stormed that he was made a member of too numerous a society. He had, it seems, listened most of the time my cousin and I were together. As jealous ears always hear double, so he heard enough to make him mad; and as jealous eyes always see through magnifying glasses, so he was certain it could not be I whom he had seen, a beardless stripling, but fancied he saw a gay gentleman of the Temple, ten years older than myself; and for that reason, I presume, durst not come in, nor take any notice when I went out. He is perpetually asking his wife if she does not think the time long (as she said she should) until she see her cousin again. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this case? I have writ to him to assure him I was at his house all that afternoon expecting to see him. His answer is, it is only a trick

of

of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting kiss I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his errors. BEN JONSON, as I remember, makes a foreigner, in one of his comedies, *admire the desperate valour of the bold* English, *who let out their wives to all encounters.* The general custom of salutation should excuse the favour done me, or you should lay down rules when such distinctions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, Sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's misfortune, and beg you would insert this letter, that the husband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It is no small matter, the ease of a virtuous woman for her whole life. I know she will conform to any regularities (though more strict than the common rules of our country require) to which his particular temper shall incline him to oblige her. This accident puts me in mind how generously PISISTRATUS, the Athenian tyrant, behaved himself on a like occasion, when he was instigated by his wife to put to death a young gentleman, because, being passionately fond of his daughter, he had kissed her in public as he met her in the street. *What* (said he) *shall we do to those who are our enemies, if we do thus to those who are our friends?* I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned lest this accident may cause a virtuous lady to lead a miserable life with a husband, who has no grounds for his jealousy but what I have faithfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. It is to be feared too, if at last he sees his mistake, yet people will be as slow and unwilling in disbelieving scandal as they are quick and forward in believing it. I shall endeavour to enliven this plain honest letter with OVID's relation about CYBELE's image. The ship wherein it was aboard was stranded at the mouth of the Tiber, and the men were unable to move it, until CLAUDIA, a virgin, but suspected of unchastity,

by a slight pull hauled it in. The story is told in the fourth book of the *Fasti*.

" Parent of gods, began the weeping fair,
Reward or punish, but oh! hear my pray'r:
If lewdness e'er defil'd my virgin bloom,
From heav'n with justice I receive my doom;
But if my honour yet has known no stain,
Thou, goddess, thou my innocence maintain;
Thou, whom the nicest rules of goodness sway'd,
Vouchsafe to follow an unblemish'd maid.
She spoke, and touch'd the cord with glad surprise,
(The truth was witness'd by ten thousand eyes)
The pitying goddess easily comply'd,
Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her guide;
While CLAUDIA, blushing still for past disgrace,
March'd silent on, with a slow solemn pace;
Nor yet from some was all distrust remov'd,
Tho' heaven such virtue by such wonders prov'd."

I am, SIR,
Your very humble servant,
PHILAGNOTES.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will oblige a languishing lover if you will please to print the enclosed verses in your next paper. If you remember the Metamorphosis, you know PROCRIS, the fond wife of CEPHALUS, is said to have made her husband, who delighted in the sports of the wood, a present of an unerring javelin. In process of time he was so much in the forest, that his lady suspected he was pursuing some nymph, under the pretence of following a chase more innocent. Under the suspicion she hid herself among the trees, to observe his motions. While she lay concealed, her husband, tired with the labour of hunting, came within her hearing. As he was fainting with

with heat he cried out, *Aura veni; Oh, charming air, approach!*

'The unfortunate wife, taking the word *Air* to be the name of a woman, began to move among the bushes; and the husband, believing it a deer, threw his javelin, and killed her. This history, painted on a fan, which I presented to a lady, gave occasion to my growing poetical.

"Come, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While PROCRIS panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle air! the fairer DELIA cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play.
In DELIA's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor did that fabled dart more surely wound.
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives;
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities PROCRIS, while her Lover dies."*

* The last letter and the verses are by POPE.

N°. 528.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1712.

Dum potuit, solitâ genitum virtute repressit.

OVID. MET. ix. 163.

"With wonted fortitude she bore the smart,
And not a groan confess'd her burning heart."

GAY.

ON CELIBACY.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you am a woman loaded with injuries; and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are such which are overlooked by the generality of mankind; and though the most afflicting imaginable, not regarded as such in the general sense of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind; but have now taken pen, ink, and paper, and am resolved to unbosom myself to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the sex. You have very often mentioned particular hardships done to this or that lady; but methinks you have not, in any one speculation, directly pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreasonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only circumstance in which we are necessarily to have a commerce with them, that of Love. The case of Celibacy is the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that state, with the ridicule to which women are exposed, though ever so virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the greatest irregularities of this nation. To shew you, Sir, that though you never have given us the catalogue of a lady's library, as you promised, we read books of our own

own choosing, I shall insert, on this occasion, a paragraph or two out of ECHARD's *Roman History*. In the 44th page of the second volume, the author observes that AUGUSTUS, upon his return to Rome at the end of a war, received complaints that too great a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. The Emperor thereupon assembled the whole equestrian order; and, having separated the married from the single, did particular honours to the former: but he told the latter, that is to say, Mr. SPECTATOR, he told the Bachelors, "That their lives and actions had been so peculiar, that he knew not by what name to call them; not by that of Men, for they performed nothing that was manly; not by that of Citizens, for the city might perish notwithstanding their care; nor by that of Romans, for they designed to extirpate the Roman name." 'Then, proceeding to shew his tender care and hearty affection for his people, he further told them, "That their course of life was of such pernicious consequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman nation that he could not choose but tell them, that all other crimes put together could not equalize theirs, for they were guilty of murder, in not suffering those to be born which should proceed from them; of impiety, in causing the names and honours of their ancestors to cease; and of sacrilege, in destroying their kind, which proceed from the immortal Gods, and human nature, the principal thing consecrated to them; therefore, in this respect, they dissolved the government in disobeying its laws; betrayed their country by making it barren and waste; nay, and demolished their city, in depriving it of inhabitants. And he was sensible that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue or abstinence, but from a looseness and wantonness which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government." There are no particulars dwelt upon that let us into the conduct of these young worthies, whom this great Emperor treated with so much justice and indignation; but any

one

one who observes what passes in this town may very well frame to himself a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted but these Romans never passed any of their time innocently but when they were asleep, and never slept but when they were weary and heavy with excesses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the repetition of them. If you did your duty as a Spectator, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages, and burials; and when you had deducted out of yur deaths all such as went out of the world without marrying, then cast up the number of both sexes born within such a term of years last past; you might, from the single people departed, make some useful inferences, or guesses how many there are left unmarried, and raise some useful scheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain lascivious manner which all our young gentlemen use in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own which is a downright affront to modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion is returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to some flippant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared at the same time is an house-keeper; for you must know they have got into an humour of late of being very regular in their sins; and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable house-keepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated by all the world below them, and a general dissolution of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, without

out

out shame or reprehension in the male youth. It is from this one fountain that so many beautiful helpless young women are sacrificed and given up to lewdness, shame, poverty, and disease. It is to this also that so many excellent young women, who might be patterns of conjugal affection, and parents of a worthy race, pine under unhappy passions for such as have not attention to observe, or virtue enough to prefer them to their common wenches. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, I must be free to own to you that I myself suffer a tasteless insipid being, from a consideration I have for a man who would not, as he has said in my hearing, resign his liberty, as he calls it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole sex is possessed of. Such calamities as these would not happen, if it could possibly be brought about that, by fining Bachelors as Papists convict, or the like, they were distinguished to their disadvantage from the rest of the world, who fall in with the measures of civil society. Lest you should think I speak this as being, according to the senseless rude phrase, a malicious old maid, I shall acquaint you I am a woman of condition, not now three-and twenty, and have had proposals from at least ten different men, and the greater number of them have upon the upshot refused me. Something or other is always amiss when the lover takes to some new wench. A settlement is easily excepted against; and there is very little recourse to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's self away upon some lifeless blockhead, who, though he is without vice, is also without virtue. Now-a-days we must be contented if we can get creatures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. Mr. SPECTATOR, I sat near you the other day, and think I did not displease your Spectatorial eye-sight; which I shall be a better judge of when I see whether you take notice of these evils your own way, or print this memorial dictated from the disdainful heavy heart of, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. *RACHEL WELLADAY.*

No. 529.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1712.

Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.

HOR. ARS. POET. 92.

"Let every thing have its due place."

ROSCOMMON.

ON AUTHORS OF DIFFERENT SIZES OF BOOKS.

UPON the hearing of several late disputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amusing myself with some observations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean at large all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers, I have observed that the author of a *folio*, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a *quarto*; the author of a *quarto* above the author of an *octavo*; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in *twenty-fours*. This distinction is so well observed that, in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a *folio* writer place himself in an elbow chair, when the author of a *Duodecimo* has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors were usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute *pocket* author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stiched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day in the week. I do not find that the precedency

among the individuals in this latter class of writers is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer, until my daily papers were gathered into those two firs volumes which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all pamphleteers, but of every *octavo* writer in Great Britain that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller that six *octavos* have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a *folio*; which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper-manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others; and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every Doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above 'squires; this last order of men, being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together in a class below the three *learned professions*. I mention this for the sake of several rural 'squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to *The Present State of England*, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want

of

of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all occasions by several laws peculiar to their body; I mean the players or actors of both sexes. Among these it is a standing and uncontroverted principle, that a Tragedian always takes place of a Comedian; and it is very well known, the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buskin. It is a stage-maxim, *Once a King and always a King*. For this reason it would be thought very absurd in Mr. BULLOCK, notwithstanding the height and gracefulness of his person, to sit at the right hand of an hero, though he were but five foot high. The same distinction is observed among the ladies of the Theatre. Queens and heroines preserve their rank in private conversation, while those who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the stage keep their distance also behind the scenes.

I shall only add that, by a parity of reason, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be seated, served, or saluted, before comic-writers; those who deal in tragi-comedy usually taking their seats between the authors of either side. There has been a long dispute for precedency between the tragic and heroic Poets. ARISTOTLE would have the latter yield the *pas* to the former; but Mr. DRYDEN, and many others, would never submit to this decision. Burlesque writers pay the same deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their serious brothers in the Drama.

By this short table of laws order is kept up and, distinction preserved, in the whole REPUBLIC of LETTERS.

No. 530.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1712.

Sic visum VENERI; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga ahenea
Sævo miterre cum joco.

HOR. 1. OD. xxiii. 10.

"Thus VENUS sports: the rich, the base,
"Unlike in fortune and in face,
"To disagreeing love provokes;
"When cruelly jocose,
"She ties the fatal noose,
"And binds unequals to the brazen yokes."

CREECH.

MARRIAGE OF WILL HONEYCOMB.

IT is very usual for those who have been severe upon Marriage, in some part or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to see their raillery return upon their own heads. I scarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not, sooner or later, pay for it. MARRIAGE, which is a blessing to another man, falls upon such an one as a judgment. Mr. CONGREVE's *Old Bachelor* is set forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In short, those who have most distinguished themselves by railing at the sex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by choosing one of the most worthless persons of it for a companion and yoke-fellow. HYMEN takes his revenge in kind on those who turn his mysteries into ridicule.

My friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who was so unmercifully witty upon the women in a couple of letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample satisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our Club by the last post. The TEMPLAR is very positive that he has married a dairy-maid; but WILL, in his letter to me on this occasion, sets the best face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his spouse. I must confess I suspected something more than ordinary, when upon opening the letter I found that WILL was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed Dear SPEC, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into *My worthy Friend*, and described himself in the letter end at full length WILLIAM HONEYCOMB. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain WILL HONEYCOMB, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases, which have made my friend WILL often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

'I QUESTION not but you, and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my

estate I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letters with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means the whole Club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a good heir to my estate; and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falsely called the gifts of birth, high titles, and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, strong bodies and healthy constitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my share in their graces, but no more of that. It shall be my business hereafter to live the life of an honest man, and to act as becomes the master of a family. I question not but I shall draw upon me the raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of *The Marriage Hater Matched;* but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I saw such a tribe of fashionable young fluttering coxcombs shot up that I did not think my post of an *Homme de Ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain stiffness in my limbs, which entirely destroyed the jantiness of air I was once master of. Besides, for I may now confess my age to thee, I have been eight and forty above these twelve years. Since my retire-

ment into the country will make a vacancy in the Club, I could wish that you would fill up my place with my friend TOM DAPPERWIT. He has an infinite deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, as I have said before, I shall endeavour to live hereafter suitable to a man in my station, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband, a careful father, (when it shall so happen), and as

Your most sincere friend,

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

O.*

* The slippancy, cant phrases, and ignorance of the men of the town of those days is admirably exhibited by ADDISON in the character of WILL HONEYCOMB. As we have already observed, such frivolity and ignorance now are hardly to be found among any of the rank of gentlemen. Cant phrases, such as *bore*, *fierce as fire*, and others of the same description, which have no determinate idea annexed to them, are left, as they ought to be, to the lower orders, with whom the ignorant now rank. The Captain ARESBY of Miss BURNEY has probably tended, in a great degree, to dispel this jargon from genteel company.

No. 531.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1712.

Qui mare & terras variisque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur Ipso,
Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.

HOR. I. OD. XII. 15.

"Who guides below, and rules above,
"The great disposer, and the mighty King:
"Than he none greater, like him none,
"That can be, is, or was;
"Supreme he singly fills the throne."

CREECH.

THE SUPREME BEING.

SIMONIDES being asked by DIONYSIUS the tyrant what GOD was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired he desired two days; and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double the time to consider of it. This great Poet and Philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the DIVINE BEING, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature. And since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in an human soul be-

comes an attribute in GOD. We exist in place and time; the Divine BEING fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. We are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge; the Divine BEING is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfection in ONE BEING, we form our idea of the Great SOVEREIGN of *Nature*.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. LOCKE's authority to the same purpose, out of his *Essay on Human Understanding*. 'If we examine the *idea* we have of the Incomprehensible Supreme BEING, we shall find that we come by it the same way; and that the complex *ideas* we have both of GOD and separate spirits, are made up of the simple *ideas* we receive from *reflection*: *v. g.* having, from what we experience in ourselves, got the *ideas* of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities and powers, which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an *idea* the most suitable we can to the Supreme BEING, we enlarge every one of these with our own *idea* of infinity; and so putting them together make our complex *idea* of GOD."

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in an human soul; but it is impossible that we should have the ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would, therefore, be very high presumption to determine whether the Supreme BEING has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that, if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the DIVINE Nature.

Several eminent Philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing

springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the DIVINE Nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the sovereign BEING, the Great AUTHOR of Nature, has in him all possible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree*; to speak according to our methods of conceiving, I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this Infinite BEING as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. *There is no end of his* GREATNESS. The most exalted creature he has made is only capable of adoring it, none but himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the Son of SIRACH is very just and sublime in this light. "By his word, all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum HE is ALL. How shall we be able to magnify HIM? for HE is great above all HIS works. The LORD is terrible and very great; and marvellous in HIS power. When you glorify the LORD exalt HIM as much as you can; for even yet will HE far exceed. And when you exalt HIM, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen HIM, that he might tell us? and who can magnify HIM as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of HIS works."

I have here only considered the Supreme BEING by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his Mercy we must have recourse to Revelation, which represents him to us not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But at this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, though, indeed, it can never be sufficiently con

sidered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty BEING. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of Him, and annihilate ourselves before Him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before HIM who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise qicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to HIM by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme BEING would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using HIS name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a Gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful inquirer into the Works of NATURE than any other our nation has ever produced. 'He had the profoundest veneration for the great GOD of Heaven and Earth that I have ever observed in any person. The very name of GOD was never mentioned by him without a pause and a visible stop in his discourse; in which, one that knew him most particularly above twenty years, has told me that he was so exact, that he does not remember to have observed him once to fail in it.'

Every

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name so great, wonderful, and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases and works of humour? Not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries! It would be an affront to Reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and prophaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of Nature, not to say Religion, is not utterly extinguished.

O.

N°. 532.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1712.

——— Fungor vice cotis acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.

HOR. ARS POET. ver. 304.

"I play the whetstone: useless and unfit
"To cut myself, I sharpen others wit."

CREECH.

VERSES OF MR. POPE, AND OF MR. TICKELL.

IT is a very honest action to be studious to produce other men's merit; and I make no scruple of saying, I have as much of this temper as any man in the world. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any man may be master of, who will take pains enough for it. Much observation of the unworthiness in being pained at the excellence of another, will bring you to a scorn of yourself for that unwillingness: and when you have got so far you will find it a greater pleasure than you ever before knew to be zealous in promoting the fame and welfare of the praise-worthy. I do not speak this as pretending to be a mortified self-denying man, but as one who had turned his ambition into a right channel. I claim to myself the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a person of the greatest abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other means; * to have animated a few young gentlemen into worthy pursuits, who will be a glory to our age; and at all times, and by all possible means in my power,

* ADDISON.

power, undermined the interest of ignorance, vice, and folly, and attempted to substitute in their stead learning, piety, and good sense. It is from this honest heart that I find myself honoured as a gentleman-usher to the arts and sciences. Mr. TICKELL and Mr. POPE have, it seems, this idea of *me*. The former has writ me an excellent paper of verses in praise, forsooth, of myself; and the other enclosed for my perusal an admirable poem, * which I hope will shortly see the light. In the mean time I cannot suppress any thought of his, but insert this sentiment about the dying words of ADRIAN. † I will not determine in the case he mentions; but have thus much to say in favour of his argument, that many of his own works which I have seen, convince me that very pretty and very sublime sentiments may be lodged in the same bosom without diminution of its greatness.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor ADRIAN spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy that prince in those circumstances. I could not but dissent from this opinion. Methinks it was by no means a gay but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of his departure: in which sense I naturally took these verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them;

"Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec (ut soles) dabis joca!"

Alas,

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* *The Temple of Fame.* See POPE'S works, vol. v. p. 187. Edit. 12mo. Lond. 1770; and Mr. TICKELL'S poems.

† POPE'S works, *ut supra*, p. 185, &c.

Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it, whither art thou flying? To what unknown region? Thou art all trembling, fearful, and pensive. Now what is become of thy former wit and humour? Thou shall jest, and be gay no more. I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this; it is the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we consider the emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that it was scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula, blandula,* and the rest, appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern: such as we find in CATULLUS, and the authors of *Hendecasyllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses. If you think me right in my notion of the last words of ADRIAN, be pleased to insert this in the *Spectator;* if not, to suppress it.

I am, &c.'

TO THE

SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR.

IN courts licentious, and a shameless stage, *
How long the war shall Wit with Virtue wage?
Enchanted by this prostituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal snare;
In height of rapture clasp unheeded pains,
And suck pollution through their tingling veins.

Thy spotless thoughts unshock'd the priest may hear,
And the pure vestal in her bosom wear.

To

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* By Mr. TICKELL.

To conscious blushes and diminish'd pride
Thy glass betrays what treach'rous Love would hide;
Nor harsh thy precepts, but infus'd by stealth,
Please while they cure, and cheat us into health.
Thy works in CHLOE'S toilet gain a part,
And with his tailor share the fopling's heart:
Lash'd in thy satire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himself, and finds no harm in Wit:
From felon gamesters the raw 'squire is free,
And Britain owes her rescu'd oaks to thee, *
His miss the *frolic* Viscount † dreads to toast,
Or his third cure the shallow templar boast;
And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.

The brainless stripling, who, expell'd to town,
Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
A sant'ring tribe! such, born to wide estates,
With *yea* and *no* in senates hold debates:
At length despis'd, each to his field retires,
First with the dogs, and King amidst the squires;
From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight
Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light;
Fame, Heav'n, and Hell, are thy exalted theme,
And visions such as JOVE himself might dream;
Man sunk to slav'ry, though to glory born,
Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.

Such hints alone could British VIRGIL lend, ‡
And thou alone deserve from such a friend:

A debt

* Mr. TICKELL alludes here to STEELE'S papers against the *Sharpers*, &c. in the *Tatler*, and particularly to a letter in *Tat.* No. 73, signed WILL TRUSTY, and written by Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

† Viscount BOLINGBROKE.

‡ This was intended as a compliment to ADDISON, who was said by his friends to resemble VIRGILL in his taste, his genius, and his poems.

A debt so borow'd is illustrious Fame,
And Fame when shar'd with him is double Fame:
So flush'd with sweets, by Beauty's Queen bestow'd,
With more than mortal charms ÆNEAS glow'd.
Such gen'rous strifes EUGENE and MARLBRO' try,
And as in Glory so in Friendship vie.

Permit these lines by thee to live—nor blame
A muse that pants and languishes for Fame;
That fears to sink when humbled themes she sings,
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee, I prophesy my rhymes
The praise of virgins in succeeding times:
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,
But stand protected as inspir'd by thee.

So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
JOVE'S tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;
Thro' the new pupil fost'ring juices flow,
Thrust forth the gems, and give the flow'rs to blow
Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL.

MR. JOHN SLY *humbly sheweth,*

'THAT upon reading the deputation given to the said Mr. JOHN SLY, all persons passing by his observatory behaved themselves with the same decorum as if your honour yourself had been present.

'That your said Officer is preparing, according to your honour's secret instructions, hats for the several kinds of heads that make figures in the realms of Great Britain, with cocks significant of their powers and faculties.

'That

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poems. Impartial critics, though they may admire ADDISON, will think that much too high a praise. He may resemble VIRGIL in delicacy of taste, but that he does not resemble him in genius or in poetry, would be as easy, as unnecessary, to shew to every man of letters.

'That your said Officer has taken due notice of your instructions and admonitions concerning the internals of the head from the outward form of the same. His hats for men of the faculties of law and physic do but just turn up, to give a little life to their sagacity; his military hats glare full in the face; and he has prepared a familiar easy cock for all good companions between the above-mentioned extremes. For this end he has consulted the most learned of his acquaintance for the true form and dimensions of the *Lepidum Caput*, and made a hat fit for it.

'Your said Officer does further represent, that the young divines about town are many of them got into the cock military, and desires your instructions therein.

'That the town has been for several days very well behaved, and farther your said Officer saith not.'

T.

N°. 533.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1712.

Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, una si parum est:
Et si duarum pœnitebit, addentur duæ.

PLAUT.

"Nay, says he, if one is too little, I will give you two;
"And if two will not satisfy you, I will add two more."

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD THE OFFER OF FOUR SISTERS.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

"YOU have often given us very excellent discourses against that unnatural custom of parents in forcing their children to marry contrary to their inclinations. My own case, without farther preface, I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My father and mother both being in declining years would fain see me, their eldest son, as they call it, settled. I am as much for that as they can be; but I must be settled, it seems, not according to my own, but their liking. Upon this account I am teased every day, because I have not yet fallen in love, in spite of nature, with one of a neighbouring gentleman's daughters; for, out of their abundant generosity, they give me the choice of four. "JACK," begins my father, "Mrs. CATHARINE is a fine woman."—"Yes, Sir, but she is rather too old."—"She will make the more discreet manager, boy." Then my mother plays her part.—"Is not Mrs. BETTY exceeding fair?"—"Yes, Madam, but she is of no conversation; she has no fire, no agreeable vivacity; she neither speaks nor looks with spirit."—"True, son;

but for those very reasons she will be an eay, soft, obliging, tractable creature."—"After all," cries an old aunt, (who belongs to the class of those who read plays with spectacles on) "what think you, nephew, of proper Mrs. DOROTHY?"—"What do I think! Why, I think she cannot be above six *foot** two inches high."—"Well, well, you may banter as long as you please, but height of stature is commanding and majestic."—"Come, come," says a cousin of mine in the family, "I will fit him; FIDELIA is yet behind—Pretty Miss FIDDY must please you."—"Oh! your very humble servant, dear *Coz*, she is as much too young as her eldest sister is too old." Is it so indeed," quoth she, "good Mr. PERT? You that are but turned of twenty-two, and Miss FIDDY, in half a year's time will be in her teens, and she is capable of learning any thing. Then she will be so observant; she will cry, perhaps, now and then, but never be angry." Thus they will think for me in this matter wherein I am more particularly concerned than any body else. If I name any woman in the world, one of these daughters has certainly the same qualities. You see by these few hints, Mr. SPECTATOR, what a comfortable life I lead. To be still more open and free with you, I have been passionately fond of a young lady (whom give me leave to call MIRANDA) now for these three years. I have often urged the matter home to my parents, with all the submission of a son, but the impatience of a lover. Pray, Sir, think of three years; what inexpressible scenes of inquietude, what variety of misery must I have gone through in three whole years? MIRANDA's fortune is equal to those I have mentioned; but her relations are not intimates

* Six *foot*, instead of six *feet*. Though the English language has improved in point of correctness, and agreeableness to analogy, since the time of the SPECTATOR, yet at that time it was much more correctly written by many writers of inferior abilities, than it often was by the hurried, dissipated, careless STEELE,

with mine. Ah! there's the rub; MIRANDA's person, wit, and humour, are what the nicest fancy could imagine; and though we know you to be so elegant a judge of beauty, yet there is none among all your various characters of fine women preferable to MIRANDA. In a word, she is never guilty of doing any thing but one amiss (if she can be thought to do amiss by me) in being as blind to my faults, as she is to her own perfections.

I am, SIR,
Your very humble
Obedient servant,
DUSTERERASTUS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you spent so much time as you did lately in censuring the ambitious young gentlemen who ride in triumph through town and country, on coach-boxes, I wished you had employed those moments in consideration of what passes sometimes within side of those vehicles. I am sure I suffered sufficiently by the insolence and ill-breeding of some persons who travelled lately with me in the stage coach out of Essex to London. I am sure, when you have heard what I have to say, you will think there are persons under the character of gentlemen, that are fit to be no where else but on the coach-box. Sir, I am a young woman, of a sober and religious education, and have preserved that character; but on Monday was fortnight, it was my misfortune to come to London. I was no sooner clapped in the coach, but to my great surprise, two persons, in the habit of gentlemen, attacked me with such indecent discourse as I cannot repeat to you, so you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but the hopes of a speedy end of my short journey. Sir, form to yourself what a persecution this must needs be to a virtuous and chaste mind; and in order to your proper handling such

such a subject, fancy your wife or daughter, if you had any, in such circumstances, and what treatment you would then think due to such dragoons. One of them was called a Captain, and entertained us with nothing but filthy stupid questions, or lewd songs, all the way: Ready to burst with shame and indignation, I repined that nature had not allowed us as easily to shut our ears as our eyes. But was not this a kind of rape? Why should there be accessaries in ravishment any more than murder? Why should not every contributor to the abuse of chastity suffer death? I am sure these shameless hell-hounds deserved it highly. Can you exert yourself better than on such an occasion? If you do not do it effectually I will read no more of your papers. Has every impertinent fellow a privilege to torment me, who pay my coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray consider us in this respect as the weakest sex, who have nothing to defend ourselves; and I think it is as gentleman-like to challenge a woman to fight, as to talk obscenely in her company, especially when she has not power to stir. Pray let me tell you a story which you can make fit for public view. I knew a gentleman, who having a very good opinion of the gentlemen of the army, invited ten or twelve of them to sup with him; and at the same time invited two or three friends, who were very severe against the manners and morals of gentlemen of that profession. It happened one of them brought two captains of his regiment, newly come into the army, who at first onset engaged the company with very lewd healths and suitable discourse. You may easily imagine the confusion of the entertainer, who, finding some of his friends very uneasy, desired to tell them the story of a great man, one Mr. LOCKE, (whom I find you frequently mention) *that* being invited to dine with the then Lords HALIFAX, ANGLESEY, and SHAFTESBURY, immediately after dinner, instead of conversation, the cards were called for, where the bad or good success produced the usual passions of gaming.

Mr. LOCKE retiring to a window, and writing, my Lord ANGLESEY desired to know what he was writing: "Why, my Lords," answered he, "I could not sleep last night for the pleasure and improvement I expected from the conversation of the greatest men of the age." This so sensibly stung them that they gladly compounded to throw their cards in the fire, if he would his paper, and so a conversation ensued fit for such persons. This story pressed so hard upon the young captains, together with the concurrence of their superior officers, that the young fellows left the company in confusion. Sir, I know you hate long things; but if you like it, you may contract it, or how you will; but I think it has a moral in it.

'But, Sir, I am told you are a famous mechanic as well as a looker-on, and therefore humbly propose you would invent some padlock, with full power under your hand and seal, for all modest persons, either men or women, to clap upon the mouths of all such impertinent impudent fellows: and I wish you would publish a proclamation that no modest person who has a value for her countenance, and consequently would not be put out of it, presume to travel after such a day without one of them in their pockets. I fancy a smart *Spectator* upon this subject would serve for such a padlock; and that public notice may be given in your paper, where they may be had with directions, price 2*d.* and that part of the directions may be, when any person presumes to be guilty of the above-mentioned crime, the party aggrieved may produce it to his face, with a request to read it to the company. He must be very much hardened, that could outface that rebuke; and his further punishment I leave you to prescribe.

Your humble servant,

T. *PENANCE CRUEL.*'

N°. 534.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1712.

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna———

JUV. SAT. viii. 73.

———We seldom find
" Much sense with an exalted fortune join'd."

STEPNEY.

LETTERS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of nineteen, the only daughter of very wealthy parents, and have my whole life been used with a tenderness which did me no great service in my education. I have perhaps an uncommon desire for knowledge of what is suitable to my sex and quality; but, as far as I can remember, the whole dispute about me has been, whether such a thing was proper for the child to do, or not? Or whether such or such a food was the more wholesome for the young lady to eat? This was ill for my shape, that for my complexion, and the other for my eyes. I am not extravagant when I tell you I do not know that I have trod upon the very earth ever since I was ten years old. A coach or chair I am obliged to for all my motions from one place to another ever since I can remember. All who had to do to instruct me, have ever been bringing stories of the notable things I have said, and the womanly manner of my behaving myself upon such and such an occasion. This has been my state until I came towards years of womanhood; and ever since I grew towards the age of fifteen I have been abused after ano-

ther manner. Now, forsooth, I am so killing, no one can safely speak to me. Our house is frequented by men of sense, and I love to ask questions when I fall into such conversation; but I am cut short with something or other about my bright eyes. There is, Sir, a language particular for talking to women in; and none but those of the very first good-breeding (who are very few, and seldom come into my way) can speak to us without regard to our sex. Among the generality of those they call gentlemen, it is impossible for me to speak upon any subject whatsoever, without provoking somebody to say, "Oh! to be sure, fine Mrs. SUCH-A-ONE must be very particularly acquainted with all that; all the world would contribute to her entertainment and information." Thus, Sir, I am so handsome that I murder all who approach me; so wise that I want no new notices; and so well-bred that I am treated by all that know me like a fool, for no one will answer as if I were their friend or companion. Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the part of us beauties and fortunes into your consideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our senses. I have got an hussy of a maid who is most craftily given to this ill quality. I was at first diverted with a certain absurdity the creature was guilty of in every thing she said. She is a country girl; and in the dialect of the shire she was born in would tell me that every body reckoned her lady had the purest red and white in the world; then she would tell me I was the most like one SISLY DOBSON in their town, who made the miller make away with himself, and walk afterwards in the corn-field where they used to meet. With all this, this cunning hussy can lay letters in my way, and put a billet in my gloves, and then stand in it she knows nothing of it. I do not know from my birth to this day that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if it were not for a few books, which I delight in, I should be at this hour a novice to all common sense. Would it not be worth your while to lay down

down rules for behaviour in this case, and tell people, that we fair ones expect honest plain answers, as well as other people? Why must I, good Sir, because I have a good air, a fine complexion, and am in the bloom of my years, be misled in all my actions; and have the notions of good and ill confounded in my mind, for no other offence, but because I have the advantages of beauty and fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with the silly homage which is paid to us by the sort of people I have above spoken of, and the utter negligence which others have for us, the conversation of us young women of condition is no other than what must expose us to ignorance and vanity, if not vice. All this is humbly submitted to your *Spectatorial Wisdom*, by

SIR,

Your humble servant,

SHARLOT WEALTHY.'

Will's Coffee-House.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'PRAY, Sir, it will serve to fill up a paper if you put in this; which is only to ask, whether that copy of verses which is a paraphrase of ISAIAH, in one of your speculations, is not written by Mr. POPE? Then you get on another line, by putting in, with proper distances, as at the end of a letter,

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

ABRAHAM DAPPERWIT.'

MR. DAPPERWIT,

'I AM glad to get another line forward, by saying that excellent piece is Mr. POPE's; and so, with proper distances,

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS a wealthy grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; but I was a single man, and you know there are women. One in particular came to my shop, who I wished might, but was afraid never would, make a grocer's wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual way of courting, and sold her at less price than I bought, that I might buy at less price than I sold. She, you may be sure, often came and helped me to many customers at the same rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You must needs think this was a good living trade, and my riches must be vastly improved. In fine, I was nigh being declared bankrupt, when I declared myself her lover, and she herself married. I was just in a condition to support myself, and am now in hopes of growing rich by losing my customers.

Yours,

JEREMY COMFIT.'

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM in the condition of the idol you was once pleased to mention, and bar-keeper of a coffee-house. I believe it is needless to tell you the opportunities I must give, and the importunities I suffer. But there is one gentleman who besieges me as close as the French did Bouchain. His gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular approaches denote a good engineer. You need not doubt of his oratory, as he is a lawyer; and especially since he has had so little use of it at Westminster, he may spare the more for me.

'What then can weak woman do? I am willing to surrender, but he would have it at discretion, and I with discretion. In the mean time, whilst we parley, our several interests are neglected. As his siege grows stronger, my tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my bar, none come to him for counsel but *in forma pauperis*. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, advise him not to in-

sis

sist upon hard articles, nor by his irregular desires contradict the well-meaning lines of his countenance. If we were agreed, we might settle to something, as soon as we could determine where we should get most by the law, at the coffee-house, or at Westminster.

Your humble servant,

LUCINDA PARLEY.'

A MINUTE FROM MR. JOHN SLY.

'THE world is pretty regular for about forty *rod* east, and ten west of the observatory of the said Mr. SLY; but he is credibly informed, that when they are got beyond the pass into the Strand, or those who move cityward are got within Temple-Bar, they are just as they were before. It is therefore humbly proposed, that moving centries may be appointed all the busy hours of the day between the Exchange and Westminster, and report what passes to your *honour*, or your subordinate officers, from time to time.'

ORDERED,

THAT Mr. SLY name the said officers, provided he will answer for their principles and morals.

T.

N°. 535.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1712.

Spem longam reseces———

HOR. 1. OD. xi. 7.

" Cut short vain Hope.

ON HOPE.

MY four hundred and seventy-first Speculation turned upon the subject of Hope in general. I design this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is mis-employed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by HORACE, that we should not entertain a hope of any thing in life, which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after. Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting schemes and landscapes lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

The natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what we propose

pose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things which we have not thoroughly considered the value of, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector, are cast away in every age: Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that good which lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur GALLAND. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of Hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian *Glassman*.

ALNASCHAR,* says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that

* The story of ALNASCHAR, taken from "The Arabian Tales," is translated with great fidelity by Mr. RICHARDSON, in

that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. ALNASCHAR, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner:

"This basket," says he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glassman, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not however stop there, but still continue my traffic, until I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand VISIER's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know

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in his Arabian Grammar, where he has preserved the idioms of the original, by which it appears, that ALNASCHAR, in his soliloquy, constantly addresses himself to his soul.

know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the grand VISIER's daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the youngest and the best that can be got for money. I must afterwards make my father in law a visit, with a great train and equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him; and afterwards to his great surprise, will present him with another purse of the same value, with some short speech: as, Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise.

"When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in due respect for me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner, that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

ALNASCHAR was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

C.

N°. 536.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1712.

O veræ phrygiæ, neque enim phryges!

VIRG. ÆN. ix. 617.

"O! less than women in the shapes of men!"

DRYDEN.

A LETTER FROM A LADY ABOUT THE EMPLOYMENT OF IDLE GENTLEMEN.

AS I was the other day standing in my bookseller's shop, a pretty young thing about eighteen years of age stepped out of her coach, and, brushing by me, beckoned the man of the shop to the farther end of his counter, where she whispered something to him, with an attentive look, and at the same time presented him with a letter: after which, pressing the end of her fan upon his hand, she delivered the remaining part of her message, and withdrew. I observed, in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed, and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller that I was the man of the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a curtsey. She scarce gave me time to return her salute, before she quitted the shop with an easy skuttle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footmen directions to drive where they were *bid*. Upon her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter superscribed, *To the ingenious* SPECTATOR, which the young lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me, that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige herself but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it,

therefore, with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure if any of my male readers will be so severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

London, Nov. 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'You are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and such, I believe, you will think one that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the kingdom; * I mean that part of mankind who are known by the name of the women's men, or beaux, &c. Mr. SPECTATOR, you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since knotting is again in fashion, which has been found a very pretty amusement, that you will recommend it to these gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the ladies they admire. And since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other diversion, for it may be done in the play-house, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and in short in all places where they come for the sake of the ladies (except at church, be pleased to forbid it there to prevent mistakes) it will be easily complied with. It is besides an employment that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many graces which will make the beaux more readily come into it; it shews a white hand and a diamond ring to great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts and the tongue. In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that it is needless to urge it farther, by

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* The diffusion of literary knowledge, renders those gentlemen of the present age, who are not engaged in business, much less idle than those in the time of the SPECTATOR.

by speaking of the satisfaction these male knotters will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. SPECTATOR, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon something that these gentlemen are capable of; for it is sad so considerable a part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer.

C. B.

P. S. 'The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to work the better; there being at this time several fine fringes, that stay only for more hands.'

'I shall in the next place present my reader with the description of a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have lately, to so good purpose, enlarged upon *conjugal love*, it is to be hoped you will discourage every practice that rather proceeds from a regard to interest, than to happiness. Now you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young ladies readily fall in with the direction of the graver sort, to retain in their service by some small encouragement as great a number as they can of supernumerary and insignificant fellows, which they use like whifflers, and commonly call *shoeing horns*. These are never designed to know the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet and spur him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion of that grave lady, MADAM MATCHWELL, that it is absolutely convenient for every prudent family to have several of these implements about the house, to clap on as occasion

sion serves; and that every spark ought to produce a certificate of his being a Shoeing Horn before he be admitted as a *Shoe*. A certain lady whom I could name, if it was necessary, has at present more Shoeing Horns of all sizes, countries and colours, in her service, than ever she had new shoes in her life. I have known a woman make use of a Shoeing Horn for several years, and, finding him unsuccessful in that function, convert him at length into a Shoe. I am mistaken if your friend, Mr. WILLIAM HONEYCOMB, was not a cast Shoeing Horn before his late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly declare to you, that I have been an errant Shoeing Horn for above these twenty years. I served my first mistress in that capacity above five of the number, before she was shod. I confess, though she had many who made their application to her, I always thought myself the best Shoe in her shop; and it was not until a month before her marriage that I discovered what I was. This had like to have broke my heart, and raised such suspicions in me, that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving some unkind usage from her, that I began to look upon myself as no more than her Shoeing Horn. Upon which, my dear, who was a coquette in her nature, told me I was hypochondrical, and I might as well look upon myself to be an egg, or a pipkin. But in a very short time after she gave me to know that I was not mistaken in myself. It would be tedious to you to recount the life of an unfortunate Shoeing Horn; or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my sufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a man in your post, to determine in what cases a woman may be allowed with honour to make use of a Shoeing Horn, as also to declare whether a maid on this side five-and twenty, or a widow who has not been three years in that state, may be granted such a privilege with other difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that subject.

I am, SIR,

O. (With the most profound veneration)

 Yours, &c.'

N°. 537.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1712.

Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν.

ARAT.

"For we are his offspring."

ACTS xvii. 28.

ON THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'IT has been usual to remind persons of rank, on great occasions in life, of their race and quality, and to what expectations they were born; that by considering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn from mean pursuits and encouraged to laudable undertakings. This is turning NOBILITY into a principle of virtue, and making it productive of merit, as it is understood to have been originally a reward of it.

'It is for the like reason I imagine, that you have in some of your speculations asserted to your readers the *Dignity of Human* NATURE. But you cannot be insensible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are authors who consider human nature in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to shew the *Falsity of all Human* VIRTUES. The reflections which are made on this subject usually take some tincture from the tempers and characters of those that make them. Politicians can resolve the most shining actions among men into artifice and design; others, who are soured by discontent, repulses, or ill-usage, are apt to mistake their spleen for philosophy; men of profligate lives, and such as find themselves incapable of rising

rising to any distinction among their fellow-creatures, are for pulling down all appearances of merit which seem to upbraid them: and satirists describe nothing but deformity. From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind, as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call *Caricaturas*; where the art consists in preserving, amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster.

'It is very disingenuous to level the best of mankind with the worst, and for the faults of particulars to degrade the whole species. Such methods tend not only to remove a man's good opinion of others, but to destroy that reverence for himself, which is a great guard of innocence, and a spring of virtue.

It is true, indeed, that there are surprising mixtures of beauty and deformity, of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in the human make; such a disparity is found among numbers of the same kind, and every individual in some instances, or at some times, is so unequal to himself, that *man* seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent being in the whole creation. So that the question in morality concerning the Dignity of our NATURE, may at first sight appear like some difficult questions in natural philosophy, in which the arguments on both sides seem to be of equal strength. But, as I began with considering this point as it relates to action, I shall here borrow an admirable reflection from Monsieur PASCHAL, which I think sets it in its proper light.

'*It is of dangerous consequence*, says he, *to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without shewing him at the same time his* Greatness. *It is likewise dangerous to let him see his* Greatness *without his* Meanness. *It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be made sensible of both.* Whatever imperfections we may have in our nature, it is the business of religion and virtue to rectify them, as

far as is consistent with our present state. In the mean time, it is no small encouragement to generous minds to consider, that we shall put them all off with our mortality. That sublime manner of salutation with which the Jews approach their kings,

" O King, *live for ever!*"

may be addressed to the lowest and most despised mortal among us, under all the infirmities and distresses with which we see him surrounded. And whoever believes the *Immortality of the* SOUL, will not need a better argument for the Dignity of his NATURE, nor a stronger incitement to actions suitable to it.

'I am naturally led by this reflection to a subject I have already touched upon in a former letter, and cannot without pleasure call to mind the thoughts of CICERO to this purpose, in the close of his book concerning *Old Age*. Every one who is acquainted with his writings will remember that the elder CATO is introduced in that discourse as the speaker, and SCIPIO and LELIUS as his auditors. This venerable person is represented looking forward as it were from the verge of extreme old age into a future state, and rising into a contemplation on the unperishable part of his nature, and its existence after death. I shall collect part of his discourse. And as you have formerly offered some arguments for the soul's immortality, agreeable both to reason and the Christian doctrine, I believe your readers will not be displeased to see how the same great truth shines in the pomp of Roman eloquence.

" This, says CATO, is my firm persuasion, that since the human soul exerts itself with so great activity; since it has such a remembrance of the past, such a concern for the future; since it is enriched with so many arts, sciences, and discoveries; it is impossible but the Being which contains all these must be immortal.

" The elder CYRUS, just before his death, is represented by XENOPHON speaking after this manner:

'*Think*

'Think not, my dearest children, that when I depart from you I shall be no more; but remember, that my soul, even while I lived among you, was invisible to you; yet by my actions you were sensible it existed in this body. Believe it, therefore, existing still, though it be still unseen. How quickly would the honours of illustrious men perish after death, if their souls performed nothing to preserve their fame! For my own part, I never could think that the soul while in a mortal body lives, but when departed out of it dies: or that its consciousness is lost when it is discharged out of an unconscious habitation. But when it is freed from all corporeal alliance, then it truly exists. Farther, since the human frame is broken by death, tell us what becomes of its parts? It is visible whither the materials of other beings are translated, namely, to the source from whence they had their birth. The soul alone, neither present nor departed, is the object of our eyes.'

" Thus CYRUS. But to proceed. No one shall persuade me, SCIPIO, that your worthy father, or your grandfathers PAULUS and AFRICANUS, or AFRICANUS his father or uncle, or many other excellent men whom I need not name, performed so many actions to be remembered by posterity, without being sensible that futurity was their right. And, if I may be allowed an old man's privilege to speak of myself, do you think I would have endured the fatigue of so many wearisome days and nights, both at home and abroad, if I imagined that the same boundary which is set to my life must terminate my glory? Were it not more desirable to have worn out my days in ease and tranquillity, free from labour, and without emulation? But, I know not how, my soul has always raised itself, and looked forward on futurity, in this view and expectation, that when it shall depart out of life it shall then live for ever; and if this were not true, that the mind is immortal, the soul of the most worthy would not, above all others, have the strongest impulse to glory.

"What besides this is the cause that the wisest men die with the greatest equanimity, the ignorant with the greatest concern? Does it not seem that those minds which have the most extensive views foresee they are removing to a happier condition, which those of a narrow sight do not perceive? I, for my part, am transported with the hope of seeing your ancestors whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only those excellent persons whom I have known, but those too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myself have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a journey. O happy day, when I shall escape from this crowd, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spirits! When I shall go not only to those great persons I have named, but to my CATO, my son, than whom a better man was never born, and whose funeral rites I myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his soul deserted me, but seeming to cast back a look on me, is gone before to those habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have borne my loss with courage, I was not unaffected with it; but I comforted myself in the assurance that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more."

I am, SIR, &c.'*

* Written by Mr. HUGHES, author of No. 210, 375, 595, &c.

N°. 538.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1712.

———Ultra
Finem tendere opus.

HOR. 1. SAT. ii. 1.

"To launch beyond all bounds."

ON EPITAPHS.

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces, but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies Humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers stare by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of

wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should have ever met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of *Antipathies* was a proper field wherein such false Surprises might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the *effluviums* of cheese have over bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of such who could, indeed, bear the sight of cheese, but not the taste; for which they brought a reason from the milk of their nurses. Others again discoursed, without endeavouring at reasons, concerning an unconquerable aversion which some stomachs have against a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it when by its being cut up the shape which had affected them is altered. From hence they passed to eels, then to parsneps, and so from one aversion to another, until we had worked up ourselves to such a pitch of complaisance, that when the dinner was to come in we inquired the name of every dish, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company, before it was admitted. When we had *sat* down, this civility among us turned the discourse from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every conversation of this nature, began then to engross the subject. One had sweated at the sight of it, another had smelled it out as it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole set of these stories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occasioned him to swoon away. At last, says he, that you may all be satisfied of my invincible aversion to a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance. As I was going through a street of London, where I never had been until then, I felt a general damp and faintness

faintness all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, until I chanced to cast my eyes upwards, and found that I was passing under a sign-post on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of Surprise, gave a stop to the talk we had been carrying on. Some were silent because they doubted, and others because they were conquered in their own way; so that the gentleman had an opportunity to press the belief of it upon us, and let us see that he was rather exposing himself than ridiculing others.

I must freely own that I did not all this while disbelieve every thing that was said; but yet I thought some in the company had been endeavouring who should pitch the bar farthest; that it had for some time been a measuring cast, and at last my friend of the cat and sign-post had thrown beyond them all.

I then considered the manner in which this story had been received, and the possibility that it might have passed for a jest upon others, if he had not laboured against himself. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct such a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The first of these is a general silence, which I would not advise any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they see another drive so fast that there is no stopping him without being run against; and but very seldom the effect of weakness in believing suddenly. The generality of mankind are not so grossly ignorant, as some overbearing spirits would persuade themselves; and if the authority of a character or a caution against danger make us suppress our opinions, yet neither of these are of force enough to suppress our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuse his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly esteems of their

sense when he thinks to impose upon them, and that he is less esteemed by them for his attempt in doing so. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate punishment: and, indeed, (if we should even go no farther) silence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than opposition, because opposition proceeds from an anger that has a sort of generous sentiment for the adversary mingling along with it, while it shews that there is some esteem in your mind for him; in short, that you think him worth while to contest with. But silence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a scorn that shews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of false Surprise, is to overshoot such talkers in their own bow, or to raise the story with further degrees of impossibility, and set up for a voucher to them in such a manner as must let them see they stand detected. Thus I have heard a discourse was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair gray in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him. Another, taking the hint from hence, began upon his own knowledge to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them: and as he still grounded these upon different causes for the sake of variety, it might seem at last, from his share of the conversation, almost impossible that any one who can feel the passion of fear should all his life escape so common an effect of it. By this time some of the company grew negligent, or desirous to contradict him; but one rebuked the rest with an appearance of severity, and with the known old story in his head, assured them he did not scruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair gray; since he knew

on

one whose periwig had suffered so by it. Thus he stopped the talk, and made them easy. Thus is the same method taken to bring us to shame, which we fondly take to increase our character. It is, indeed, a kind of mimickry, by which another puts on our air of conversation to show us to ourselves. He seems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a resemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are struck dumb immediately with a conscientious shame for what you have been saying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the sentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In short, you are against yourself; the laugh of the company runs against you; the censuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence; and truth, which you have injured, has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your story you become a frequent diversion for the public.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE other day walking in Pancras church-yard, I thought of your paper wherein you mention epitaphs, and am of opinion this has a thought in it worth being communicated to your readers.

"Here Innocence and Beauty lies, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely Death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well spent."

I am, SIR, your servant.'*

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* This Paper and the two following are ascribed to Mr. ADDISON.

N°. 539.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1712.

Heteroclita sunto. QUÆ GENUS.*

"Be they Heteroclites."

LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young widow of good fortune and family, and just come to town; where I find I have clusters of pretty fellows come already to visit me, some dying with hopes, others with fears, though they never saw me. Now, what I would beg of you would be to know whether I may venture to use these pert fellows with the same freedom as I did my country acquaintance. I desire your leave to use them as to me shall seem meet, without imputation of a Jilt; for since I make declaration that not one of them shall have me, I think I ought to be allowed the liberty of insulting those who have the vanity to believe it is in their power to make me break that resolution. There are schools for learning to use foils, frequented by those who never design to fight; and this useless way of aiming at the heart, without design to wound it on either side, is the play with which I am resolved to divert myself. The man who pretends to win, I shall use like him who comes into a fencing-school to pick a quarrel. I hope upon this foundation you will give me the free use of the natural and artificial force of my eyes, looks, and gestures. As for verbal

* LILLY's Grammar.

bal promises, I will make none, but shall have no mercy on the conceited interpreters of glances and motions. I am particularly skilled in the downcast eye, and the recovery into a sudden full aspect and away again, as you may have seen sometimes practised by us country beauties beyond all that you have observed in courts and cities. Add to this, Sir, that I have a ruddy heedless look, which covers artifice the best of any thing. Though I can dance very well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, by which I appear an easy prey; and never exert my instructed charms, until I find I have engaged a pursuer. Be pleased, Sir, to print this letter, which will certainly begin the chase of a rich widow. The many foldings, escapes, returns, and doublings which I make, I shall from time to time communicate to you, for the better instruction of all females, who set up, like me, for reducing the present exorbitant power and insolence of man.

I am, SIR,

Your faithful correspondent,

RELICTA LOVELY.'

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I DEPEND upon your professed respect for *virtuous* love, for your immediately answering the design of this letter; which is no other than to lay before the world the severity of certain parents, who desire to suspend the marriage of a discreet young woman of eighteen, three years longer, for no other reason but that of her being too young to enter into that state. As to the consideration of riches, my circumstances are such, that I cannot be suspected to make my addresses to her on such low motives as avarice or ambition. If ever innocence, wit, and beauty united their utmost charms, they have in her. I wish you would expatiate a little on this subject, and admonish her parents that it may be from the very imperfection of human nature itself, and not any

any personal frailty of her or me, that our inclinations baffled at present may alter; and while we are arguing with ourselves to put off the enjoyment of our present passions, our affections may change their objects in the operation. It is a very delicate subject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the parties concerned some reflection that might expedite our happiness. There is a possibility, and I hope I may say it without imputation of immodesty to her I love with the highest honour; I say there is a possibility this delay may be as painful to her as it is to me; if it be as much, it must be more, by reason of the severe rules the sex are under, in being denied even the relief of complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I succeed, I promise you a place at my wedding, and a treatment suitable to your *Spectatorial* Dignity.

Your most humble servant,

EUSTACE.

SIR,

'I YESTERDAY heard a young gentleman, that looked as if he was just come to the town and a scarf, upon evil speaking; which subject you know Archbishop TILLOTSON has so nobly handled in a sermon in his *folio*. As soon as ever he had named his text, and had opened a little the drift of his discourse, I was in great hopes he had been one of Sir ROGER's chaplains. I have conceived so great an idea of the charming discourse above, that I should have thought one part of my sabbath very well spent in hearing a repetition of it. But alas! Mr SPECTATOR, this reverend divine gave his grace's sermon, and yet I do not know how; even I, that I am sure have read it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a loss sometimes to guess what the man aimed at. He was so just, indeed, as to give us all the heads and the sub-divisions of the sermon; and farther I think there was not one beautiful thought in it but what we had. But then Sir, this gentleman made so

many pretty additions; and he could never give us a paragraph of the sermon, but he introduced it with something which methought looked more like a design to shew his own ingenuity, than to instruct the people. In short, he added and curtailed in such a manner, that he vexed me: insomuch that I could not forbear thinking, (what I confess I ought not to have thought in so holy a place) that this young spark was as justly blameable as BULLOCK or PENKETHMAN, when they mend a noble play of SHAKESPEARE or JONSON. Pray, Sir, take this into your consideration; and, if we must be entertained with the works of any of those great men, desire these gentlemen to give them us as they find them, that so when we read them to our families at home, they may the better remember they have heard them at church.

SIR,

Your humble servant.'

N° 540.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1712.

——Non deficit alter.

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 143.

"A second is not wanting."

OBSERVATIONS ON SPENSER.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no part of your writings which I have in more esteem than your *Criticism* upon MILTON. It is an honourable and candid endeavour to set the works of our noble writers in the graceful light which they deserve. You will lose much of my kind inclination towards you, if you do not attempt the encomium of SPENSER also, or at least indulge my passion for that charming author so far as to print the loose hints I now give you on that subject.

'SPENSER's general plan is the representation of six virtues, HOLINESS, TEMPERANCE, CHASTITY, FRIENDSHIP, JUSTICE, and COURTESY, in six legends by six persons. The six personages are supposed, under proper allegories suitable to their respective characters, to do all that is necessary for the full manifestation of the respective virtues which they are to exert.

'These one might undertake to shew under the several heads are admirably drawn; no images improper, and most surprisingly beautiful. The REDCROSS KNIGHT runs through the whole steps of the Christian life; GUYON does all that Temperance can possibly require; BRITOMARTIS (a woman) observes the true rules of unaffected

affected Chastity; ARTHEGAL is in every respect of life strictly and wisely just; CALIDORE is rightly courteous.

'In short, in Fairy-land, where Knights-errant have a full scope to range, and to do even what ARIOSTOS or ORLANDOS could not do in the world without breaking into credibility, SPENSER's knights have, under those six heads, given a full and truly poetical system of Christian, public, and low life.

'His legend of FRIENDSHIP is more diffuse, and yet even there the allegory is finely drawn, only the heads various; one knight could not there support all the parts.

'To do honour to his country, Prince ARTHUR is an universal hero; in Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, and Justice, super-excellent. For the same reason, and to compliment Queen ELIZABETH, GLORIANA, Queen of Fairies, whose court was the asylum of the oppressed, represents that glorious Queen. At her commands all these knights set forth, and only at hers the REDCROSS KNIGHT destroys the dragon, GUYON overturns the Bower of Bliss, ARTHEGAL (i. e. *Justice*) beats down GERYONEO (i. e. PHILIP II. King of Spain) to rescue Belge (i. e. Holland), and he beats the GRANTORTO (the same PHILIP in another light) to restore IRENA (i. e. Peace to Europe.)

'*Chastity* being the first female virtue, BRITOMARTIS is a Briton; her part is fine, though it requires explication. His style is very poetical; no puns, affectations of wit, forced *antithesis*, or any of that low tribe.

'His old words are all true English, and numbers exquisite; and since of words there is the *multa renascentur*, since they are all proper, such a poem should not (any more than MILTON's) consist all of it of common ordinary words. See instances of descriptions.

Causeless Jealousy in BRITOMARTIS, v. 6, 14. in its restlessness.

"Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleep
Is broken with some fearful dream's affright,

With froward will doth set himself to weep,
Ne can be still'd for all his nurse's might,
But kicks and squalls, and shrieks for fell despite;
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking light;
Then craving suck, and then the suck refusing:
Such was this Lady's loves in her love's fond accusing."

Curiosity occasioned by Jealousy, upon occasion of her Lover's absence. *Ibid. Stan.* 8, 9.

" Then as she looked long, at last she spy'd,
One coming towards her with hasty speed,
Well ween'd she then, ere him she plain descry'd,
That it was one sent from her love indeed:
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and dread,
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth to know his tidings somme:
Even in the door him meeting, she begun,
And where is he, thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?"

CARE and his *House* are described thus, IV. 6, 33, 34, 35.

" Not far away, nor meet for any guest,
They spy'd a little cottage, like some poor man's nest:

34.

" There entering in, they found the good man's self,
Full busily unto his work ybent,
Who was so weel a wretched wearish elf,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks far spent,
As if he had in prison long been pent.
Full black and griesly did his face appear,
Besmear'd with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent,

With

With rugged beard and hoary shaggy heare,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely shear.

35.

" Rude was his garment and to rags all rent,
No better had he, ne for better cared;
His blistred hands amongst the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy with long nails prepared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was CARE; a blacksmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working spared,
But to small purpose iron wedges made.
These be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade."

HOMER's epithets were much admired by antiquity: see what great justness and variety there is in these epithets of the trees in the forest, where the REDCROSS KNIGHT lost TRUTH. B. 1. Cant. I. Stan. 8, 9.

" The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the popular never dry.
The builder-oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypress funeral,

9.

" The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still,
The willow worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill:
The myrrhe sweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The war-like beech, the ash, for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holm, the maple seldom inward sound."

'I shall trouble you no more, but desire you to let me conclude with these verses, though I think they have already been quoted by you. They are di-

rections to young ladies oppressed with calumny, VI. 6, 14.

" The best (said he) that I can you advise,
Is to avoid the occasion of the ill;
For when the cause whence evil doth arise
Removed is, the effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from pleasure and restrain your will,
Subdue desire and bridle loose delight,
Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill,
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight;
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight."

T.

N°. 541.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1712.

Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram;
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit;
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.

HOR. ARS POET. ver. 108.

"For nature forms and softens us within,
"And writes our fortune's changes in our face;
"Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,
"And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul;
"And these are all interpreted by speech."

ROSCOMMON.

ON PRONUNCIATION AND ACTION.

MY friend the TEMPLAR, whom I have so often mentioned in these writings, having determined to lay aside his poetical studies, in order to a closer pursuit of the law, has put together, as a farewel essay, some thoughts concerning *Pronunciation and Action*,* which he has given me leave to communicate to the public. They

* No man has contributed so much to the improvement of this very important branch of oratory in England as the ingenious Mr. WALKER, author of the Elements of Elocution, and many other performances of most deserved celebrity. His personal instructions have superadded the graces of elocution to the solid acquirements of learning in the first seminaries. The effect of his lessons are perceived with pleasure, in the improved oratory of the bar and the senate. Beneficial as are the consequences of his personal instructions, no less useful are his rules and precepts. They have been the means of making the study of elocution systematic and general, instead of being desultory and occasional. They exhibit the best plans, and the most efficacious mode of putting them into execution. The most undoubted proof of both is their experienced success.

are chiefly collected from his favourite author CICERO, who is known to have been an intimate friend of ROSCIUS the actor, and a good judge of dramatic performances, as well as the most eloquent pleader of the time in which he lived.

CICERO concludes his celebrated books *De Oratore* with some precepts for pronunciation and action, without which part he affirms that the best Orator in the world can never succeed; and an indifferent one, who is master of this, shall gain much greater applause. What could make a stronger impression, says he, than those exclamations of GRACCHUS?—"Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what place betake myself? Shall I go to the capitol? Alas! tis overflow'd with my brother's blood. Or shall I retire to my house? Yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping and despairing!" These breaks and turns of passion, it seems, were so enforced by the eyes, voice, and gesture of the speaker, that his very enemies could not refrain from tears. I insist, says TULLY, upon this the rather, because our Orators, who are as it were actors of the truth itself, have quitted this manner of speaking; and the players, who are but the imitators of truth, have taken it up.

I shall therefore pursue the hint he has here given me, and for the service of the British stage I shall copy some of the rules which this great Roman master has laid down; yet without confining myself wholly to his thoughts or words: and to adapt this essay the more to the purpose for which I intend it, instead of the examples he has inserted in this discourse out of the ancient tragedies, I shall make use of parallel passages out of the most celebrated of our own.

The design of art is to assist Action as much as possible in the representation of nature; for the appearance of reality is that which moves us in all representations, and these have always the greater force the nearer they approach to nature, and the less they shew of imitation.

Nature

Nature herself has assigned to every motion of the soul its peculiar cast of the countenance, tone of voice, and manner of gesture, through the whole person; all the features of the face and tones of the voice answer, like strings upon musical instruments, to the impressions made on them by the mind. Thus the sounds of the voice, according to the various touches which raise them, form themselves into an acute or grave, quick or slow, loud or soft tone. These two may be subdivided into various kinds of tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuse, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, softened, or elevated. Every one of these may be employed with art and judgment; and all supply the actor, as colours do the painter, with an expressive variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar voice in an acute, raised, and hurrying sound. The passionate character of King LEAR, as it is admirably drawn by SHAKESPEARE, abounds with the strongest instances of this kind.

" ——Death! confusion!
Fiery! what quality?—why GLOCESTER! GLOCESTER!
I'd speak with the Duke of CORNWALL and his wife.
Are they inform'd of this? my breath and blood!
Fiery! the fiery Duke!——&c."

Sorrow and complaint demand a voice quite different; flexible, slow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful tone: as in that pathetical soliloquy of Cardinal WOLSEY on his fall.

" Farewell!—a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man!——to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do."

We have likewise a fine example of this in the whole part of ANDROMACHE in *The Distrest Mother*, particularly in these lines,

" Ill go, and in the anguish of my heart
Weep o'er my child————If he must die my life
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive,
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and out-lived HECTOR.
Yes, my ASTYANAX, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go;
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy Sire I'll show,
And point him out among the shades below."

Fear expresses itself in a low, hesitating, and abject sound. If the reader considers the following speech of Lady MACBETH, while her husband is about the murder of DUNCAN and his grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the sound of her own voice while she is speaking it.

" Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—Hark!—I laid the daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done it."

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in that speech of Don SEBASTIAN.

" Here satiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me!
I have a soul that like an ample shield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more."

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous modulation; as in the following lines in *Caius Marius*.

" LAVINIA! O there's music in the name,
That, softning me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life."

And

And perplexity is different from all these; grave but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform sound of voice; as in that celebrated speech of HAMLET.

"To be, or not to be!——that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ach, and a thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd! To die, to sleep——
To sleep; perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub.
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life!
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressors wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather choose those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

As all these varieties of voice are to be directed by the sense, so the Action is to be directed by the voice, and with a beautiful propriety, as it were, to enforce it. The arm, which by a strong figure TULLY calls the orator's weapon, is to be sometimes raised and extended; and the hand, by its motion, sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow, the words as they are uttered. The stamping of the foot too has its proper expression in contention, anger, or absolute command. But the face is the epitome of the whole man, and the eyes are as it

were the epitome of the face; for which reason, he says, the best judges among the Romans were not extremely pleased even with Roscius himself in his mask. No part of the body, besides the face, is capable of as many changes as there are different emotions in the mind, and of expressing them all by those changes. Nor is this to be done without the freedom of the eyes; therefore Theophrastus called one, who barely rehearsed his speech with his eyes fixed, an *absent actor*.

As the countenance admits of so great variety, it requires also great judgment to govern it. Not that the form of the face is to be shifted on every occasion, lest it turn to farce and buffoonery; but it is certain that the eyes have a wonderful power of marking the emotions of the mind, sometimes by a steadfast look, sometimes by a careless one, now by a sudden regard, then by a joyful sparkling, as the sense of the words is diversified: for action is, as it were, the speech of the features and limbs, and must therefore conform itself always to the sentiments of the soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the gesture there is a wonderful force implanted by nature; since the vulgar, the unskilful, and even the most barbarous, are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the sound of words but those who understand the language; and the sense of many things is lost upon men of a dull apprehension: but action is a kind of universal tongue; all men are subject to the same passions, and consequently know the same marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my readers may be of opinion that the hints I have here made use of, out of Cicero, are somewhat too refined for the players on our theatre: in answer to which, I venture to lay it down as a maxim, that without good sense no one can be a good player, and that he is very unfit to personate the dignity of a Roman hero who cannot enter into the rules for pronunciation and gesture delivered by a Roman Orator.

There is another thing which my author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is the right pitching of the voice. On this occasion he tells the story of GRACCHUS, who employed a servant with a little ivory pipe to stand behind him and give him the right pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper modulation. Every voice, says TULLY, has its particular medium and compass, and the sweetness of speech consists in leading it through all the variety of tones naturally, and without touching any extreme. Therefore, says he, leave the pipe at home, but carry the sense of custom with you.*

* By Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

N°. 542.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1712.

Et sibi præferri se gaudet———

OVID. MET. ii. 430.

"———————————He heard,
"Well pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd."

ADDISON.

COMPARATIVE MERIT OF DIFFERENT PAPERS IN THE SPECTATOR.

WHEN I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the SPECTATOR are as good, if not better, than any of his works. Upon this occasion many letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the SPECTATOR writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents. Such are those from the Valetudinarian; * the Inspector of the Sign posts; † the Master of the Fan-Exercise; ‡ with that of the Hooped Petticoat; § that of NICHOLAS HART, the Annual Sleeper; ‖ that from Sir JOHN ENVIL; ** that upon the London Cries; †† with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them they have very often praised

* No. 25. † No. 28. ‡ No. 102. § No. 109, No. 127, No. 140. ‖ No. 184. ** No. 298. †† No. 251.

praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of those who were present. These rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flower-pots in the play-house, did not actually write those letters which came to me in their names. I must, therefore, inform these gentlemen, that I often choose this way of casting my thoughts into a letter, for the following reasons. First, out of the policy of those who try their jest upon another, before they own it themselves. Secondly, because I would extort a little praise from such who will never applaud any thing whose author is known and certain. Thirdly, because it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done had I always written in the person of the SPECTATOR. Fourthly, because the Dignity SPECTATORIAL would have suffered, had I published as from myself those severe ludicrous compositions which I have ascribed to fictitious names and characters. And lastly, because they often serve to bring in more naturally such additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewise done me a very particular honour, though undesignedly. These are such who will needs have it that I have translated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written

written in other languages. I have heard of a person who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has asserted this more than once in his private conversation.* Were it true, I am sure he could not speak it from his own knowledge; but, had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accusation to be wholly groundless. Those who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been so far from offending, that I have been scrupulous, perhaps to a fault, in quoting the authors of several passages which I might have made my own. But, as this assertion is in reality an encomium on what I have published, I ought rather to glory in it than endeavour to confute it.

Some are so very willing to alienate from me that small reputation which might accrue to me from any of these my speculations, that they attribute some of the best of them to those imaginary manuscripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I must confess, whose objections have given me a greater concern, as they seem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality than on my invention. These are they who say an author is guilty of falsehood, when he talks to the public of manuscripts which he never saw, or describes scenes of action or discourse in which he was never engaged. But these gentlemen would do well to consider, that there is not a fable or parable, which ever was made use of, that is not liable to this exception; since nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Besides, I think the most ordinary reader may be able to discover, by my way of writing, what I deliver in these occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in answering the several objections which have been made against these my works,

* The person here alluded to was most probably Mr. THOMAS RAWLINSON, ridiculed by ADDISON under the name of TOM FOLIO, in the *Tatler*, No. 158.

works, I must take notice that there are some who affirm a paper of this nature should always turn upon diverting subjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I shall leave these gentlemen to dispute it out among themselves; since I see one half of my conduct patronised by each side. Were I serious on an improper subject, or trifling in a serious one, I should deservedly draw upon me the censure of my readers; or were I conscious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at least, or that the greatest part of them were not sincerely designed to discountenance vice and ignorance, and support the interest of truth, wisdom, and virtue, I should be more severe upon myself than the public is disposed to be. In the mean while I desire my reader to consider every particular paper, or discourse, as a distinct tract by itself, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I shall end this paper with the following letter, which was really sent me, as some others have been which I have published, and for which I must own myself indebted to their respective writers.

SIR,

'I WAS this morning in a company of your well-wishers, when we read over with great satisfaction, TULLY'S observations on action adapted to the British Theatre: though, by the way, we were very sorry to find that you have disposed of another member of your Club. Poor Sir ROGER is dead, and the worthy CLERGYMAN dying, Captain SENTRY has taken possession of a good estate; WILL HONEYCOMB has married a farmer's daughter; and the TEMPLAR withdraws himself into the businesss of his own profession. What will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good to the

the public. Unless you very speedily fix a day for the election of new members, we are under apprehensions of losing the *British* SPECTATOR. I hear of a party of ladies who intend to address you on this subject; and I question not, if you do not give us the slip very suddenly, that you will receive addresses from all parts of the kingdom to continue so useful a work. Pray deliver us out of this perplexity; and, among the multitude of your readers, you will particularly oblige

Your most sincere friend and servant,

PHILO-SPECT.

O.

N°. 543.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1712.

——— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen ———
OVID. MET. ii. 1.
"Similar, tho' not the same—"

ON ANATOMY.

THOSE who were skilful in anatomy, among the ancients, concluded, from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a Being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. GALEN was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a *Supreme Being* upon a survey of this his handy work. There were, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomists did not know the certain use; but, as they saw the most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose uses they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern anatomists, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Though it appears formed with the nicest wisdom; upon the most

superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of anatomical observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of Providence that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of the human body. We should see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony, in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of Wisdom and Providence in the works of the creation. A Sir ISAAC NEWTON, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy. I shall here consider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, shews the hand of a thinking and all-wise *Being* in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontested principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always

fling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number, than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetition among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such that we may observe innumerable *divisions* running upon the same *ground*. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has shewn the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species but in the multiplicity of *descants* which it has made on every original species in particular.

But to pursue this thought still farther. Every living creature considered in itself, has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a

mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for Chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other, in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of *God* in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted, though not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an All-wise *Contriver*; as those more numerous copyings which are found among the vessels of the same body are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye; and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence, it is much more probable that an hundred millions of dice should be casually thrown an hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concourse of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration

ration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblance to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a Supreme Being, and of his transcendent wisdom, power, and goodness, in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem entitled *Creation*, where the anatomy of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others.

Q.

N°. 544.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1712.

Nunquam ita quisquam benè subductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, usus, semper aliquid apportet novi,
Aliquid moneat: ut illa, quæ te scire credas, nescias;
Æt, quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.

TER. ADELPH. act. v. sc. 4.

"No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life, as "not to receive new information from age and experience; in- "somuch that we find ourselves really ignorant of what we "thought we understood, and see cause to reject what we fan- "cied our truest interest."

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN SENTRY.

THERE are, I think, sentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain SENTRY, which discover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

Coverley Hall, Nov. 15, Worcestershire.

SIR,

'I AM come to the succession of the estate of my honoured kinsman Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY; and I assure you I find it no easy task to keep up the figure of master of the fortune which was so handsomely enjoyed by that honest plain man. I cannot (with respect to the great obligations I have, be it spoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the Club, to wit, That a man of a warm and well disposed heart with a very small capacity is highly superior in human society to him who with the greatest talents is cold and languid in his affections.

affections. But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are ever now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country, which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at. By the way I must observe to you, that many of your readers have mistook that passage in your writings, wherein Sir ROGER is reported to have inquired into the private character of the young woman at the tavern. * I know you mentioned that circumstance as an instance of the simplicity and innocence of his mind, which made him imagine it a very easy thing to reclaim one of those criminals, and not as an inclination in him to be guilty with her. The less discerning of your readers cannot enter into that delicacy of description in the character: but indeed my chief business at this time is to represent to you my present state of mind, and the satisfaction I promise to myself in the possession of my new fortune. I have continued all Sir ROGER'S servants, except such as it was a relief to dismiss into little beings within my manor. Those who are in a list of the good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them upon all occasions. I find a considerable sum of ready money, which I am laying out among my dependants at the common interest, but with a design to lend it according to their merit, rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax upon such as I have highly obliged, to become se-

* This seems to be intended by STEELE, as an apology to Mr. ADDISON, for interfering with the character of Sir ROGER in the paper in question.

curity to me for such of their own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help towards getting into some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to manage my affairs so as to improve my fortune every year by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such as have ceased to be indigent by the favour of my family or myself.—What makes this the more practicable, is, that if they will do any good with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own security: and I make no exceptions against it, because the persons who enter into the obligations do it for their own family. I have laid out four thousand pounds this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of people are obliged by it. In cases where Sir Roger has recommended, I have lent money to put out children, with a clause which makes void the obligation in case the infant dies before he is out of his apprenticeship; by which means the kindred and masters are extremely careful of breeding him to industry, that he may repay it himself by his labour, in three years journey-work after his time is out, for the use of his securities. Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred since I came to my estate; but I assure you I will preserve a constant disposition to catch at all the occasions I can to promote the good and happiness of my neighbourhood.

'But give me leave to lay before you a little establishment which has grown out of my past life, that I doubt not will administer great satisfaction to me in that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

'There is a prejudice in favour of the way of life to which a man has been educated, which I know not whether it would not be faulty to overcome. It is like a partiality to the interest of one's own country before that of any other nation. It is from an habit of thinking grown upon me from my youth spent in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen, who have preserved modesty, good-nature, justice, and humanity in a soldier's life, to

be the most valuable and worthy persons of the human race. To pass through imminent dangers, suffer painful watchings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches, for the greater part of a man's time, and pass the rest in sobriety conformable to the rules of the most virtuous civil life, is a merit too great to deserve the treatment it usually meets with among the other part of the world. But I assure you, Sir, were there not very many who have this worth, we could never have seen the glorious events which we have in our days. I need not say more to illustrate the character of a soldier, than to tell you he is the very contrary to him you observe loud, saucy, and over-bearing in a red-coat about town. But I was going to tell you, that, in honour of the profession of arms, I have set apart a certain sum of money for a table for such gentlemen as have served their country in the army, and will please from time to time to sojourn all, or any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of them as will do me that honour shall find horses, servants, and all things necessary for their accommodation, and enjoyment of all the conveniencies of life in a pleasant various country. If Colonel CAMPERFELT * be in town, and his abilities are not employed another way in the service, there is no man would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge in his profession, together with the simplicity of his manners and goodness of his heart, would induce others like him to honour my abode: and I should be glad my acquaintance would take themselves to be invited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

'I would have all my friends know, that they need not fear (though I am become a country gentleman) I will trespass against their temperance and sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so much of the good sentiments for the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at our

* Colonel CAMPERFELT. A fine compliment to the father of the late worthy Admiral KEMPENFELT, who was drowned in the Royal George at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

our club, as to contemn all inordinate pleasures; but particularly remember, with our beloved TULLY, that the delight in food consists in desire, not society. They who most passionately pursue pleasure seldomest arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philosopher, I cannot forbear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the passage I read yesterday in the same *Tully*. A nobleman of Athens made a compliment to PLATO the morning after he had supped at his house, *Your entertainments do not only please when you give them, but also the day after.*

I am,

My worthy friend,

Your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM SENTRY.

T,

N°. 545.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1712.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactosque Hymenæos
Exercemus———

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 99.

"Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,
"And celebrate the hymeneal rite."

LETTER FROM THE EMPEROR OF CHINA TO THE POPE.

I CANNOT but think the following letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope of Rome, proposing a coalition of the Chinese and Roman churches, will be acceptable to the curious. I must confess I myself being of opinion, that the Emperor has as much authority to be interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be a vicar of the sacred person he takes upon him to represent. I was not a little pleased with their treaty of alliance. What progress the negotiation between his majesty of Rome and his holiness of China, makes (as we daily writers say upon subjects where we are at a loss) time will let us know. In the mean time, since they agree in the fundamentals of power and authority, and differ only in matters of faith, we may expect the matter will go on without difficulty.

Copia di Littera del Re della China all Papa, interpretat dal Padre Segretario dell' India della Compagne di Giesu.

A Voi Benedetto sopra i benedetti P P. ed interpretatore grande de Pontifici e Pastore Xmo dispensatore del' oglio de i Rè d' Europe CLEMENT XI.

IL Favorito amico di Dio Gionata 7° potentissimo ‘ sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, altissimo sopra ‘ tutti

' tutti gl' altissimi sotto il sole e la luna, che sude nel
' la sede di smeraldo della China sopra cento scalini
' d'oro, ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i descen-
' denti fedeli d'ABRAMO, che da la vita e la morte a cento
' quindici regni, ed a cento settante isole, scrive con
' la penna dello Struzzo vergine, e manda salute ed ac-
' cresimento di vecchiezza.

' Essendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della reale
' nostro gioventu deve maturare i frutti della nostra
' vectuezza, e confortare con quell' i desiderii de i po-
' puli nostri divoti, e propagare il seme di quella pianta
' che deve proteggerli, habbiamo stabillito d'accompag-
' narci con una virgine eccelsa ed amorosa allattata alla
' mamella della leonessa forte e dell' agnella mansueta.
' Percio essendo ci stato figurato sempre il vostro po-
' pulo Europeo Romano per paese di donne invitte, i
' forte, e chaste; allongiamo la nostra mano potente, a
' stringere una di loro, e questa sara una vostra nipote,
' o nipote di qualche altrograri Sacerdote Latino, che
' sia quardata dall', occhio dritto di Dio, sara seminata in
' lei l' autorita di SARRA, la fedelta d' ESTHER, e la sa-
' pienza di ABBA; la vogliamo con l' occhio che guarda
' il cielo, e la terre, e con la bocca della Conchiglia che
' si pasee della ruggiada del matino. La sua eta non
' passi ducento corsi della luna, la sua statura si alta
' quanto la spicca dritta del grano verde, e la sua gros-
' sezza quanto un manipolo di grano secco. Noi la man-
' daremmo a vestire per li nostri mandatici Ambascia-
' dori, e chi la conduranno a noi, e noi incontraremmo
' alla riva del siume grande facendola salire sue nostro
' cocchio. Ella potra adorare appresso di noi il suo Dio,
' con venti quatro altre a suo ellezzione epotre cantare
con loro come la Tottora alla primavera.

' Sodisfando noi Padre e amico nostro questa nostra
' brama, sarete caggione di unire in perpetua amicitia
' cotesti vostri Regni d' Europa al nostro dominante
' Imperio, e si abbracciranno le nostri leggi comme
' l'edera abbraccia la pianra e noi medesemi spargeremo

' del

' del nostro seme reale in coteste Provincei, riscaldando
' i letti di vostri Principi con il fuoco amoroso delle
' nostre Amazoni, d'alcune delle quali i nostri manda-
' tici Ambasciadori vi porteranno le somiglianza di-
' pinte. V. Confirmiamo di tenere in pace le due buone
' religiose famiglie delli Missionarii gli' Figlioli d'Ig-
' NAZIO, e li bianchi e neri figlioli di DOMINICO il cui
' consiglio degl' uni e delg' altri ci serve di scorta nel
' nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare le divine
' Legge come appuncto fa lume l'oglio che si getta in
' mare. In tanto Alzandoci dal nostro Trono per ab-
' bracciarvi, di chiariamo nostro conguinto e confede-
' rato ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato col
' nostro Segno Imperiale dalla nostra Citta, Capo del
' Mondo, il quinto giorno della terza lunatione l'anno
' quarto del nostro imperio.

' Sigillo è un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella della
' luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono traposte alcune
' Spada.

' Dico il traduttore che secondo il ceremonial di
' questo lettere e recedentissimo specialmente Fesseré
' scritto con la penna dello Struzzo virgine con la quelle
' non sogliosi scrivere quei Re che le pregiere a Dio e
' scrivendo a qualche altro Principe del Mondo, la mag-
' gior Finezza che usino, e scrivergli con la penna del
' Pavone.'

A letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope, interpreted by a father Jesuit, secretary of the Indies.

To you blessed above the blessed, great Emperor of Bishops and Pastor of Christians, dispenser of the oil of the kings of Europe, CLEMENT XI.

" THE favourite friend of GOD, GIONETTA the
" VIIth, most powerful above the most powerful of
" the earth, highest above the highest under the sun
" and moon, who sits on a throne of emerald of Chi-
" na,

" na, above 100 steps of gold, to interpret the lan-
" guage of God to the faithful, and who gives life and
" death to 115 kingdoms, and 170 islands; he writes
" with the quill of a virgin ostrich, and sends health
" and increase of old age.

" Being arrived at the time of our age, in which the
" flower of our royal youth ought to ripen into fruit
" towards old age, to comfort therewith the desire of
" our devoted people, and to propagate the seed of that
" plant which must protect them; we have determined
" to accompany ourselves with an high amorous virgin,
" suckled at the breast of a wild lioness, and a meek
" lamb: and, imagining with ourselves that your Euro-
" pean Roman people is the father of unconquerable and
" chaste ladies, we stretch out our powerful arm to em-
" brace one of them, and she shall be one of your
" nieces, or the niece of some other great Latin
" priest, the darling of God's right eye. Let the au-
" thority of SARAH be sown in her, the fidelity of
" ESTHER, and the wisdom of ABBA. We would have
" her eye like that of a dove, which may look upon
" heaven and earth, with the mouth of a shell-fish to
" feed upon the dew of the morning; her age must not
" exceed 200 courses of the moon; let her stature be
" equal to that of an ear of green corn, and her girth a
" handful.

" We will send our Mandarines ambassadors to clothe
" her, and to conduct her to us, and we will meet her on
" the bank of the great river, making her to leap up into
" our chariot. She may with us worship her own God,
" together with twenty-four virgins of her own choo-
" sing; and she may sing with them as the turtle in
" the spring. You, O father and friend, complying
" with this our desire, may be an occasion of uniting
" in perpetual friendship our high empire with your
" European kingdoms, and we may embrace your laws as
" the ivy embraces the tree; and we ourselves may
" scatter our royal blood into your provinces, warming

" the

" the chief of your princes with the amorous fire of " our amazons, the resembling pictures of some of " which our said Mandarines ambassadors shall convey " to you.

" We exhort you to keep in peace two good religi- " ous families of missionaries, the black sons of IGNA- " TIUS, and the black and white sons of DOMINICUS; " that the counsel, both of the one and the other, may " serve as a guide to us in our government, and a " light to interpret the divine law, as the oil cast into " the sea produces light.

" To conclude, we rising up in our throne to em- " brace you, we declare you our ally and confederate; " and have ordered this leaf to be sealed with our im- " perial signet; in our royal city the head of the " world. The eighth day of the third lunation, and the " fourth year of our reign."

LETTERS from Rome say, the whole conversation, both among gentlemen and ladies, has turned upon the subject of this epistle, ever since it arrived. The Jesuit who translated it says, it loses much of the majesty of the original in the Italian. It seems there was an offer of the same nature made by the predecessor of the present Emperor to LEWIS XIII. of France, but no lady of that court would take the voyage, that sex not being at that time so much used in public negotiations. The manner of treating the Pope is, according to the Chinese ceremonial, very respectful; for the Emperor writes to him with the quill of a virgin ostrich, which was never used before but in writing prayers. Instructions are preparing for the lady who shall have so much zeal as to undertake this pilgrimage, and be an empress for the sake of her religion. The principal of the Indian missionaries has given in a list of the

the reigning sins in China, in order to prepare indulgences necessary to this lady and her retinue, in advancing the interests of the Roman Catholic religion in those kingdoms.

TO THE SPECTATOR GENERAL.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

'I HAVE of late seen French hats of a prodigious magnitude pass by my observatory.

JOHN SLY.'

T.

No. 546.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1712.

Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret.

TULL.

"Every thing should be discovered, that the buyer may not be "ignorant of any thing, which the seller knows."

ON FRAUDS IN TRADE.

IT gives me very great scandal to observe, wherever I go, how much skill, in buying all manner of goods, there is necessary to defend yourself from being cheated in whatever you see exposed to sale. My reading makes such a strong impression upon me, that I should think myself a cheat in my way, if I should translate any thing from another tongue, and not acknowledge it to my readers. I understood from common report, that Mr. CIBBER was introducing a French play upon our stage, and thought myself concerned to let the town know what was his, and what was foreign. When I came to the rehearsal, I found the house so partial to one of their own fraternity, that they gave every thing which was said such grace, emphasis, and force in their action, that it was no easy matter to make any judgment of the performance. Mrs. OLDFIELD, who, it seems, is the heroic daughter, had so just a conception of her part, that her action made what she spoke appear decent, just, and noble. The passions of terror and compassion they made me believe were very artfully raised, and the whole conduct of the play artful and surprising. We authors do not much re-

lish the endeavours of players in this kind: but have the same disdain as physicians and lawyers have when attornies and apothecaries give advice. CIBBER himself took the liberty to tell me, that he expected I would do him justice, and allow the play well prepared for his spectators, whatever it was for his readers. He added very many particulars not uncurious concerning the manner of taking an audience, and laying wait not only for their superficial applause, but also for insinuating into their affections and passions, by the artful management of the look, voice, and gesture of the speaker. I could not but consent that the Heroic Daughter appeared in the rehearsal a moving entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary virtue.

The advantages of action, show and dress, on these occasions, are allowable, because the merit consists in being capable of imposing upon us to our advantage and entertainment. All that I was going to say about the honesty of an author in the sale of his ware, was, that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his spectators for their money, with an account of the first manufactures. But I intended to give the lecture of this day upon the common and prostituted behaviour of traders in ordinary commerce. The philosopher made it a rule of trade, that your profit ought to be the common profit: and it is unjust to make any step towards gain, wherein the gain of even those to whom you sell is not also consulted. A man may deceive himself if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a cheat who sells any thing without telling the exceptions against it, as well as what is to be said to its advantage. The scandalous abuse of language and hardening of conscience, which may be observed every day in going from one place to another, is what makes a whole city to an unprejudiced eye a den of thieves. It was no small pleasure to me for this reason to remark, as I passed by Cornhill, that the shop of

that

that worthy, honest, though lately unfortunate citizen, Mr. JOHN MORTON, so well known in the linen-trade, is setting up anew. Since a man has been in a distressed condition, it ought to be a great satisfaction to have passed through it in such a manner as not to have lost the friendship of those who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable acknowledgment of his honesty from those very persons to whom the law had consigned his estate.

The misfortune of this citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to those who shall deal with him hereafter: for the stock with which he now sets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot expose that to the hazard of giving credit, but enters into a ready-money trade, by which means he will both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He imposes upon himself a rule of affixing the value of each piece he sells to the piece itself; so that the most ignorant servant or child will be as good a buyer at his shop as the most skilful in the trade. For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune for your security. To encourage dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the most infamous guilt in ordinary bartering; but this observation, that he who buys with ready money saves as much to his family as the state exacts out of his land for the security and service of his country; that is to say, in plain English, sixteen will do as much as twenty shillings.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'MY heart is so swelled with grateful sentiments on account of some favours which I have lately received, that I must beg leave to give them utterance amongst the crowd of other anonymous correspondents; and writing, I hope, will be as great a relief to my forced silence, as it is to your natural taciturnity; my generous benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in any

terms of acknowledgment, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest obligations, and uses me with a distinction that is not to be expected from one so much my superior in fortune, years, and understanding. He insinuates, as if I had a certain right to his favours from some merit, which his particular indulgence to me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful artifice to lessen the pain an honest mind feels in receiving obligations when there is no probability of returning them.

'A gift is doubled when accompanied with such a delicacy of address; but what to me gives it an inexpressible value is its coming from the man I most esteem in the world. It pleases me indeed, as it is an advantage and addition to my fortune; but when I consider it as an instance of that good man's friendship, it overjoys, it transports me; I look on it with a lover's eye, and no longer regard the gift, but the hand that gave it. For my friendship is so entirely void of any gainful views, that it often gives me pain to think it should have been chargeable to him; and I cannot at some melancholy hours help doing his generosity the injury of fearing it should cool on this account, and that the last favour might be a sort of legacy of a departing friendship.

'I confess these fears seem very groundless and unjust, but you must forgive them to the apprehension of one possessed of a great treasure, who is frighted at the most distant shadow of danger.

'Since I have thus far opened my heart to you, I will not conceal the secret satisfaction I feel there, of knowing the goodness of my friend will not be unrewarded. I am pleased with thinking the providence of the Almighty hath sufficient blessings in store for him, and will certainly discharge the debt, though I am not made the happy instrument of doing it.

'However, nothing in my power shall be wanting to shew my gratitude: I will make it the business of my life

life to thank him, and shall esteem (next to him) those my best friends, who give me the greatest assistance in this good work. Printing this letter would be some little instance of my gratitude; and your favour herein will very much oblige

Your most humble servant, &c.

Nov. 24. *W. C.*

T.

N°. 547.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1712.

Si vulnus tibi, monstratâ radice vel herbâ,
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier.

HOR. 2 EP. ii. 149.

"Suppose you had a wound, and one had show'd
"An herb, which you apply'd, but found no good;
"Wou'd you be fond of this, increase your pain,
"And use the fruitless remedy again?"

CREECH.

DELICATE PRAISE OF THE SPECTATOR.

IT is very difficult to praise a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated some of my Speculations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publishing my own commendations, they will allow I should have deserved their censure as much, had I suppressed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

SIR,

'I AM often in a private assembly of wits of both sexes, where we generally descant upon your Speculations, or upon the subjects on which you have treated. We were last Tuesday talking of those two volumes which you have lately published. Some were commending one of your papers, and some another; and there was scarce a single person in the company that had not a favourite Speculation. Upon this a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid

paid the SPECTATOR the same compliment that is often made in our public prints to Sir WILLIAM READ, Dr. GRANT, Mr. MOOR the apothecary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual for the patients to publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several distempers under which they laboured. The proposal took, and the lady where we visited having the two last volumes in large paper interleaved for her own private use, ordered them to be brought down, and laid in the window, whither every one in the company retired, and writ down a particular advertisement in the style and phrase of the like ingenious compositions which we frequently meet with at the end of our newspapers. When we had finished our work, we read them with a great deal of mirth at the fire-side, and agreed, *nemine contradicente*, to get them transcribed, and sent to the SPECTATOR. The gentleman who made the proposal entered the following advertisement before the title page, after which the rest succeed in order.

'Remedium *efficax et universum*: or, an effectual remedy adapted to all capacities; shewing how any person may cure himself of ill-nature, pride, party-spleen, or any other distemper incident to the human system, with an easy way to know when the infection is upon him.—The *panacea* is as innocent as bread, agreeable to the taste, and requires no confinement. It has not its equal in the univese, as abundance of the nobility and gentry throughout the kingdom have experienced.'

N. B. 'No family ought to be without it.'

Over the two Spectators *on Jealousy, in the second volume.*

'I WILLIAM CRAZY, aged threescore and seven, having been for several years afflicted with uneasy doubts, fears, and vapours, occasioned by the youth and beauty of MARY my wife, aged twenty-five, do hereby, for the benefit of the public, give notice that I have

found great relief from the two following doses, having taken them two mornings together with a dish of chocolate. Witness my hand, &c.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.

'In charity to such as are troubled with the disease of Levee-hunting, and are forced to seek their bread every morning at the chamber-doors of great men, I *A. B.* do testify, that for many years past I laboured under this fashionable distemper, but was cured of it by a remedy which I bought of Mrs. BALDWIN, contained in a half sheet of paper, marked No. 193, where any one may be provided with the same remedy at the price of a single penny.

'An infallible cure for *Hypochondriac Melancholy*, No. 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. 245. 247. 251.

Probatum est.

CHARLES EASY.'

'I CHRISTOPHER QUERY, having been troubled with a certain distemper in my tongue, which shewed itself in impertinent and superfluous interrogatories, have not asked one unnecessary question since my perusal of the prescription marked No. 228.

'The Britannic Beautifier, being an *Essay* on *Modesty*, No. 231, which gives such a delightful blushing colour to the cheeks of those that are white or pale, that it is not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend, is nothing of paint, or in the least hurtful. It renders the face delightfully handsome: is not subject to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either wash, powder, cosmetic, &c. It is certainly the best *beautifier* in the world.

MARTHA GLOWORM.'

'I SAMUEL SELF, of the parish of St. James, having a constitution which naturally abounds with acids, made use

use of a paper of directions marked No. 177, recommending a healthful exercise called *Goodnature*, and have found it a most excellent sweetner of the blood.'

'Whereas I, ELIZABETH RAINBOW, was troubled with that distemper in my head, which about a year ago was pretty epidemical among the ladies, and discovered itself in the colour of their hoods, having made use of the doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the public in one of his last year's papers, I recovered in a very few days.

'I GEORGE GLOOM, having for a long time been troubled with a spleen, and being advised by my friends to put myself into a course of STEELE, did for that end make use of remedies conveyed to me several mornings, in short letters, from the hands of the invisible doctor. They were marked at the bottom NATHANIEL HENROOST, ALICE THREADNEEDLE, REBECCA NETTLETOY, TOM LOVELESS, MARY MEANWELL, THOMAS SMOAKY, ANTHONY FREEMAN, TOM MEGGOT, BUSTICK SPRIGHTLY, &c. which have had so good an effect upon me, that I now find myself cheerful, lightsome, and easy; and therefore do recommend them to all such as labour under the same distemper.'

Not having room to insert all the advertisements which were sent me, I have only pricked out some few from the *third* volume, reserving the *fourth* for another opportunity.

O.

No. 548.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1712.

——— Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur———

HOR. 1. SAT. iii. 68.

"There's none but has some fault, and he's the best,
"Most virtuous he, that's spotted with the least."

CREECH.

ON POETICAL JUSTICE.

November 27, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE read this day's paper with a great deal of pleasure, and could send you an account of several elixirs and antidotes in your *third* volume, which your correspondents have not taken notice of in their advertisements; and at the same time must own to you, that I have seldom seen a shop furnished with such a variety of medicaments, and in which there are few soporifics. The several vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable truths to us, are what I most particularly admire, as I am afraid they are secrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your critical essays are taken notice of in this paper, notwithstanding I look upon them to be excellent cleansers of the brain, and could venture to superscribe them with an advertisement which I have lately seen in one of our newspapers, wherein there is an account given of a sovereign remedy for restoring the taste to all such persons

sons whose palates have been vitiated by distempers, unwholesome food, or any the like occasions. But to let fall the allusion, notwithstanding your criticisms, and particularly the candour which you have discovered in them, are not the least taking part of your works, I find your opinion concerning *Poetical Justice*, as it is expressed in the first part of your fortieth Spectator, is controverted by some eminent critics; and as you now seem, to our great grief of heart, to be winding up your bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that subject. It is indeed but a single paragraph in your works, and I believe those who have read it with the same attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected against it. I have, however, drawn up some additional arguments to strengthen the opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the bottom of the matter, which you may either publish or suppress as you think fit.

'HORACE, in my motto, says, that all men are vicious, and that they differ from one another only as they are more or less so. BOILEAU has given the same account of our wisdom, as HORACE has of our virtue.

"Tous les hommes sont fous, & malgre tous leurs soins,
"Ne different entre eux, que du plus & du moins."

"All men," says he, "are fools, and, in spite of their endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or less so."

'Two or three of the old Greek poets have given the same turn to a sentence which describes the happiness of man in this life;

Το ζῆν ἀλυπως, ἄνδρ' ὀλιγ' ἐστιν τυχεῖν.

'That man is most happy who is the least miserable. It will not, perhaps, be unentertaining to the polite reader to observe how these three beautiful sentences

are formed upon different subjects by the same way of thinking; but I shall return to the first of them.

'Our goodness being of a comparative and not an absolute nature, there is none who in strictness can be called a virtuous man. Every one has in him a natural alloy, though one may be fuller of dross than another: for this reason I cannot think it right to introduce a perfect or a faultless man upon the stage; not only because such a character is improper to move compassion, but because there is no such thing in nature. This might probably be one reason why the SPECTATOR, in one of his papers, took notice of that late invented term called *Poetical Justice*, and the wrong notions into which it has led some tragic writers. The most perfect man has vices enough to draw down punishments upon his head, and to justify Providence in regard to any miseries that may befall him. For this reason I cannot think but that the instruction and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtuous in the main of his character falls into distress, and sinks under the blows of fortune at the end of a tragedy, than when he is represented as happy and triumphant. Such an example corrects the insolence of human nature, softens the mind of the beholder with sentiments of pity and compassion, comforts him under his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of men's virtues by their successes. I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity, so far raised above human infirmities, that he might not be very naturally represented in a tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and calamities. The poet may still find out some prevailing passion or indiscretion in his character, and show it in such a manner as will sufficiently acquit the gods of any *Injustice* in his sufferings. For, as HORACE observes in my text, the best man is faulty, though not in so great a degree as those whom we generally call vicious men.

'If such a strict *Poetical Justice* as some gentlemen insist upon, was to be observed in this art, there is no manner

manner of reason why it should not extend to heroic poetry as well as tragedy. But we find it so little observed in HOMER, that his ACHILLES is placed in the greatest point of glory and success, though his character is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I may use the phrase of our modern critics. The *Æneid* is filled with innocent, unhappy persons. NISUS and EURYALUS, LAUSUS, and PALLAS, come all to unfortunate ends. The poet takes notice in particular, that, in the sacking Troy, RIPHEUS fell, who was the most just man among the Trojans.

——— Cadit & RIPHEUS justissimus unus,
Qui fuit in TEUCRIS, & servantissimus æqui:
Diis aliter visum est———

ÆN. ii. 427.

'And that PANTHEUS could neither be preserved by his transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of APOLLO, whose priest he was.

——— Nec te tua plurima, PANTHEU,
Labentem pietas, nec APPOLLINIS infula texit.

IBID. ver. 429.

'I might here mention the practice of ancient tragic poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the paper above-mentioned, I shall pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of *Aristotle* in favour of my opinion, and if in one place he says that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this does not justify any one who shall think fit to bring in an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. Those who are acquainted with that author's way of writing, know very well that to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not reducible to practice. He himself declares, that

that such tragedies as ended unhappily, bore away the prize in theatrical contentions, from those which ended happily; and for the fortieth Speculation, which I am now considering, as it has given reason why these are more apt to please an audience, so it only proves that these are generally preferable to the other, though at the same time it affirms that many excellent tragedies have and may be written in both kinds.

'I shall conclude with observing, that though the Spectator above-mentioned is so far against the rule of Poetical Justice, as to affirm that good men may meet with an unhappy catastrophe in tragedy, it does not say that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very plain, namely, because the best of men are vicious enough to justify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befall them, but there are many men so criminal that they can have no claim or pretence to happiness. The best of men may deserve punishment; but the worst of men cannot deserve happiness.

N°. 549.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1712.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen ——

JUV. SAT. iii. 1.

"Tho' griev'd at the departure of my friend,
"His purpose of retiring I commend."

RETIREMENT OF SIR ANDREW FREEPORT.

I BELIEVE most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of solitude or retirement when they have made themselves easy in it. Our happiness is, that we find out some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people, there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are so warped with their constant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their souls another bent, and convert them towards those objects, which, though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. HORACE describes an old usurer as so charmed with the pleasures of a country life, that in order to make a purchase he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? Why, in a very few days after, he put it out again. I am engaged in this series of thought, by a discourse which I had last week with my worthy friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, a man of so much natural eloquence, good sense, and probity of mind

mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleasure. As we were sitting together, being the sole remaining members of our Club, Sir ANDREW gave me an account of the many busy scenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the same time reckoned up to me abundance of those lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and blessings upon an honest industry. "Now," says he, "you must know, my good friend, I am so used to consider myself as creditor and debtor, that I often state my accounts after the same manner with regard to heaven and my own soul. In this case, when I look upon the debtor side, I find such innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to cast them up; but when I look upon the creditor side, I find little more than blank paper. Now, though I am very well satisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am resolved, however, to turn all my future endeavours that way. You must not therefore be surprised, my friend, if you hear that I am breaking myself to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place."

I could not but approve so good a resolution, notwithstanding the loss I shall suffer by it. Sir ANDREW has since explained himself to me more at large, in the following letter, which is just come to my hands.

GOOD MR. SPECTATOR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING my friends at the Club have always rallied me when I have talked of retiring from business, and repeated to me one of my own sayings, *That a merchant has never enough until he has got a little more*; I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to pass the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has.

has. You know me so well, that I need not tell you, I mean by the enjoyments of my possessions, the making of them useful to the public. As the greatest part of my estate has been hitherto of an unsteady and volatile nature, either tost upon seas or fluctuating in funds, it is now fixed and settled in substantial acres and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty of stocks, winds and waves, and disposed of it in a considerable purchase. This will give me great opportunity of being charitable in my way, that is in setting my poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable subsistence out of their own industry. My gardens, my fish-ponds, my arable and pasture grounds, shall be my several hospitals, or rather work-houses, in which I propose to maintain a great many indigent persons, who are now starving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine spread of improveable lands, and in my own thoughts am already plowing up some of them, fencing others; planting woods, and draining marshes. In fine, as I have my share in the surface of this island, I am resolved to make it as beautiful a spot as any in her majesty's dominions; at least there is not an inch of it which shall not be cultivated to the best advantage, and do its utmost for its owner. As in my mercantile employment I so disposed of my affairs, that, from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my ships; I hope as a husbandman to contrive it so, that not a shower of rain, or a glimpse of sun-shine, shall fall upon my estate without bettering some part of it, and contributing to the products of the season. You know it has been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away when it is not some way useful to others. But when I I am riding out by myself, in the fresh air, on the open heath that lies by my house, I find several other thoughts growing up in me, I am now of opinion, that a man of my age may find business enough on himself, by setting his mind in order, preparing it for another world,

and reconciling it to the thoughts of death. I must therefore acquaint you, that besides those usual methods of charity, of which I have before spoken, I am at this very instant finding out a convenient place where I may build an alms-house, which I intend to endow very handsomely for a dozen superannuated husbandmen. It will be a great pleasure to me to say my prayers twice a day with men of my own years, who all of them, as well as myself, may have their thoughts taken up how they shall die, rather than how they shall live. I remember an excellent saying that I learned at school, *finis coronat opus*. You know best whether it be in VIRGIL or in HORACE, it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you will find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding; fish out of my own ponds, and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you; and, in a word, such an hearty welcome as you may expect from

Your most sincere friend
and humble servant,
ANDREW FREEPORT.

THE Club of which I am a member being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week upon a project relating to the institution of a new one.

O.

N°. 550.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1712.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?
HOR. ARS POET. ver. 138.

" In what will all this ostentation end ?"
ROSCOMMON.

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION INTO THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB.

SINCE the late dissolution of the Club whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many persons who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman began to *tap* upon the first information he received of Sir ROGER's death: when he sent me up word that, if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best October I had ever tasted in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intended to elect in the room of WILL HONEYCOMB. Some of them, indeed, are of opinion, that Mr. HONEYCOMB did not take sufficient care of their interest in the Club, and are therefore desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me that he has one-and-twenty shares in the African Company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters, dated from JENNY MAN's, by gentlemen who are candidates for Captain SENTRY's place; and as many from a coffee-

house in St. PAUL's Church-yard, of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the CLERGYMAN, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours, which on such an occasion will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a Club as follows:

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all and every of the Clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By *this means* I may have reason to hope, that the Club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other Clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a Pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air, and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

But to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three sentences in the space of almost two years. As a monosyllable is my delight, I have made very few excursions in the conversations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By *this*

means my readers have lost many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my character, and to shew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the Club which I have now under consideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I design, upon the first meeting of the said Club, to have *my mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate myself in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practised at the opening of the mouth of a cardinal. I have likewise examined the forms which were used of old by PYTHAGORAS, when any of his scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was made free of his speech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon less occasions, I question not but in their next articles from Great-Britain they will inform the world, that *the* SPECTATOR'S *mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of March next.* I may perhaps publish a very useful Paper at that time, of the proceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.

O.

N°. 551.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1712.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.——

HOR. ARS POET. ver. 400.

"So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
"And so divine a Poet's function."

ROSCOMMON.

EPIGRAMS IN PRAISE OF SEVERAL GREEK POETS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

WHEN men of worthy and excelling geniuses have obliged the world with beautiful and instructive writings, it is in the nature of gratitude that praise should be returned them, as one proper consequent reward of their performances. Nor has mankind ever been so degenerately sunk but they have made this return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous endeavour so as to receive the advantages designed by it. This praise, which arises first in the mouth of particular persons, spreads and lasts according to the merit of authors; and when it thus meets with a full success changes its denomination, and is called *Fame*. They, who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, inflamed by the acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, notwithstanding the detraction which some abject tempers would cast upon them: but when they decease, their characters being free from the shadow which *envy* laid them under, begin to shine with the greater splendor; their spirits survive in their works; they are admitted into the highest companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing posterity from age to age. Some of the best gain a character by being able to

shew that they are no strangers to them; and others obtain a new warmth to labour for the happiness and ease of mankind, from a reflection upon those honours which are paid to their memories.

The thought of this took me up as I turned over those epigrams which are the remains of several of the *wits* of Greece, and perceived many dedicated to the fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetic performances. Wherefore, in pursuance to my thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their praises into a new light and language, for the encouragement of those whose modest tempers may be deterred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair attempts, to which their parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of epitaphs, a sort of writing which is wholly set apart for a short-pointed method of praise.

On ORPHEUS, *written by* ANTIPATER.

" No longer ORPHEUS, shall thy sacred strains
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains;
No longer sooth the boisterous winds to sleep,
Or still the billows of the raging deep:
For thou art gone, the Muses mourn'd thy fall
In solemn strains, thy mother most of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,
If thus a goddess could not save her own."

Observe here, that if we take the fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that age when the epigram was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, and a resigning spirit in its application. But if we consider the point with respect to our present knowledge, it will be less esteemed; though the author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a point of the same nature.

On HOMER, *by* ALPHEUS *of Mytilene.*

" Still in our ears ANDROMACHE complains,
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains!

Still AJAX fights, still HECTOR's dragg'd along,
Such strange enchantment dwells in HOMER's song;
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born."

The thought in the first part of this is natural, and depending upon the force of poesy; in the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the history of seven towns contending for the honour of HOMER's birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common story, the poet slides by, and raises the whole *world* for a kind of *Arbiter*, which is to end the contention amongst its several parts.

On ANACREON, *by* ANTIPATER.

" This tomb be thine, ANACREON; all around
Let ivy wreath, let flow'rets deck the ground:
And from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
Let wells of milk and streams of wine arise!
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below."

The poet here written upon is an easy gay author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own head with the character of his subject. He seems to love his theme so much, that he thinks of nothing but pleasing him as if he were still alive, by entering into his libertine spirit; so that the humour is easy and gay, resembling ANACREON in its air, raised by such images, and painted with such a turn as he might have used. I give it a place here, because the author may have designed it for his honour; and I take an opportunity from it to advise others, that when they would praise they cautiously avoid every looser qualification, and fix only where there is a real foundation in merit.

On EURIPIDES, *by* ION:

" Divine EURIPIDES, this tomb we see
So fair is not a monument for thee,

So

So much as thou for it, since all will own
Thy name and lasting praise adorns the stone."

The thought here is fine, but its fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great man, because it points out no particular character. It would be better, if, when we light upon such a turn, we join it with something that circumscribes and bounds it to the qualities of our subject. He who gives his praise in gross, will often appear either to have been a stranger to those he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is praise-worthy.

On SOPHOCLES, *by* SIMONIDES.

"Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
Around the tomb where SOPHOCLES is laid;
Sweet ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ."

This epigram I have opened more than any of the former: the thought towards the latter end seemed closer couched, so as to require an explanation. I fancied the poet aimed at the picture which is generally made of APOLLO and the Muses, he sitting with his harp in the middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my thought, and because the image arose before me out of the words of the original as I was reading it, I ventured to explain them so.

On MENANDER, *the author unnamed.*

"The very bees, O sweet MENANDER, hung
To taste the Muses spring upon thy tongue;
The very Graces made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expression hit.
Thus still you live, you make your Athens shine,
And raise its glory to the skies in thine."

The

The epigram has a respect to the character of its subject; for MENANDER writ remarkably with a justness and purity of language. It has also told the country he was born in, without either a set or a hidden manner, while it twists together the glory of the poet and his nation, so as to make the nation depend upon his for an increase of its own.

I will offer no more instances at present, to shew that they who deserve praise have it returned them from different ages: let these which have been laid down shew men that envy will not always prevail. And to the end that writers may more successfully enliven the endeavours of one another, let them consider, in some such manner as I have attempted, what may be the justest spirit and art of praise. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our praise is trifling when it depends upon fable; it is false when it depends upon wrong qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propose to raise characters high, while we keep to them justly. I shall end this with transcribing that excellent epitaph of Mr. COWLEY, wherein, with a kind of grave and philosophic humour, he very beautifully speaks of himself (withdrawn from the world, and dead to all the interests of it) as of a man really deceased. At the same time it is an instruction how to leave the public with a good grace.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUTHORIS.

Hic, O viator, sub lare parvulo
COULETIUS hic est conditus, hic jacet
  Defunctus humani laboris
  Sorte, supervacuaque vita;
Non indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
  Vanoque dilectis popello
  Divitiis animosus hostis
Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,

En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit!
Exempta sit curis, viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.
Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

THE LIVING AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

" From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
" His debt of human toil discharg'd,
" Here COWLEY lies beneath this shed,
" To ev'ry wordly interest dead:
" With decent poverty content;
" His hours of ease not idly spent;
" To fortune's goods a foe profess'd,
" And hating wealth, by all caress'd.
" 'Tis sure, he's dead; for lo! how small
" A spot of earth is now his all!
" O! wish that earth may lightly lay,
" And ev'ry care be far away!
" Bring flow'rs, the short liv'd roses bring,
" To life deceas'd fit offering!
" And sweets around the poet strow,
" Whilst yet with life his ashes glow."

The publication of these criticisms having procured me the following letter from a very ingenious gentleman, I cannot forbear inserting it in the volume, though it id not come soon enough to have a place in any of my single papers.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING read over in your paper, No. 551, some of the epigrams made by the Grecian wits, in commendation of their celebrated poets, I could not forbear sending you another, out of the same collection; which I take to be as great a compliment to HOMER as any that has yet been paid him.

T.'

Τις ποθ' ὁν Τὸ οἱης πόλεμον, &c.

"Who first transcrib'd the famous Trojan war,
And wise ULYSSES' acts, O JOVE, make known;
For since 'tis certain thine these poems are,
No more let HOMER boast they are his own."

'If you think it worthy of a place in your speculations, for ought I know (by that means) it may in time be printed as often in English as it has already been in Greek. I am (like the rest of the world)

SIR,

Your great admirer,

4th Dec. *G. R.*'

The reader may observe that the beauty of this epigram is different from that of the foregoing. An irony is looked upon as the finest palliative of praise; and very often conveys the noblest panygeric under the appearance of satire. HOMER is here seemingly accused and treated as a plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an accusation is certainly, as my correspondent observes, the greatest compliment that could have been paid to that divine poet.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman of a pretty good fortune, and of a temper impatient of any thing which I think an injury; however I always quarrelled according to law, and, instead of attacking my adversary by the dangerous method of sword and pistol, I made my assaults by that more secure one of writ or warrant. I cannot help telling you, that, either by the justice of my causes or the superiority of my counsel, I have been generally successful; and to my great satisfaction I can say it, that by three actions of slander, and half a dozen trespasses, I have for several years enjoyed a perfect tranquillity in my reputation and estate: by these means also I have been made

made known to the judges; the serjeants of our circuit are my intimate friends, and the ornamental counsel pay a very profound respect to one who has made so great a figure in the law. Affairs of consequence having brought me to town, I had the curiosity the other day to visit Westminster-Hall; and having placed myself in one of the courts, expected to be most agreeably entertained.—After the court and counsel were with due ceremony seated, up stands a learned gentleman, and began when this *matter* was last *stirred* before your lordships; the next humbly moved to *quash* an *indictment*; another complained that his adversary had *snapped* a *judgment*; the next informed the court that his client was *stripped* of his *possessions*; another begged leave to acquaint his lordship they had been *saddled* with costs. At last up got a grave serjeant, and told us his client had been *hung up* a whole term by a *writ of error*. At this I could bear it no longer, but came hither, and resolved to apply myself to your honour to interpose with these gentlemen, that they would leave off such low and unnatural expressions: for surely though the lawyers subscribe to hideous French and false Latin, yet they should let their clients have a little decent and proper English for their money. What man that has a value for a good name would like to have it said in a public court, that Mr. SUCH-A-ONE was *stripped, saddled,* or *hung up?* This being what has escaped your spectatorial observation, be pleased to correct such an illiberal cant among professed speakers, and you will infinitely oblige

Your humble servant,

JOE'S Coffee-house, Nov. 28. *PHILONICUS.*

N°. 552.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1712.

———Qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem.

HOR. 2. EP. i. 13.

"For those are hated that excel the rest,
"Although, when dead, they are belov'd and blest."

CREECH.

ON INGENIOUS MECHANICS.

As I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myself with busy scenes in the shops of each side of me, it came into my head, with no small remorse, that I had not been frequent enough in the mention and recommendation of the industrious part of mankind. It very naturally upon this occasion touched my conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted myself to my friend Mr. Peter Motteux. That industrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the quill, has dedicated to me a poem upon tea. It would injure him, as a man of business, if I did not let the world know that the author of so good verses writ them before he was concerned in traffick. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately resolved to make him a visit. I found his spacious warehouses filled and adorned with tea, China and India ware. I could observe a beautiful ordonnance of the whole; and such different and considerable branches of trade carried on in the same house I exulted in seeing disposed

disposed by a poetical head. In one place were exposed to view silks of various shades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthiest product of foreign looms. Here you might see the finest laces held up by the fairest hands; and there, examined by the beauteous eyes of the buyers, the most delicate cambrics, muslins, and linens. I could not but congratulate my friend on the humble, but I hoped beneficial, use he had made of his talents, and wished I could be a patron to his trade, as he had been pleased to make me of his poetry. The honest man has I know the modest desire of gain which is peculiar to those who understand better things than riches: and I dare say he would be contented with much less than what is called wealth at that quarter of the town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his customers with demands agreeable to the moderation of his desires.

Among other omissions of which I have been also guilty, with relation to men of industry of a superior order, I must acknowledge my silence towards a proposal frequently inclosed to me by Mr. RENATUS HARRIS, organ-builder. The ambition of this artificer is to erect an organ in St. PAUL'S cathedral, over the west door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence shall transcend any works of that kind ever before invented. The proposal in perspicuous language sets forth the honour and advantage such a performance would be to the British name, as well as that it would apply the power of sounds in a manner more amazingly forcible than perhaps has yet been known, and I am sure to an end much more worthy. Had the vast sums which have been laid out upon operas without skill or conduct, and to no other purpose but to suspend or vitiate our understandings, been disposed this way, we should now perhaps have an engine so formed as to strike the minds of half a people at once in a place of worship with a forgetfulness of present

present care and calamity, and a hope of endless rapture and joy and hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this justice, I am not to forget the best mechanic of my acquaintance, that useful servant to sciences and knowledge Mr. JOHN ROWLEY;* but I think I lay a great obligation on the public, by acquainting them with his proposals for a pair of new globes. After his preamble, he promises in the said proposals that,

IN THE CELESTIAL GLOBE,

'Care shall be taken that the fixed stars be placed according to their true longitude and latitude, from the many and correct observations of HEVELIUS, CASSINI, Mr. FLAMSTEAD, REG. Astronomer; Dr. HALLEY, SAVILIAN professor in geometry in Oxon; and from whatever else can be procured to render the globe more exact, instructive, and useful.

'That all the constellations be drawn in a curious, new and particular manner; each star in so just, distinct, and conspicuous a proportion, that its magnitude may be readily known by bare inspection, according to the different *light* and *sizes* of the stars. That the track or way of such comets as have been well observed, but not hitherto expressed in a globe, be carefully delineated in this.

IN THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

'That by reason of the descriptions formerly made, both in the English and Dutch great globe are erroneous, Asia, Africa, and America, be drawn in a manner wholly new; by which means it is to be noted that the undertakers

* Master of Mechanics to King GEORGE I. WILLIAM SOUNDERS, a fishmonger, and JOSEPH MOXON, hydrographer to CHARLES II. were before Mr. ROWLEY great improvers of maps, spheres, and globes. He made for the Earl of ORRERY, the first of these instruments which are called orreries.

takers will be obliged to alter the latitude of some places in ten degrees, the longitude of others in twenty degrees; besides which great and necessary alterations, there be many remarkable countries, cities, towns, rivers, and lakes, omitted in other globes, inserted here according to the best discoveries made by our late navigators. Lastly, That the course of the trade-winds, the monsoons, and other winds periodically shifting between the tropics, be visibly expressed.

'Now, in regard that this undertaking is of so universal use, as the advancement of the most necessary parts of the mathematics, as well as tending to the honour of the British nation, and that the charge of carrying it on is very expensive, it is desired that all gentlemen who are willing to promote so great a work will be pleased to subscribe on the following conditions.

'I. The undertakers engage to furnish each subscriber with a celestial and terrestrial globe, each of thirty inches diameter, in all respects curiously adorned, the stars gilded, the capital cities plainly distinguished, the frames, meridians, horizons, hour-circles, and indexes, so exactly finished up, and accurately divided, that a pair of these globes will appear, in the judgment of any disinterested and intelligent person, worth fifteen pounds more than will be demanded for them by the undertakers.

'II. Whosoever will be pleased to subscribe, and pay twenty-five pounds in the manner following for a pair of these globes, either for their own use, or to present them to any college in the universities, or any public library or schools, shall have his coat of arms, name, title, seat, or place of residence, &c. inserted in some convenient place of the globe.

'III. That every subscriber do at first pay down the sum of ten pounds, and fifteen pounds more upon the delivery of each pair of globes perfectly fitted up. And that the said globes be delivered within twelve

months after the number of thirty subscribers be completed; and that the subscribers be served with globes in the order in which they subscribed.

'IV. That a pair of these globes shall not hereafter be sold to any person but the subscribers under thirty pounds.

'V. That, if there be not thirty subscribers within four months after the first of December 1712, the money paid shall be returned on demand by Mr. JOHN WARNER, *Goldsmith*, near Temple-Bar, who shall receive and pay the same according to the above-mentioned articles.'

T.

N°. 553.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1712.

Nec lusisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.

HOR. I. EP. XIV. 36.

"Once to be wild is no such foul disgrace,
"But 'tis so still to run the frantic race."

CREECH.

ON THE SPECTATOR'S NEW CLUB.

THE project which I published on Monday last has brought me in several packets of letters. Among the rest I have received one from a certain projector, wherein, after having represented, that in all probability the solemnity of *Opening my Mouth* will draw together a great confluence of beholders, he proposes to me the hiring of Stationers-hall for the more convenient exhibiting of that public ceremony. He undertakes to be at the charge of it himself, provided he may have the erecting of galleries on every side, and the letting of them out upon that occasion. I have a letter also from a bookseller, petitioning me in a very humble manner that he may have the printing of the speech which I shall make to the assembly upon the first Opening of my Mouth. I am informed from all parts that there are great canvassings in the several Clubs about town, upon the choosing of a proper person to sit with me on those arduous affairs to which I have summoned them. Three Clubs have already proceeded to election, whereof one has made a double return. If I find that my enemies shall take advantage of my silence to begin hostilities upon me, or if any other exigency of affairs may so require, since I see elections in so great forwardness,

we may possibly meet before the day appointed: or if matters go on to my satisfaction, I may perhaps put off the meeting to a further day; but of this public notice shall be given.

In the mean time, I must confess that I am not a little gratified and obliged by that concern which appears in this great city upon my present design of laying down this paper. It is likewise with much satisfaction that I find some of the most outlying parts of the kingdom alarmed upon this occasion, having received letters to expostulate with me about it from several of my readers of the remotest boroughs of Great Britain. Among these I am very well pleased with a letter dated from Berwick upon Tweed, wherein my correspondent compares the office, which I have for some time executed in these realms, to the weeding of a great garden; which, says he, it is not sufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the work must be continued daily, or the same spots of ground which are cleared for a while will in a little time be overrun as much as ever. Another gentleman lays before me several enormities that are already sprouting, and which he believes will discover themselves in their growth immediately after my disappearance. There is no doubt, says he, but the ladies' heads will shoot up as soon as they know they are no longer under the SPECTATOR's eye; and I have already seen such monstrous broad-brimmed hats under the arms of foreigners, that I question not but they will overshadow the island within a month or two after the dropping of your paper. But, among all the letters which are come to my hands, there is none so handsomely written as the following one, which I am the more pleased with as it is sent me from gentlemen who belong to a body which I shall always honour, and where (I cannot speak it without a secret pride) my speculations have met with a very kind reception. It is usual for poets, upon the publishing of their works, to print before them such copies of verses as have been made in their

their praise. Not that you must imagine they are pleased with their own commendation, but because the elegant compositions of their friends should not be lost. I must make the same apology for the publication of the ensuing letter, in which I have suppressed no part of those praises that are given my speculations with too lavish and good-natured a hand; though my correspondents can witness for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out those parts in the letters which I have received from them.

O.

MR. SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Nov.* 25.

'In spite of your invincible silence you have found out the method of being the most agreeable companion in the world: that kind of conversation which you hold with the town has the good fortune of being always pleasing to the men of taste and leisure, and never offensive to those of hurry and business. You are never heard, but at what HORACE calls *dextro tempore*, and have the happiness to observe the polite rule, which the same discerning author gave his friend when he enjoined him to deliver his book to AUGUSTUS;

Si velidus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet.

1. EP. xiii. 3.

"——When vexing cares are fled,
"When well, when merry, when he asks to read."

CREECH.

'You never begin to talk but when people are desirous to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of humour until you leave off. But I am led unawares into reflections foreign to the original design of this epistle; which was to let you know, that some unfeigned admirers of your inimitable papers, who could, without any flattery, greet you with the salutation used to the eastern monarchs, viz. *O* SPEC. *live for ever*, have lately been under the same apprehensions with Mr. PHILO-

SPEC; that the haste you have made to dispatch your best friends portends no long duration to your own short visage. We could not, indeed, find any just grounds for complaint in the method you took to dissolve that venerable body. No, the world was not worthy of your divine. WILL HONEYCOMB could not, with any reputation, live single any longer. It was high time for the TEMPLAR to turn himself to COKE: and Sir ROGER's dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his life. It was, however, matter of great grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so elegant and valuable an entertainment. And we could not, withoutso rrow, reflect that we were likely to have nothing to interrupt our sips in the morning, and to suspend our coffee in mid-air, between our lips and right ear, but the ordinary trash of newspapers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own allusion, the cherries began now to crowd the market, and their season was almost over, we consulted our future enjoyments, and endeavoured to make the exquisite pleasure that delicious fruit gave our taste as lasting as we could, and by drying them protract their stay beyond its natural date. We own that thus they have not a flavour equal to that of their juicy bloom; but yet, under this disadvantage, they pique the palate, and become a salver better than any other fruit at its first appearance. To speak plain, there are a number of us who have begun your works afresh, and meet two nights in the week in order to give you a rehearing. We never come together without drinking your health, and as seldom part without general expressions of thanks to you for our night's improvement. This we conceive to be a more useful institution than any other club whatever, not excepting even that of *Ugly Faces*. We have one manifest advantage over that renowned society, with respect to Mr. SPECTATOR's company. For though they may brag that you sometimes make your personal appearance amongst them, it

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is impossible they should ever get a word from you, whereas you are with us the reverse of what PHÆDRIA would have his mistress be in his rival's company, *present in your absence*. We make you talk as much and as long as we please; and, let me tell you, you seldom hold your tongue for the whole evening. I promise myself you will look with an eye of favour upon a meeting which owes its original to a mutual emulation among its members, who shall shew the most profound respect for your paper; not but we have a very great value for your person: and I dare say you can no where find four more sincere admirers, and humble servants, than

T. F. G. S. J. T. E. T.'

N°. 554.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1712.

——— Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.
VIRG GEORG. iii. 9.

"New ways I must attempt, my groveling name
"To raise aloft, and wing my flight to fame."
DRYDEN.

ON MEN OF GENIUS IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

I AM obliged for the following essay, as well as for that which lays down rules out of TULLY for pronunciation and action, to the ingenious author of a book just published, entitled *An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the Fragments of* ORPHEUS.*

IT is a remark, made as I remember, by a celebrated French author, that no man ever pushed his capacity as far as it was able to extend. I shall not inquire whether this assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that men of the greatest application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant spaces, and neglected parts of time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering person in the world, but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his life were to begin again he could fill it up better.

The mind is most provoked to cast on itself this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of such men are presented

* Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

presented to it as have far out-shot the generality of their species in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

One of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir FRANCIS BACON, Lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seemed to have grasped all that was revealed in books before his time; and, not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracks of science, too many to be travelled over by any one man in the compass of the longest life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coastings on maps, or supposed points of land, to be further discovered and ascertained by the industry of after-ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

The excellent Mr. BOYLE was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have just mentioned. By innumerable experiments, he in a great measure filled up those plans and outlines of science, which his predecessor had sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational as well as devout adoration of its Divine AUTHOR.

It would be impossible to name many persons who have extended their capacities as far as these two, in the studies they pursued; but my learned readers, on this occasion, will naturally turn their thoughts to a third,* who is yet living, and is likewise the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have so vastly increased in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful instance

* Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

instance how great the capacity is of a human soul, and inexhaustible the subject of its inquiries; so true is that remark in holy writ, that *though a wise man seek to find out the works of* GOD, *from the beginning to the end, yet shall be not be able to do it.*

I cannot help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from these, yet such an one as may serve to shew the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the most singular instance of an universal genius I have ever met with. The person I mean is LEONARDO DA VINCI, an Italian painter, descended from a noble family in Tuscany, about the beginning of the sixteenth century.* In his profession of history-painting he was so great a master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raised the envy of MICHAEL ANGELO, who was his contemporary, and that from the study of his works RAPHAEL himself learned his best manner of designing. He was a master too in sculpture and architecture, and skilful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aqueduct from the river Adda to Milan is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned several languages, and was acquainted with the studies of history, philosophy, poetry, and music. Though it is not necessary to my present purpose, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewise his perfection of body. The instances of his strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well formed person, and a master of all genteel exercises. And lastly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous mind, adorned with great sweetness of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curiosity of my readers, to find so remarkable a character distinguished

* He was born in 1445, and died in 1520.

tinguished by as remarkable a circumstance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an universal esteem, he was invited to the court of France, where, after some time, he fell sick; and FRANCIS the First coming to see him, he raised himself in his bed, to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that visit. The king embraced him, and LEONARDO, fainting in the same moment, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

It is impossible to attend to such instances as these, without being raised into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of an human mind, which is capable of such progressions in knowledge, and can contain such a variety of ideas without perplexity or confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? And whilst we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine that a Being so much superior to it should not have the same privilege?

At the same time it is very surprising, when we remove our thoughts from such instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who scarce shew the first glimmerings of reason, and seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite. These, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vast uncultivated tracts of human nature; and, when we compare them with men of the most exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the same species.

Some are of opinion that the souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great disparity, we so often observe, arises from the different organization or structure of the bodies to which they are united. But, whatever constitutes this first disparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their several acquirements

acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or course of life. The soul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time, to polish it. For want of which many a good natural genius is lost, or lies unfashion'd, like a jewel in the mine.

One of the strongest incitements to excel in such arts and accomplishments as are in the highest esteem among men, is the natural passion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some moralists are too severe in beating down this principle, which seems to be a spring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest force in the most generous dispositions. The men whose characters have shone the brightest among the ancient Romans, appear to have been strongly animated by this passion. CICERO, whose learning and services to his country are so well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses LUCCEIUS, who was composing a history of those times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the story of his consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying in his life-time some part of the honour which he foresaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the historian upon this occasion to neglect the strict laws of history, and, in praising him, even to exceed the bounds of truth. The younger PLINY appears to have had the same passion for fame, but accompanied with greater chasteness and modesty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great work, is exquisitely beautiful and raises him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. "I must confess," says he, "that nothing employs my thoughts more than the desire I have

of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a design worthy of a man, at least of such an one, who, being conscious of no guilt, is not afraid to be remembered by posterity."

I think I ought not to conclude without interesting all my readers in the subject of this discourse: I shall, therefore, lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in learning or the politer arts, yet *every one is capable of excelling in something*. The soul has in this respect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.*

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* By Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

N°. 555.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1712.

Respue quod non es ———— PERS. SAT. iv. 51.

"Lay the fictitious character aside."

ACCOUNT OF THE SEVERAL WRITERS IN THE SPECTATOR.

ALL the members of the imaginary society, which were described in my first papers, having disappeared one after another, it is high time for the SPECTATOR himself to go off the stage. But now I am to take my leave, I am under much greater anxiety than I have known for the work of any day since I undertook this province. It is much more difficult to converse with the world in a real than a personated character. That might pass for humour in the *Spectator*, which would look like arrogance in a writer who sets his name to his work.—The fictitious person might contemn those who disapproved him, and extol his own performances, without giving offence. He might assume a mock authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The praises or censures of himself fall only upon the creature of his imagination; and, if any one finds fault with him, the author may reply with the philosopher of old, *Thou dost but beat the case of* ANAXARCHUS. When I speak in my own private sentiments, I cannot but address myself to my readers in a more submissive manner, and with a just gratitude for the kind reception which they have given to these *Daily Papers*, that have been published for almost the space of two years last past.

I hope the apology I have made, as to the license allowable to a feigned character, may excuse any thing which has been said in these discourses of the SPECTA-

TOR and his works; but the imputation of the grossest vanity would still dwell upon me, if I did not give some account by what means I was enabled to keep up the spirit of so long and approved a performance. All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the Muse CLIO, were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long continued friendship, than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing. I remember when I finished the *Tender Husband*, I told him there was nothing I so ardently wished, as that we might some time or other publish a work written by us both, which should bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendship. I heartily wish what I have done here was as honorary to that sacred name, as learning, wit, and humanity, render those pieces which I have taught the reader how to distinguish for his. When the play above mentioned was last acted, there were so many applauded strokes in it which I had from the same hand, that I thought very meanly of myself that I have never publickly acknowledged them.—After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publish dramatic as well as other writings he has by him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to say on this head, by giving my reader this hint for the better judging of my productions—that the best comment upon them would be an account when the patron to *The Tender Husband* was in England or abroad.

The reader will also find some papers which are marked with the letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious gentleman who diverted the town with the epilogue to *The Distrest Mother*. * I might have owned these several

* See No. 338. It was known in TONSON's family, and told to Mr. GARRICK, that ADDISON was himself the author of this epilogue;

several papers with the free consent of these gentlemen, who did not write them with a design of being known for the authors. But, as a candid and sincere behaviour ought to be preferred to all other considerations, I would not let my heart reproach me with a consciousness of having acquired a praise which is not my right.

The other assistances which I have had, have been conveyed by letter, sometimes by whole papers, and other times by short hints from unknown hands. I have not been able to trace favours of this kind with any certainty, but to the following names, which I place in the order wherein I received the obligation, though the first I am going to name can hardly be mentioned in a list wherein he would not deserve the precedence. The persons to whom I am to make these acknowledgments are Mr. HENRY MARTYN, Mr. POPE, Mr. HUGHES, Mr. CARY of New-College in Oxford, Mr. TICKELL of Queen's in the same university, Mr. PARNELLE, and Mr. EUSDEN, of Trinity in Cambridge. Thus, to speak in the language of my late friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have balanced my accounts with all my creditors for wit and learning. But as these excellent performances would not have seen the light without the means of this paper, I may still arrogate to myself the merit of their being communicated to the public.

I have nothing more to add, but, having swelled this work to five hundred and fifty-five papers, they will be disposed into seven volumes, four of which are already published, and the three others in the press. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, though I must own myself obliged to give an account to the town of my time hereafter; since I retire when their partiality to me is so great, that an edition of the former volumes of

Spectators,

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epilogue; and that, when it was actually printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Mr. E. BUDGELL, that it might add weight to the solicitation which ADDISON was then making for a place to Mr. BUDGELL, whom he used to denominate "the man who calls me cousin," and he really was ADDISON's first cousin.

Spectators, of above nine thousand each book, is already sold off, and the tax on each half-sheet has brought into the stamp-office, one week with another, above 20l. a week arising from the single paper, notwithstanding it at first reduced it to less than half the number that was usually printed before the tax was laid.

I humbly beseech the continuance of this inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in my occurrences of life tasted so deeply of pain and sorrow, that I am proof against much more prosperous circumstances than any advantages to which my own industry can possibly exalt me.

I am,

My good natured reader,

Your most obedient,

Most obliged humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.'

Vos valete et plaudite. Ter.

The following letter regards an ingenious set of gentlemen, who have done me the honour to make me one of their society.

Dec. 4, 1712.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE *Academy of Painting*, lately established in London, having done you and themselves the honour to choose you one of their directors, that noble and lively art, which before was entitled to your regard as a Spectator, has an additional claim to you, and you seem to be under a double obligation to take some care of her interests.

'The honour of our country is also concerned in the matter I am going to lay before you. We (and perhaps other nations as well as we) have a national false humility as well as a national vain glory; and though we boast ourselves to excel all the world in things wherein

we are outdone abroad, in other things we attribute to others a superiority which we ourselves possess. This is what is done, particularly in the art of portrait or face-painting.

'Painting is an art of a vast extent, too great by much for any mortal man to be in full possession of, in all its parts; it is enough if any one succeed in painting faces, history, battles, landscapes, sea-pieces, fruit, flowers, or drolls, &c. Nay, no man ever was excellent in all the branches (though many in number) of these several arts, for a distinct art I take upon me to call every one of those several kinds of painting.

'And as one man may be a good landscape painter, but unable to paint a face or a history tolerably well, and so of the rest; one nation may excel in some kinds of painting, and other kinds may thrive better in other climates.

'Italy may have the preference of all other nations for history-painting; Holland for drolls, and a neat finished manner of working; France for gay, janty, fluttering pictures; and England for portraits: but to give the honour of every one of these kinds of painting to any one of those nations on account of their excellence in any of these parts of it, is like adjudging the prize of heroic, dramatic, lyric, or burlesque poetry to him who has done well in any one of them.

'Where there are the greatest geniuses, and most helps and encouragements, it is reasonable to suppose an art will arrive to the greatest perfection; by this rule let us consider our own country with respect to face-painting. No nation in the world delights so much in having their own, or friends or relations pictures; whether from their national good-nature, or having a love to painting, and not being encouraged in the great article of religious pictures, which the purity of our worship refuses the free use of, or from whatever other cause. Our helps are not inferior to those of any other people, but rather they are greater; for what the antique statues and

bas reliefs which Italy enjoys are to the history-painters, the beautiful and noble faces with which England is confessed to abound are to face-painters; and, besides, we have the greatest number of the works of the best masters in that kind of any people, not without a competent number of those of the most excellent in every other part of painting. And for encouragement, the wealth and generosity of the English nation affords that in such a degree as artists have no reason to complain.

'And accordingly, in fact, face-painting is no where so well performed as in England: I know not whether it has lain in your way to observe it, but I have, and pretend to be a tolerable judge. I have seen what is done abroad; and can assure you that the honour of that branch of painting is justly due to us. I appeal to the judicious observers for the truth of what I assert. If foreigners have oftentimes, or even for the most part, excelled our natives, it ought to be imputed to the advantages they have met with here joined to their own ingenuity and industry; nor has any one nation distinguished themselves so as to raise an argument in favour of their country: but it is to be observed that neither French nor Italians, nor any one of either nation, notwithstanding all our prejudices in their favour, have, or ever had, for any considerable time, any character among us as face-painters.

'This honour is due to our own country, and has been so for near an age: to that, instead of going to Italy, or elsewhere, one that designs for portrait-painting ought to study in England. Hither such should come from Holland, France, Italy, Germany, &c. as he that intends to practise any other kinds of painting should go to those parts where it is in the greatest perfection. It is said the blessed virgin descended from heaven to sit to St. LUKE. I dare venture to affirm that, if she should desire another MADONA to be painted by the life, she would come to England; and am of opinion that your present president, Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

LER, from his improvement since he arrived in this kingdom, would perform the office better than any foreigner living. I am, with all possible respect,

SIR,

Your most humble, and
Most obedient servant, &c.'

*** The ingenious letter signed *The Weather Glass*, with several others, were received, but came too late.

POSTSCRIPT.

It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe several excellent sentiments and agreeable pieces in this work to Mr. INCE of Gray's Inn.*

R. STEELE.

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* This postscript is not in the Spect. *in folio*. The *Guardian* came out in the space of time between the publication of the 7th and 8th volume of the *Spectator*. Mr. RICHARD INCE died, it is said, student in Christ's Church, Oxford, in 1758. He was accounted a polite scholar, and well skilled in Greek literature.—By the patronage of Lord GRANVILLE, whose school fellow he was at Westminster, in Dec. 1740, Mr. INCE was appointed Secretary to the Comptrollers of Army Accounts, he filled that honourable office with approbation for twelve years, and was particularly beloved by those of the office, as a man of tenderness, indulgence, and civility. He inherited a considerable fortune from a brother, which at his death, October 13, 1758, he divided very liberally among his friends and domestics. He left 1000l. to Mr. CLIVE, brother to judge CLIVE, Mr. FRANCIS CLARE and Mr. LIDDEL were his executors; his directions to them were to burn all his papers.

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